

long goodbye

by Gary Percesepe

where are you today?
where you are is the one thing
i love & cannot know

it always recedes
the memory of the last
time i saw your face

a great many things
were taking place on the day
that you disappeared

sliding out to sea
on the swollen niagara
with narrowed channels

our precious love affair--
what was it but a tempest
in a cracked teapot?

but some storms remain
potent as glittering trash fire
smoldering inside

filled with regret like
dirty straw in the stable
our combined horseshit

meanwhile up ahead
in the gathering shadow
the past waits for us

