

"Passing Through"

By Johnna Crider

Wind blows softly
Passing the honeyed breath
Of Spring into the heat
Of Midsummer
I see you
Sense you like the
Currents
I see what I yearn
In your eyes
To fall for you
Not meant I know
I am only passing through
Your life
I shall be gone
Keep you close to my memory
You do not notice
The wind blowing in your face
You do not perceive
Who I am
As I go into summer
Remember me
I belong to no one
I am on my way
Home