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Lost in the Passion of Youth

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Lost in the Passion of Youth

Lori Hawk Fyfe

Moonlight shining on an Indian Summer field.
Kids gathering around old time coolers
And popping illegal beer. Someone lit a joint.
Music blared from a boombox.
But it was the passion that filled the air
Like black velvet heavy but soft and touchable.
The passion of the emotions.
Laughter, tears, a copped buzz.
The passion of young wanton sex.
The belief you'd never feel that way again
And it was true. You never do feel that way again.
Life unravels and weaves.
College, careers, marriages, babies, and divorces.
Lost friendships and some that last.
But the passion of first love and love wrong
Never goes away.
The feeling of losing oneself in another's eyes.
The longing to not only have sex but merge completely
Into another person and to become one under
A black sky full of stars.
No wonder none of it ever works out.
And yet we reach out again and find ourselves at middle age.
The passion is different. The sex is different. The partner is different.
But the hope and belief endures.
I roll over in the right and reach for you in the dark
Knowing the stars are shining bright in a
Black velvet sky.



**But it was the passion that filled the air like black velvet heavy
but soft and touchable. The passion of the emotions.**