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Division of
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Digressions

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DIGRESSIONS

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In Open Doubt

Perry Uwanawich

My heart's wings have been clipped by Love's scolding scars
Two hearts collide in a wreck much worse than that of cars'
Once skipping through love's flowery fields bedewed
One finds inhibition and logic to be subdued
Pressing lips to silken petals of lips
Taking it in in little sips
Molding you with my hands
Through barren wombs of sand
I've found no love to hold so dear
And find the idea rather queer
That we should each pair up in two
Before we lose our precious youth
It's what society tells you
I find it all a bit uncouth
I doubt there is a love so true
But grew up taking it for truth
Although I believe it to be psychological
Perhaps love's not supposed to be logical
Neither is it meant to be found
But rather waits to come around
'Til then I'll cease to search it out
And will remain in open doubt

Old Friend

Perry Uwanawich

Was it real?
Is it true?
What's the deal?
Did you feel the way I do?

You must've if actions be but stronger words
For yours pour out for all to see
I know about the bees but baby we're birds
Oh but how I wish it could be

We're in different worlds you and me
Me just getting life straight
You on the other side
Hook line sinker, you the bait

And so you leave
As does life
So do the leaves
All is white
All but me

Fearing Loving Love

Perry Uwanawich

To fall in love
One must love Love
The heart afraid
Will not be made
To dance in trance
Of true Romance
A heart behind four walls
Is one that never falls
For fear of falling hard
This heart's always on guard
But deep inside
No one can hide
The lingering longing and aching pain
Resonating through his brain
Which rings in Love's open ears
And rings and rings over again
And through cold and stubborn tears
Refrain he may try
Even 'til he dies
But escape he may not
That which God above hath wrought