Too Far

by Ed Higgins

Standing there as you walked away from me that late March afternoon, in the park off Meridian Street, the spring tableau seemed such splendor of how everything was about to change, with forsythia and Japanese quince blooming everywhere and beds of daffodils already flowering on their thin green stalks, their trumpets shouting yellow daze back at the sun's envy with such un-stoppable fierceness. Spring filling my eyes so you'd expect nature was designed, perhaps, to teach some unmistakable lesson: like love unshakable or passion returned. And I could give you again all these images of myself right up to the flowering plum tree you walked indifferently under just where I last saw you clearly.

But then in a moment you were too far down the path to ever call back.

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