

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?