

# 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.

