

LOVE'S UP

A Kiss

A Hug

A Smile

A Gaze.

A Handshake

A Laugh

A Word

A Phrase.

Phoned,

Emailed,

Texted,

Tweeted,

Gramed.

From

Suburb To

Greenbelt To

Desert To

Cave.

A Voice

A Sign

A Letter

A Telegraph  
Radioed

By

Wave.

We surf questions with more speed,  
But answer slower those who need.

I had hoped one word translated  
Would cheer like fans elated,

But I fear receivings-snapped 'cross the stratosphere  
Are only leavings-trapped thoughts of "had us cared,"  
And although sent as moments of the heart,  
With quickness and movements off the chart,  
In sickness we slowly sift deeper drifting apart.

O' if could we surf back, look skyward to a chorus of ocean doves,  
So would they fly, track, carry for us utterings of loves.

And perhaps only then, our chances slim,  
The world would hang ten and be in trim.