

# Absence

For some reason I do not know  
Your hand slipped away from my own  
It slipped away without a word  
In silence, I was left alone.

I asked the stars to tell me why  
From a life your presence had graced  
You faded away so softly  
To a city so distant placed;

They replied not a word at all  
I was left flying through their light  
On a field wet with starlit dew  
In a dream with no end in sight.

My tears fell into a river  
It varied them down to the sea  
There in that tomb of mankind's tears  
To billow for eternity.

Then in the wind I heard your voice  
Not a word — alas — just a moan  
A sweet-breathed whisper on my face  
Though the night from a land unknown.

I felt your touch in the cold gusts  
Your presence borne upon its wings  
Filling my chest with shards of you  
A sculpture made of broken things.

I embraced that sweet empty place  
A spirit made of thoughts of you  
For one short night, before the time  
To vanish, once again, was due.