

**Most of my poems are about
something**

So what do you mean
Since when did "Nothing"
As to fill up the world
So what I'm left with
Lips that I'll never hear
Lips that were once full
But not for me now
Only cold and pinched
Advances from me
A shoulder so cold
Enough to sink
Enough hidden
That none may ever see
The frailty of trust
The glue that held us together
You'd always say
"Nothing could ever tear us apart"
"Nothing could ever stop me from loving you"
It seemed after all

**This one is not about
anything at all**

When you say "Nothing"
Get to be so huge
And all therein
Is the word on your lips
Speak anything but
Of smiles and promises
Nor ever again
Just turning down
Then turning away
As to freeze the sun
An unsinkable love
Below the surface
The full extent of
The spider's web of attachments
Seemed so strong
"Nothing could ever ruin this"
"Nothing could ever come between us"
I always believed you
You were telling the truth

Paul Rafferty.