

The Missing You Oath

When I am good...

I hear the leaves of grass
speaking through the wind to God;

I'll light my night's candles
to reflect the shadows of a
maturing spirit—

and hang the full moon into
the skies to pull the
rivers all upstream;

I can tuck myself in
and promise you
that *Yes, I'm fine*—
this I solemnly swear.

But those nights I miss you...

Those same leaves
cry of their forthcoming deaths;

I'll light a circle of candles
to slowly melt myself
away with the wax—

I can't find the spare moon
I save for flattened days;

leaving cloud-covered
skies to release my eyes'
rivers downstream;

Then tuck myself under;
I can solemnly swear — I *am* a mess;

missing you like crazy;
wondering why we could never be;

how you could do this to me?

while my heart re-tears
itself into folded divides,

then blows my fumes out.

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