

# Donna Lewis, After The Fire

you really astound me  
you with your half closed eyes  
far far away

and me wide eyed and focused  
intent on perfection  
what a fool to believe

fiercly wild in the presence of strangers  
meeting for the first time  
an innocent desire to display your charms

but I shall not see  
I shall not fear you  
I shall not hear you  
call me a friend

tears shed over one's broken promises  
blaming the foolish one  
for a poem out of time

big child sullen and self willed  
flashes of anger  
blood red to the core

how easy it would be to let uncontrollable  
words burst from my mouth  
but why should it be me  
to tell you the truth

so I shall not see  
I shall not fear you  
I shall not hear you  
call me never call me a friend