

I Can Barely Breathe,

I see you stand there
on the green by the river's edge,
rugged rocks lie between you
and the white capped waves.
So still you stand,
gazing across the water,
as if you barely breathe.

I see you stand there
in your brown quilted jacket,
your hound proud by your side,
as the tides ebb and flow.
So still you stand,
gazing at the distant shore,
as if you barely breathe.

Now I come to the river,
standing by its edge,
I wear the same brown jacket,
and my hound stands proud by my side.
So still, we stand,
but you are gone,
and I can barely breathe.