

## Pockets

I hide her in the pockets of my dreams  
And take her out when no one is around  
When walking the dog  
Or driving  
Certainly no one would understand  
No one

That is okay  
It is as it should be  
And, I will enjoy what I can  
Snapshots of conversation  
Sound bites  
What was said and done that moves me

Her regal elegance  
Gracing me with her presence  
Hardly aware of her power

If only these thoughts could expand  
And occupy the real world  
If only she too were hiding me in her pockets  
A moment of discovery would begin to end all trace of grief  
Of the mundanely mottled hours

Alas, it is just me  
Thinking

Yet, so powerful is this anesthesia  
That she can make the world change  
If only for the instant that I think of her  
The pain ebbs  
And I am able to breath  
I come to life

When I am with her  
I am afraid it shows  
That my words and manner belie my rapture  
I am afraid she will see and...  
Disappear

That is why I must keep her in the pockets of my dreams  
To take out and view when no one is around

G.L., 5/20/05