

# 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

