

The Simplicity Being Enough

by sara t.

You read my poems
Not because you like them
But just to find yourself
Mentioned in them
And that is fine with me
Your words are like lost pens
So rarely do you possess
The right ones to say
At the right time and
That is fine with me too

I have known the beautiful
The eloquent the talented
The rogue and the rebel
The oh so smart and deep
And I have drowned there
I have aged and long for
The peace that you give me
The simplicity of being
That you hold me with
And that is enough for me.

