

In Absentia

Melanie

my days have been wasted
since you left
at dusk the receding tips
of daylight shrivel
in the sunset's furnace
like worthless timber
burning like rags.
they char and blister
rushing into the night
and I am left with
no receipt for them
no memory of how
I lost them
remembering only that you
were not there.
the evening skies are thieves
dark sponges
soaking up my daylight
bloating into sunsets
which never heal
but which only get redder
like a scar that persists
long after you've forgotten
how you got it.

