

My Longing

My Longing

By : Eskay Miras

This is dedicated to my best friend, Joshua Kinley, who was murdered last year.

Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/Eskay Miras](http://booksie.com/EskayMiras)

Copyright © Eskay Miras, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

My Longing

My Longing

in memory of Joshua Kinley (1990-2012)

A brother to me in all but blood.

The mouth that gave me your voice
was nothing but a shadow on the water-
the morning- a witness,
I- water.

Have you seen
your voice, your voice given to me,
abandoning the shadow?
Have you seen me beckoning its water?

The further away you get,
the more your shadow
becomes your cup of coffee,
the more the cup becomes a shadow
shivering under the sun

Have you seen the mourning arrive
and steal me off to your shadow?
I...tremble,
become the terror lurking in the garden

My Longing

a fish fleeing the night.

Did you see?

The further your shadow goes,

the closer I approach.

I take refuge in that last cup of coffee

where I hide my weakness.

The night knife breaks down its shadows,

takes me out toward shadeless mornings

where I come closer...

Did you see me,

no longer touching your shadow?

I became the bier reluctant to leave you,

the bier killing itself willingly,

hungry for the soil of God

My Longing

My Longing

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-27 01:44:39