

Presently Here

The vision of youth
In distressed leather boots
And jeans that are faded -
My attention recruits.

Her hair falling down
As her hand sweeps the locks
And the music swells up
From a tune streaming box.

Too young to be suited,
She can't be ignored
As we touch off the music
With an opening chord.

The lubricant drinks
Facilitate thoughts
In secrecy kept,
Connecting the dots.

Her past and her present,
The future's unknowns;
Her loves and her hopes,
Her heart and her bones.

Somewhere beneath
Her aura of youth,
The timeless reflection
Of primeval truth

Rekindles the spirit
That fades with each year;
She embodies the past
While presently here.