

Trust.

The wildfire of curiosity that raged inside  
powering me to countless experiences,  
settles now to slower, flickering flames,  
still plentiful for my needs.

Smiling, I offered friendship to her  
barely hearing her answer because  
I feared the boredom I saw coming  
that she insisted was living.

Still, we used threads of desire and optimism  
and crafted a bridge over that abyss.

Responsibility grew heavy, the delicate threads snapped  
the abyss became our end.

Written by Peter Skeels © 2-19-2025