

ICEBERG

When we broke up, I cried...
creating a vast ocean, that was filled with my tears.
A mammoth-sized chunk of me had died.
The rest, that was left, somehow—-persevered.

Nowadays, I just drift right along...
dragging my feet as I pass.
Consciously, leaving my pieces.
“Forget them! They’re broken! They’re past!”

Our love had been enormous.
As many will surely agree.
We’d frolicked along, while singing love songs.
Majestic. Triumphant. Carefree.

As of late, I feel dejected.
I think I am losing my grip.
I drown all my pain, with saké, in vain.

Then, grimace and curse, as I sip!

I take the time to peer at the sky...

and all of its wonderful hues.

For, it understands the emotions I feel...

and, complements all of my moods.

When we broke up, that day, the degrees had become much hotter.

My once “solid” state, which no one could break...

suddenly turned into water!