

Whether I lose myself

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Whether I lose myself in those brown eyes
Of hers, so deep, so magnetic and intense
That sometimes I believe all beauty lies
Within them drawing me into eternity,

Or whether I retreat instead into
The furthest reaches of my dark reverie,
I lose myself to something larger, to
A thought so vast my being makes no difference.

I want to lose myself in loving her
But can't escape my thoughts. I am absurd.

I am afraid, as I watch my life, my role,
Performed, as in a dream . . . yet in my fear
Of giving up too much, my self control
Condemns me to a private, intense despair.

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