

Mid - Loss

by Félix Saparelli

Dark.

Mid-Dawn

Softly I walk
forward. In the
first light of the
waking sun. My mind
still and clear and
white and black. Yet I
step up down and go
to the usual things of
the day. All that time
Life
is what I think about.
Love
is what I ache about.
Pain
is what my heart is.
Death
is where my heart goes.

The sun is falling

Wait for me --

Mid-Dusk

-- Emily

