

THE SEVEN YEARS OF LONELY

By Craig Froman

Love and life... so much like a feast... There's that liaison that is shallow and sweet, like too many pastries... a Vendôme perhaps (a licorice meringue, with chocolate mousse and vanilla crème brûlée)... Oh how it's sweetness coats your tongue and your libido... but you can't live forever on that... though you might like to try... Or there is that deep and filling relationship, so like a loaf of Pane Casareccio di Genzano and fine Agnello al Forno, delicious roast lamb with rosemary... You swallow it down with the finest Cabernet Sauvignon from 2003...

Now often we find others too bland over time... or with too much salt... or turning bitter... like dark coffee... or wild chicory that's found in the Fave e Cicorie Selvatiche ... There are times when foods become too common... lose their flavor... like friendships once desired... now only tolerated... a blandness comes over your meal... And so at dinner he gives her flowers... white Jasmine, with that rich aroma... and time in the moonlight... and the best years of his life... Maybe she takes them... willingly devours his gifts... no exchange... no barter... empty handed...

Life is beggar for some, isn't it... sparse plates... sparse smiles pass the whiles... and the stale bread fills what it can... Feasted famine... famined touch... hungry skin... unsatisfied... He remembers laughing... but what a distant, unfamiliar sound now... echoed, yet engraved here in the seven years of lonely... Love and life... so much like a feast...

Ah, my friends, eat, drink, and be merry... and may you be blessed with love and life that satisfies your appetite forever...

CHRYSALIS DREAMS

The world is sleeping
Slumbering still
With eyes closed
Minds racing in madness
As if a caterpillar in a chrysalis dream
Somewhere between crawling and fluttering
Somewhere undisclosed
Dark threads encapsulating us
Vibrations of light just beyond our grasp
Wondering
Wondering if our instincts can be trusted
Wishing we knew what the darkness had in store
The wings were only visions
Only wishes
But they grow stronger
When we release the cords of earth
When we are no longer bound to reputation
Bound by constructs of the world
When will we awaken?
When will our wings be illuminated
And the third eye opened?
Listen
Listen to the threads snapping
To the screams of our prison
Breaking apart
There is no more time to crawl
Only time to stretch our wings

And find this home that has haunted us
All our days
Time to fly fierce into the heavens

Bio

Craig Froman grew up in Northern California, USA, where he gained inspiration from the Pacific Ocean and Sierra Nevada mountains, as well as the beautifully diverse people he lived and worked with. He is the author of two non-fiction children's books, "*Passport to the World: Your A to Z Guided Language Tour*" and "*Children's Atlas of God's World*," as well as his fiction book that reflected his escape from suicidal depression, "*An owl on the moon: A journal from the edge of darkness*." Currently a curriculum writer and editor, he has obtained a bachelor of arts in business administration, and a master's degree in education, and currently resides in the state of Arkansas, USA.