

I wrote this in 1983. My girlfriend had just told me that she had met another and she couldn't wait any longer.

"I HOPE"

Another day gone out of my life,
Still missing my once to be wife.
Still waiting to be sent to trial,
Looks like I'll be waiting for a while.
My family is all I have left,
Only part of them is my gift.
I'm amazed at the power of accusations,
The ability to make love a confiscation.
Although I know the bubble has popped,
How do I make MY love stop?
Maybe tomorrow I will know the answer,
I wonder if I'll survive this cancer.
I surely hope happiness comes her way,
That she never feels pain this way.