

Not That Easy

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I could cite your tenderest lies,
Up to the last details—
Etched in my mind, but still
I don't know how to find you.
I could echo your sweetest truths,
Up to vanishing away—
Refused to leave my mind, but still,
I could lull your blessed spells—
Up to the final asunder—
Made, unmade my mind, but still
I don't know how to find you.
I could hush your stressed songs
Up to the contented surrender—
Trampled—to crush my mind, but still
I don't know how to find you.