



THERE IS NO HAPPY ENDING

I drink too much. I hurt too much. But -
I love enough. Love saves me every time.
How do I love? I find that love
Requires gentle hearts who know not loss.
They who live in the day and are at night?
They are content in by for of themselves.
I need no one but one who wants my love.
To want to be loved is rare. Did you know?
To let oneself be loved - I think of the ocean.
Does the ocean love? But we won't do that.
The ocean is love as I am love and you?
Will you be love? Bob Marley sings the song.
He is in heaven? Who knows? My heart.
My friends die young; the world needs
Bright flames to light the darkness.
"Go where it's warm" said the teacher. I obey.
Afterthought. Who is with me?
I will keep a space of silence to honor you.
This poem points to oblivion, silence and rest.
There is no happy ending.

- D.C. Copeland