

## The Return

I don't want to go back  
any more than you do,  
and the slightest return  
evokes the memories  
of that familiar ache.

Those years, those hours  
waiting for something,  
anything, an answer  
to questions that turned  
to dust leaving our lips.

Did we ask enough,  
plead enough, cry enough  
to catapult or sorrows  
the impossible distance  
to somehow stir the waters?

interior

i wander  
the road inside  
my mind  
near fields  
once brazen  
with life.  
daylight fades  
and grey  
mist hovers  
in the sky,  
whispers secrets  
softly  
to the swelling  
shadows.

skin and bones

behind the clouds the sun glows  
but hasn't appeared for years.

we trudge slowly onward in the grey  
light of a dawn that never breaks.

our bones are damp, burdened with blood  
and water, the deceptive weight of skin.

move on. move on. move along  
with shadows that signal a shining sun.