Anxieties of Absence

by Johnny Dantonio

We were young.
We missed people more than places.
On beach trips with our families,
there were bumper cars, jet skis;
flash enjoyments,
beach-themed distractions.
Engulfed, though, by anxieties of absence:
missing out on things back home with our best friends,
our boyfriends, girlfriends,
these supposed angels to whom, for a time, we swore allegiance;
to whom we promised eternity.

I can't even remember their names anymore.

We're older now,
anxieties of absence ever-lingering,
and we don't miss people or places so much,
pining rather for the versions of ourselves we thought we'd be by now.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/johnny-dantonio/anxieties-of-absence»*
Copyright © 2011 Johnny Dantonio. All rights reserved.