

...november 3, 1992...

quietly you slip away –
a shadow mellowed memory
that calls the crescent moon a ship
sailing stars into eclipse –

invisibly the winds remind
a whispering of skin on skin –
an intimate and soft embrace
that dwindles into dawn –

silently you disappear
until i don't know when or where
we laughed and touched and moved away
from half-remembered yesterdays –

quietly you slip away
and quietly i watch the grey
enveloping all that i've known
into a world where you are gone.

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