

Monica Richards

"The Turnaway"

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I couldn't look to see her face
I dared not look - I just couldn't
But only rested my eyes on the shadow behind her as
we
Made our way.
Sailors may have heard and turned their heads to look
At the vast open endless answer.
She says "I am with you."
Maybe that's true...
Two silhouettes on the sand, the sun shining brightly
Behind us.
It was morning
And with her heart she looked at me
It seemed she was about to speak of better times...
I dreamed she did speak to me, you see
Here I am and that's enough for now
Then the memory of her shadow turning
In tunnel vision like a silent home movie
Playing and repeating
Her shade spinning growing past her feminine shape -

A wave of hand on this rotation a quiet laugh on that
The profile for a moment, her shadow rising like a bird
It's wings stretching - the shape shifting - the tossing
Of her hair
Like a mare free and prancing
The moment played and replayed
While I stared transfixed dizzy
She flickered and I couldn't remember exactly who she
Was or who she had been
I will see her again

This is what it's like when someone you love has gone
And you hope to see them in dreams
Though you never remember all you want to say...
It's always that way.
She said "I am with you."
That's enough for now.
I will see you again...

