

## ONE NIGHT AT A TIME

You kept the outcome at a distance  
with your smile, but the end  
was scripted in advance.

Each time  
our eyes locked, the tears  
came.

I had to turn away.

You held my hand---the left.

Each night in what passes  
now for sleep, I wake  
to learn how absence crucifies.

Nothing compares with it.

What can I do to give  
this grief an ounce of dignity?

Only the ache of not having  
you beside me brings you  
back and keeps you close.

That's all that saves me.