

Mark Moore

the end of the age.
this faltering act of love.
we may be steeped in metaphors.
yet cant distinguish the simple and the plain.
were we born with the sadness,or did we learn despair along the way.
i question who you are these days.
for all that you say.
i wonder who i was.
ever to you.
who am i today.
who was i yesterday.
as if you ever knew .
and its without ease.
this colassal need to please.
to feel you want only me.
somethings are never to be
i am at peace with the misery.
that the truth is now.
that the whole of you.
will always means more than half of me.