

The Garden

In a dream my eyes are open, and I walk through a door.
Through the door there is a garden where no shadows fall,
Only sunlight spills into this space, and sheds light upon the lawn.

There splayed across the grass like a dream within a dream,
I see your body glistening white like a statue in the sun,
I hold my arms out to you and gasp as if only touch will fix you there.

As if you may vanish before my eyes, or turn into dust and drift away,
On the same wind that took you from me all those months ago,
As if you are not real until I feel the solidity of your skin.

I would pull you and tug you and claw in my desperation,
I would kiss and cry and collapse and finally give in,
To the pain, the relief, the love that knows no bounds –

The love that kept us here, grounded in this lonely place,
So that we did not give up hope and could find the light again,
The light that forever shimmers in your brown and golden eyes.