

The Constellations of Conversations

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How such curious glances cross
Passing by without second thoughts
Casually drifting on
The cusp of conversation
Words on the tips of teeth
Slightly gripping
Then slipping
Away from sight
Constellations of connecting souls
Scattering the celestial scenery
Faint connections between stars
Create lions in the night sky
We woefully walk wayward
Onward from somewhere
To somewhere as we each
Line the streets of our journeys
Granting each other a king's nod
To the many subjects of intent
As the seeds of casual talks
Fall amongst the rocks, sand and soil
Fortuitous rains fall on our heads and hands
While we reach out both
But masquerade in prideful faces
Social as we are
Sanctions are made every day
Bits of safety stain the liberty
Of every relationship that could be

