

Lost In Translation

by Racquel Charlemagne

Lost In translation... It may have been the transmission....
My eyes continued to follow him in every direction,
when he looked back
I quickly turned my head,
to find a car window or anything see-through that
would allow me to see his reflection,
There's still a connection.....
I can see a glimmer of hope in his eyes
and for that reason, I look away shy,
feeling every bit of five years old again....
But he and I both know it's better this way,
for our protection.....
I'm feeling telepathically inclined,
knowing our Hearts and Bodies wouldn't Mind
playing a steady game of confession....
I seldom contemplate now and again....
What happened to us?
Who or what severed our connecting?
How is it we're both married,
but did not attend the same wedding?
As these thoughts are quieted in my head
silenced by revelation,
I suddenly remember all too well
it was missed communication
the signal transmitted.....
Lost in translation....

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