Bert Hunter
11-27-79
2:10 morning

Interlude

Balanced delicately between two forces
Your world
My world
My step - solid firm but noncommunicative
Your step - solid reafirming but noncommitted
We dance, rhythmically full of language - but incomprehensible
I can't read your mind You can't hear me I can't read your face
You can't see me I can't read you You don't know me
Your smile my look Your look my smile
I can't have you here I don't know you there
You can't have me here You don't know me there
Forward Backward Backward Forword
Seemingly symmetrical
Into me Into you Interlude

Reasons Why

A reason why I one two bop skip can not be concerned about love
can not be concerned about
Love or simple fantasies nor dreames
that occur while I sleep peacefully
You know why I one two three bop bop bop
Can not smile or paint a happy picture or sing a simple song or
write empty hateless words
is obvisously because
You
One two three four ping pong ding dong
Insist on
and
Continue to
Walk all over me
Squish

Is it based on questions insecurities fears hope and fantasies
this thing called love or is it simply a reflection of ourselves
checking us out while we don't even know it?

How foolish we are those who love boastfully displaying our vulnerability
wickedly maneuvering our own emotions simply to fit them for all
occasions except real reality.