

Asphalt Romance

I sing the blues roadside
Walking with my mind
And you are heavy on it.
Oh asphalt wanderer,
The road has never been straight,
And the summer sky sings harmonies.
Cars blow past and erase my mind
Save for your outline,
Imprinted with care beneath my eyelids.
All roads forever lead to you

Fall's Return

We sat, with our freckles fading
Staring through the vapor of hot coffee
Snug in our sweaters.
Our minds returned to us,
Seasonal as the rest of the world.
We could again hear crashing waves
And falling leaves.
The sound of live music and tourists,
Fading with the smell of cookouts.
The death of summer came quick and painless.

More

I would like to be more than a spare key
Or a half remembered dream.
The faceless nameless woman,
The do-er of his laundry
Forever searching for love
In the pockets of his jeans.
I want to be more than the wrong flavor
Of coffee or vitamin water.
More than the wrong song
By the right artist.
More than underappreciated.
More than background noise,
The comforting sounds of morning.

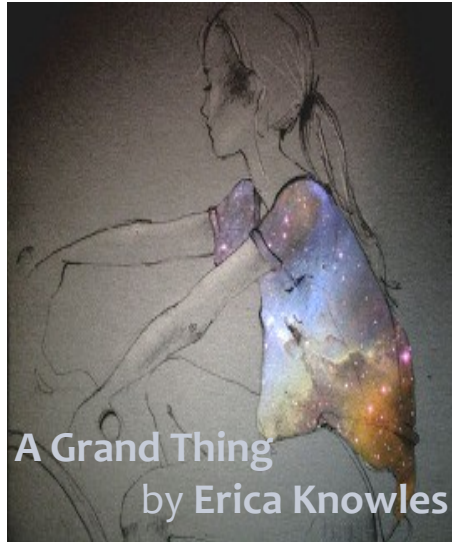
Gravity

We were strangers then.
You frequented the backseat of my car
While I drove, and closer friends
Rode shotgun.
But that's when it started
I felt your gravity through the
Rearview mirror.
Captivated by your mix of
Altofness and charisma.
The leaves were changing,
And the air was laced with
The promise of frost.
I didn't know how to charm you then
Or that I already was.
I just stumbled around,
As usual,
Drunkently inviting you
To my birthday party.

Waiting

Some wounds are too deep to heal.
They descend to a level of hurt
Close to the unexplored bottoms
Of ocean trenches.
Or the centers of
Glaciers and black holes.
The core of the universe.
Places beyond the reach of time,
Wrapped up in nothing,
Waiting for eternity
Or God.

**A Grand Thing is Erica's fourth book
for the Origami Poems Project**



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