

Summer Waiting

by whitesilence

We played checkers, To pass the endless sweating time, Of summer waiting...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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We played checkers,
To pass the endless sweating time,
Of summer waiting.
She was sitting,
Before the set out board staring,
At the window.
I moved first,
Though it was not my turn,
She caught on.
I was isolated,
In my stifling dark spy role,
Reaching out to,
A ray of,
Sparkling light shining out from,
Her warm eyes.
We played without,
Voices that would break the rhythm,

Red and black.
We spoke instead,
With eyes and fingers and gestures,
Across the board.
The waiting ended,
And we were set on course,
For terrible disaster.
The call came,
In the midst of one such,
Game left unfinished.
Years later now,
I stand before the interrupted game,
I cannot forget.
The ray of
Sparkling light that had come from,
Within her soul.

Inspired again by a poem that AutumnQueen suggested to me. This time by Jorge Luis Borges:

Since that day
I have not moved the pieces
On the board.

I've just realized that I have character death warnings for most of the things I have posted here. I'm not a depressing person, really, I'm not! :-D