

Pour

Charmian, Viviane, Dominique, Béatrice

et toutes les autres

que je n'ai pas encore rencontrées...

Dave

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Lolita Revisited and Other Poems

Contents

Life is Like That	6
I Thought You Were There	8
Postcard Dream	10
Modigliani Bis	12
Running Away	14
That Sometime Thing	16
Lolita Revisited	18
Square Beds and Torment	20
Chance Encounter	22
Regrets	25
Smile	28
Feeling	30
Women's Love	32
A Truthful Lie	34
Through Misted Glass	36
A Day in Class	38
Modem Heartbeats	40

Lolita Revisted and Other Poems

I'll let you, the reader, decide where the following poems take you. Each of us has a path to follow, the one that I chose is contained in the writings that follow. My emotions are spread upon the following pages, and I'm sure that you'll find some of your own as well.

Dave English

May 2006

Life is Like That

When did it start?
was it the stark ice blue of your
eyes that settled
on my wasted life
that created that
strange
atmosphere that I
had tried so long
to avoid
When did we exchange our first
words?
the words that sealed
the pact
that we finally signed
You in white
innocence
waiting to say
'yes'
with me hesitating by your
side.
When did we reach those
heights
where each breath
becomes delicious
suffering
until the release?

When did things go wrong?
when did the flow of words stop
the flow of emotions,
drain to a standstill?
When was the last
time
I thought that
I
knew about love?

I Thought You Were There

I thought,
for an instant,
that, you were
there.

I thought I saw you
smile
but smoke, to quote
a song,
got in my eyes, in
the cafe,
where a dark haired
girl,
laughed out loud
on that winter
morning.

I thought,
for an instant,
that, you were
there,
when a voice
whispered,
'I love you'
from afar,
but the noise
In the cafe
drowned out
the words
you'd said.

I thought,
for an instant,
that, you were
there,
when a light breeze
caressed my
brow as
before.

I felt your
touch
and
smiled,
a dark haired girl
in the cafe
smiled back.
I laughed at
the illusion
and finishing
my coffee,
I left the cafe
wishing that
you'd
been
there.

Postcard Dream

A postcard
Modigliani nude
invites
my thoughts to
wander back
to the ever so
light touch
of her
fingers as
she swept away
my fears
helping me to
tear myself
from another past.

Her lips soft
and
inviting,
whispering the night
away, banishing
dark clouds for
hours and I,
as if in a dream
discovered her
unveiled youth as I
hid my head
between her breasts,
forgetting...

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