Published in

Poems of the world,

Vol.2, No. 2, Winter 1997/1998

Palatine, Illinois, USA.

Hindsight

Of all the men I’ve left

I still love you the best.

Though I’ve hated you

at times so much

I was afraid of such

fierce emotion,

it’s you I think of in my deepest solitude,

you who fill my heart and soul with devotion.

Now that I feel life

falling through my fingers

like the white beach-sand,

I will treasure the good moments with you,

the passionate, pure, unconditional love

that still lingers.

I was your woman,

you were my man

and we walked together

for many a day.