

## **Black Coffee Conversations**

*By: Danon Smith*

Rolling waves overtake me as I try to breathe,  
“Survive one moment at a time” I whisper through tears,  
Longing for a reprieve from waters closing in.

I wish you were here to help me through this night  
Yet I wonder if I know who you truly are,  
Or if you change and shift like thawing ice.

Like a thousand sapphires catching light,  
Midnights hold the fragile world of my dreams of you,  
Where fiction offers gentle mercy.

Morning brings black coffee in an old hard chair,  
The weight of solitude settling over me,  
Still, I know these tears will not last.

Is this ache my burden for having loved him so deeply?  
The ghost of the hopeful bride I once was  
Still wanders the quiet halls of my heart.

It is hard to release what might have been,  
Yet what right have I to say I was wronged,  
When love itself was once mine to hold?

Hope breaks through storm clouds of feeling,  
Light falling softly on this tender bloom–  
Will he be the one with whom I grow old?  
The night I dreamed of him held more questions than answers  
But my heart still longs to know,  
Even as I hold your memory close.

I remember his eyes beneath an ink-blue sky,  
His smile lighting my world like the moon on water,  
Daring me to be bold enough to dream new dreams.

Will I rise to the challenge waiting ahead,  
Or sink back into shadows of fear and doubt,  
Silent before the chance to begin again?

I wish I could tell you my secret fears and longings,  
Ask you to help me sort them through–  
You would know how to calm my anxious heart.

You were always the loveliest mirror,  
Forcing me to face the truth  
Of how often my fiercest enemy was myself.