

The words are not coming so easily this time;  
I want to write about him,  
But for this, I thought of your story first.  
And I am hung up on him as it is,  
Even without immortalizing him in writing.

His story streams out through my hands like a river overflowing,  
Like a 'rainbow waterfall' of ideas crashing.  
I climb through the falling 'words that we couldn't say,'  
Filling up page after page with my chicken scratch.  
For once, I look at what I have written and am satisfied.

With you, there are just as many possibilities,  
And your story fits the prompt.  
I did not want my life to come to an abrupt stop;  
You wanted me to want to wait.  
How can two points of view be less alike?

But your story must be forced from my hand.  
The words cannot climb out of the deep recesses of my mind.  
I can only retell; I cannot make a point.  
The times were fun, but they are long gone,  
And their return would no longer be welcome.

Even writing about writing about you comes out in a fog.  
Perhaps your lasting effects on me have dissipated, after all.  
It appears that he is my muse, the Spike to my ('Goodnight) Julia.'  
He has unknowingly inspired me to lift my pen again.  
I'm sorry, but these scenes put my writing about you to shame.

