Where This Journey Ends

Sailing across the sea
of open water
makes me think
of the life I have lived so far
journey of a thousand miles
genetic memory
returning
like salmon spawning.
Holding hands tightly
you whisper
your desire to go back
a primal place
where you once belonged.
I felt the pain
of a hooked fish.
I am unsure
here it all ends
or here it begins?

Joy Returns with Morning Light

I talk
to my invisible friends at night
they listen with inscrutable faces
they do not argue.
I tell them about
the hopes in my eyes
desires in my mouth
and fears in my heart.
Words fail me
constantly moving
shifting feelings
until I am exhausted.
They leave me alone, confused
I weep through the night
joy comes in the morning.
You are more in me
than I in you and
you remain while
obliviously I go outside looking for you

– Ashok Bhargava*

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