

Tell me in metrics that we fit,
let me measure the length
of your arms with my arms,
button your shirt just to sear
my fingers with your heat.

Tell me not to open any door
without you behind it, drop a pin
onto a map so I can find you,
marking the place where you
ached and angered and fled.

Tell me about darkness, how it
hid you from the bird whose feathers
stained your eyes, only time
and shadow to prove it was
you, as if I needed proof.

Tell me, my raconteur, one more
elaborate story, I so miss the endings,
all of them accidents of love,
you wrote them beautiful,
you wrote them gone.