

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Heather Simons()

My Reality

I wish I could go back in time.
To anytime as long as you were mine.
Back to the nights when it was in your arms I was in.
I close my eyes and imagine us there.
So perfect, so entwined.
Our bodies like a million puzzle pieces in a box;
no matter what we'll find each other, we are ment to be together.
I try to close my eyes a little tighter to fight the tears as they start to invade,
and wash me from this perfect vision to my sad reality.

Heather Simons