

Arts Poetry

by Karen Lynnette Smith

I Like Dreaming, Then You're Mine

I like dreaming of you, then you're mine.
If for no other moment of our existence,
when I'm dreaming,
You're mine
I see your face, I touch you and I caress
you
And you respond.
I know how you feel, how you want to be
felt and how much you care
And you respond.
I hold you, I long for you and I have you
And you respond.
I lift your face and whisper my feelings
And you respond.
I kiss you; God, how good it feels to kiss
you
And you respond.

In my dream, you're mine, all mine
And we're together, our feelings are un-
derstood.
There's no division between us for we are
one
And if I want to say I Love You, I can;
Without feeling that I've said something
wrong,
Because when I'm dreaming, you're mine
I have no one but you and it's enough.
I'm happy and I enjoy the existence of you.
I like dreaming of you, then you're mine
If for no other moment of our existence,
when I'm dreaming
You're mine.
Make me yours.

Karen L. Smith

And You Never Came

Last night I lay in my bed thinking
Yes thinking of you.
And while I laid there, I began to cry.
My pillow became moist as my tear-
filled eyes
Began to trickle down my face.
I felt so all alone, I felt no one cared.
I wanted you, I said it out loud, tho' no
one could hear.
I said that I wanted you and that I
needed you."
But you weren't here and I was alone
I cried, I had to, I felt so down,
No one seemed to care for me, and
you weren't here.
I wanted you and I couldn't have you,
So, I cried.
I thought of you all night, how much I
needed you and wanted you,
And you never came, you never did.

Karen L. Smith

And Yet

Always seen
And yet
Not seeing.
Always heard
And yet
Not hearing
Always done
And yet.
Not doing
Always
And yet.

Karen L. Smith

This Last Dance

Tonight as I dance the first dance with
you
I am lonely and blue.
Tonight of all nights is special to me,
And yet I'm without you to share in
my joy.
My favorite song played, and yet I
didn't dance
The words made me remember the
past
And yes, think about you.
I seem to be doing a lot of that these
days,
For you're always on my mind.
Seems like I haven't see you in ages,
Yet I know now that it won't be long.
Come to me my darling
So that we may dance this last dance,
Together.

Karen L. Smith