

Long Goodbye

I live in the past to stay in your arms;
Your lips pressed gently against my cheek,
My body snug in the sheltering warmth of your skin.

Oh, my darling friend.
The handful of my sweet manna you gave me melted in my mouth.
But without prospect of further sustenance
I wander through this pathless wilderness emptier
Then if your unexpected morsel had been denied.

- Maria Thompson Corley