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A Solar Rendezvous

Did I just crawl
and haul myself
from cosmic sleep
the basin of surfeit
into gloom,
where bodies are scarce
and nebulae, at best
just to catch
that livid glimmer
in the corner
of my eye?
Just to hear your name
fly by,
as if by chance
like in some
solar rendezvous
where you
eventually found out
you played a part,
the way a star
would ray
to kiss, with grace
its counterpart
but only later,
from a distance
realize
the burden of
a lost goodbye.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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