

# MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



## "DON'T READ THIS POEM"

Don't read this poem,  
Written for you.  
It is just something  
I had to do.

Don't read these lines  
About our dear past,  
When once we did vow  
Our sweet love would last.

It's been so long  
Since I felt alive.  
Life was so sweet  
'Til we took our dive.

You ask that I not  
Depict it that way,  
"Our dive", that is  
On that fateful day.

Then what shall we call it,  
What name is exact?  
When our life did end,  
But we're still intact?

When our song exists,  
But is no longer sung?  
When our tree still stands,  
Yet to it we don't run?

When our hands reach out,  
But find only air?  
When we search the path,  
But we're never there?

## MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH

You know all our days  
Were so full of hope,  
Optimism clearly  
Our horoscope.

You were the thought  
I loved to think.  
You were the girl  
I loved in pink.

I wrote silly poems  
Only you could adore.  
Having you in my life,  
I wanted no more.

Seeing your smile,  
I'd start to swoon.  
A schoolboy crush,  
Your very own loon.

We'd walk to the store  
Without a dime in our hands.  
We'd look at old maps  
To dream of new lands.

We'd stay up late  
For some silly reasons.  
We'd do this in summer,  
And in all of the seasons.

We had our own jokes,  
No one else knew.  
We cooked badly together  
Our very own stew.

While you took a shower,  
I'd make our eggs.  
You'd buy a new skirt  
To show off your legs.

## **MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH**

Our kisses were endless,  
And storms made them better.  
When we were on travel  
Every day meant a letter.

Now all that is gone,  
Like glass, it did shatter.  
Old friends now ask -  
"Just what is the matter?"

I tell them don't read this,  
And don't make a fuss,  
It's just something I wrote  
To remind me of us.

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