

Exit The Mist

We parted in anger on a dark, this cold November day.
The roots of our demise, the ups and downs, a very long play.
From the onset I'd walked along, in hindsight, as a fool in the mist.

At moments, her words, her deeds, implied it perhaps all an act.
When I queried and asked, she denied my concerns were based on fact.
I naively blew it off, unwise man, every time our lips kissed.

Today, an erupting volcano, words of hot, molten lava.
Shocked by the revelation, thoughts synthesized, aroused by the aroma of java.
Eyes wide open, I exit the mist, former lover, the deception will not be missed.

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