

Two Poems by Patrick Wilson**Leonard Lowe's Final Flight to Life**

I've been absent for thirty years;
Away from what I've recognized as life.
I'm different, so, too, is the world that embraces me.
I left my life as a pupil,
Only to stare at the same white paint as it aged before me.
I've been a hostage to myself, for most of my adult life.
I was a lad who never experienced my first car, waltz, or kiss
From another lass besides my mother, until now!
Fortunate I was to have this awakening, for
The doctors would wonder if I were dead from reality, or
If I were undergoing my resurgence to it.
Mr. Lowe was my name during those forlorn years,
But Leonard is my name today, for it's my resumption; to
My new shot at occupying in a world that so many folks,
Including my doting mother, feared life forgot.
Come walk with me beyond the outlets of one's consciousness that were locked for many
years.
Learn from my affliction what life is from the inside.
I want to experience what I've been missing for so long.
Let us reserve a flight on Life and see where the plane will take us.
For in an instant, one's voyage could be one's last.
And we return to the shell of an existence touched briefly by Life.

Our Anniversary

My fervor for you is like cotton: Permanent and Malleable.
 For that caramel band encircles my left finger, as a habitual token of the day.
 When two nascent hearts pulsated and became one, neath our Lord and His sun.
 I bear this ring not as a material prop, but as my marital troth:
 To love you duly and tender!
 Because without it, my heart would seep blue;
 Though my fidelity to you will immortally abide true .
 Some say a gold ring can be lost and replace,
 Or broken and fixed, or turned to rust and polished.
 Of course, those are the ones who wait a lifetime for their date.
 I know -- ours will forever be on the eight.
 Yet why shall we anticipate, when time does not hesitate?
 Rest to sure my love, my amour for you is neither above.
 Since my love has never been lost, I have no reason to replace;
 Nor can I fix what is not broken, or polish the old when you are always new.
 Furthermore, the Cosmos thrive modestly inside my mind,
 Just knowing how our marriage is like porcelain: angelic and fine!
 And it only cultivates in harmony,
 As the Hessonite in my chest beats blood red each day
 I rest next to you in bed.
 "Till death do us part,"
 We both said on this day. But why eulogize our Biennial
 When we can celebrate tomorrow, and we should have last night?
 Because my love for you does not end on the eight, nor does it simmer in
 June, or drift beneath a September moon; nor congeal in December;
 Or drool burgundy from a thumb kissed by a March thistle.
 Thus, our anniversary does not have to last for
 only twenty-four short hours; since I have three hundred and sixty four
 of them in each year to celebrate.
 To me, our wedding was yesterday, is today and will be tomorrow as long
 as one – and – one makes two;
 Our love will continue to flow and prosper.
 Henceforth, each day will be our anniversary
 Even when I take my climactic air on Earth; the love-chain we so proudly
 share will never turn to dust, for as long as you live and breathe
 when I wake and when I sleep.
 I will always cherish your love deep in thought,
 And it shall remain perennial throughout the heart -- Thus, it will live on
 in Heaven for the two of us – Even when 'death do us part'!

Patrick Wilson has been in the education field since 1998. He has an A.A. in English from the College of Coastal Georgia, Brunswick, Georgia; a B.A. in English with a minor in Linguistics from Armstrong State University, Savannah, Georgia; and an M.A. in English from Georgia Southern University, Statesboro, Georgia. Currently, Patrick lives with his wife and daughter in Brunswick, Georgia where he teaches English at Coastal Pines Technical College and at the College of Coastal Georgia. He also tutors English and math at both colleges as well. Patrick enjoys writing creative pieces as well as scholarly pieces, for which he has been published in several online and printed journals over the years.

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