

ABSENCE

You rush to fill the hush of the void
But no light will disguise such darkness
No flame will heat such cold
In a pit that has no bottom – no music will sound hold

Absence has no real memory
The substance of absence must need
Be invented from the threads of bare wishes
And from the twists of knotted desires

Be not frightened on this other side of emptiness
As you stare across the open face
Of the chasm between your staring back
And the mirror of your heart

Let not the whole of absence
In the form of purposeful yearning
Unbind you from true possibility
And hope returning

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