

...july 22, 2013...

quietly – the evening stretches
liquid gold across the grass
pulling shadows deep into
forested remembrance –

gradually – i let you go
to realms that i shall someday know
releasing – oh so inchingly –
the threaded fabric we once wove –

but first – another soft hello –
another hug – another pause –
weaving words and silences
to gift my heart when you are gone.

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