

Oasis

From my wastelands I have come
And stand before you now.

Gaunt.
Emaciated.
On high alert from prior disaster.

A good meal or hearty drink
Is enjoyed and
Slows the slide
But does not assuage the lurking feeling
Of impending doom.

It will take a feast –
No, many feasts,
To release me
From this hunger
In my anxious soul.

Do you still see the man –
The boy?
Still vital,
eyes bright and inquiring?

Will you be one
Who shares the road
To fill me up?
To enjoy me?
To have me enjoy you?

Again and again,
Both enriched
So that we might stand tall
To lean into the winds
That we know
Will blow again?

(Revised 9/20)