

# ROMANCE

*by Adam Sifre*

In the neon light and barroom shadows,  
on the shores of moonlit oceans,  
on September nights with memories of Summer,  
by the light of cheap tv  
or the darkness of a leonard cohen croon,  
It's hard to be existential with you.

In the after storms of winter nights,  
when aches and scars wash up like driftwood;  
and the inevitable distance comes, that comes to all,  
we all fall away and toward the same encore.  
Still, it's hard to be existential with you.

