

Well

Time passes.
Some things change--
Some things do not.
The deep well that contains my feelings for you,
This well remains deep
And filled with love for you.
What else there is about it...
I cannot say.
It is there, though,
Of that much, you can be certain.
To fill this well
Would require all the earth the world possess.
It cannot be done.
Only some violent act of anger can do that.
I long to drink from these waters,
To filled again as once they filled me...
But I cannot.
I *must* not.
Like fire they are,
Fire that burns me through.
And too thirsty I am to drink
Only until I'm sated.
Rather, I would drink you dry again,
And until my lips and tongue were no more.
Capped the well must remain.
For now.
I go instead in search of food,
Food for my soul.
I've had too little of it
For the span of time it takes to redeem Darth Vader,
But when my hunger is satisfied
And I can drink from your well
But to drink
And not to mask my deeper hunger,
Then perhaps it will be safe to uncap the well
And simply enjoy its depths,
Instead of becoming lost in them.