

# missing glory

*by* Rene Foran

she was light and magic, springtime laughter woven through her hair

i found her world cluttered and noisy, a place where logic frowns ambushed, my heart leapt when i heard a bird call, her breath of life

she was a singer of hymns, a joyful, patient sentinel

i was a snare drum, ready to snap at the skip of a beat

i now find myself leeching to the choir, waiting on her voice

she was my cloud ship, an ocean, a free spirited ticket to ride

i gnawed away at my tether, she became my new life line

i hold, needing like a child, the loose end of her crimson thread

2013 - Rene

