

The Same (A poem for Charisse)

We are the same, you and I
Because we love two things many have looked to for redemption:
A Full Pen and a Blank Page.
We use these tools to paint our canvas of communion
We spill the blood of poets on these pages one stanza at a time
And on occasion, we take our pens and devote lines to each other, hoping a kiss will
follow, then maybe a poem in response
Till notebook pages are full, pens are empty, and cups runneth over

We are the same, you and I
For writing is the safest love that one can bear
Since there will always be pens, and always be paper
Despite the droughts and floods of infatuation
When love subsides, and admiration ceases
And we have run as far as the course can take us together
There will always be more journals to fill, more joy to catalogue,
more sorrow to capture on 8 ½ by 11 templates of permanent thought

We are one in the same, you and I
Because we both love
The full pen
And the blank page