

Roslyn

The dusk is a slow bleed,  
a bruise in the seams of the sky—  
you linger there, half-shadow,  
half the light I couldn't keep.

We spoke in hushed tones,  
like the wind through the pines,  
words brittle as the frost  
that gathers on your name.

\*Stay, the night hums,  
but the dawn is a thief  
it takes what's left of us,  
leaves only the hollow hum  
of what almost was.

And the river, black and whispering,  
carries your reflection away,  
while I stand on the shore,  
a wound without a wound.

Would you know me now,  
if I were only the echo  
you left behind?