

Another

Jeff Smithpeters

When we met, I met my own heart.
Hearing your name, I made it my own.
The instance seemed like a start
Of the starts to which I am prone.

But I sagely saw our doom,
As you laughed, blushed, smiled, glowed.
He had entered the room.
My heart toward my soul grew cold.

Married and divorced in a breath.
Our children, named, walking, and grown,
Won't forget me or mourn my dry death.
For a laughing monkey, your face shone.