



...april 13, 2012...

the moment shivered on my skin
looking at a photograph—
as if a blast of winter air
announced that you had disappeared —

as if the smile that i see —
trapped flat and two dimensional —
was speaking from some other space
saying that you'd gone away —

and yet i know that you are here
sleeping warm and blanket still
and this momentary chill
is just some aberrance of air.

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