

THE DEPARTURE

Inspired by Claire Rossini's *Valediction*

Fragments of the past, they pop up
Like unwanted weeds, they sprout
From a fabricated moment, a falseness
In which we each played a part.

Your days are yours now,
Left to pile up like a heap of compost
In a place from which my past has
Branched off, sprouted new foliage,
Gone altogether into another ecosystem.
[No, I cannot make my way over to you,
Not to dally around in your poison ivy.]

I can feel a distance. I wear it diligently
Like a new garment. I have measured
Each hour and day since we touched;
Each one grew a quiet acceptance as
I handled it.

You are struck from my Eden,
Now a desolate wasteland of
Impetuous longings, gone unfulfilled.
Tear up this earth, the site in which
We planted all of this.