

Sad without Tears

by Jack Ales-Oruam

Sometimes, to be sad, you don't need tears.

But instead:
The nostalgic
Memories of the,
Sleepy smiles
Shared across the
Knowing plains of
Pillows.

Or

The new, unfriendly chilliness
Formerly inhabited by
The warm comfort of hands
Entwined lovingly.

Or

This strange new home.
Finally clean.
Those unruly, cluttered boxes
That haunted me for so long
Finally taken away.

But I miss them.
I miss you urging
Me to take them away,
To make this place "hospitable."

Except that it's not hospitable
Any more

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Without you.

