

...december 11, 1990...

**this is a separation –
the severing of names
that held us both suspended
in mid-air –**

**a good-bye wave of hands –
the knowing
that we cannot travel on
together –
your eyes already grow
into other eyes
creating memories
that i will never know –**

**and i? i see a road
through fields yellowed gold
catching the excitement
of my feet –
i hear – i hear a distant moon
that bends a foreign sky
whispering new secrets
to my name –**

**you are moving on
and i am moving on
richer in the love
that taught us
separateness.**

