

when you're not here, your feeling is

by M. F. Sullivan

never have i wanted
to stay in one place long,
flight inspired to escape
existential ennui--

but i could spend a thousand years
in a bed containing you
or sixty-five in the desert,
oases azure in your gaze.

no alarms could mute
the screaming of my heart for you,
nor empty sheets at dawn
that instead inflame the soul

with the knowledge
that while you are not here
for me to wrap my arms around,
you soon will be again,

and for just a few moments
i can be content
with infinity you inspire
behind every blink of my eyes.

