

# cup of never

*by Gary Percesepe*

held in my hands  
like the dream of a  
golden wood

the small fires  
burned in us  
the sky was dark that

winter but the  
blue river light  
kept my courage up

lateness grew  
in six months  
you skated off

oh the horror  
of unlove  
and now?

the chair where  
you sat is sad  
and all the unread books

