

## **Softly Softly Sweetly**

It's the intimacies I miss,  
the softly-softly sweetly kissed.  
And it's such a waste to me,  
the sun set down and I can't see -  
where it went to, where it failed?  
Where in hell the thing derailed?

There are no answers, no questions asked,  
it once was there but now its passed.  
We were otters dancing on a shore,  
windowed pups with grassy paws.

The things we had,  
and things we've been,  
the times we shared now all just seem  
so far away, so cold and dark  
but that's the way when it departs.