

just...

by Peter DeWolf

wash over me
i fear not
the erosion
let the
future scientists
take their
soul samples
to figure out
what happened
how
was there
warning
and when you
go away
let me
believe
the residue
left behind
is a choice
a souvenir
of
the moment
i want you
full force
direct hit
i can handle
the capricious
gusts of wind
causing the battering
of sometimes
indifference
until

i
can't
and then
well
you're a story
late night
near closing
dueling tales
of near-misses
that become
more near
and barely
misses
through time
preternatural disasters
left fading
wrinkled scars
it was rough
i tell ya
and they marvel
loudly through
quiet nods
and i
stare
out the window

