

## Lovers on Film

an observer  
meticulously watching  
him caress the mountains  
falling smitten with the lightly padded snow  
the river's curves designating the tender  
ebb and flow of water  
yet i am smitten too  
by the way she pulls him forward  
an effortless dance between a party of two  
an exchange of human affairs  
of which i am not a part of  
only a mere observer  
always an observer  
a mighty omnipresent being  
a lonely people watcher  
  
as i make stories begin and unfold  
mine remains stagnant  
waiting to be written  
but it never comes  
for a writer  
  
spectating lovers on film