

Missteps

I complimented your brown eyes,
You told me they were blue -
Then registered the hurt you felt,
And looked at me anew.

Turning points along life's path
Arrive without a clue;
Relationships in open skies
Veer into the blue.

When drinking from your loving cup
And moments from you stole,
I guess I never saw your eyes,
Just through them to your soul.

The currency of lover's trade,
The language it misspends;
In moments of unraveling,
Beginnings turn to ends.

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