

# Absence

*by* Bill Yarrow

I am desperate in these seconds without you  
I am frightened of miles and time  
I withdraw into the dark imagination  
where things are defrauded of their meanings  
by a world of total frivolity  
You anchor the real  
You make love to the true  
I am bound to you in consecration  
You alone have given me weight  
Without you I would rise and disappear  
into the vast insensate sky

