You May Be Gone—Thoughts of an Old Man

By Will Guidinger

Clouds drift by as I lie on my back.
White against blue, shapeless figures of sky—
They remind me of you; of the times
We spent watching countless clouds travel by.

My old eyes focus on two hawks, circling
in swirling patterns. they soar in and out
of the many clouds: specks of brown.
I can’t make out their details as we once did.

The sun has been sliding across the sky
while I lie here in the grass, enjoying its rays.
Unbidden, an ancient tune springs to my lips,
A melody from our youth long ago.

Now a storm from distant horizon
has come and blot out the sun. rain
with light sprinkling drops falls as I gaze on.
They wet my lips, like your lips once did.

The storm has passed. still I lie here.
The sun is setting deep in the sky,
turning the air into a dusky red.
Now fading dark brown, the color of your eyes.

Dark has descended on me, ink-like blackness.
my hand aches to hold yours now.
such things used to be, but the night,
no longer pressing, covers the pain.

The moon shines bright tonight,
shines like your face once did.
Stars twinkle on high: intense.
Never as intense as yours though.

I stand slowly- lost in thought.
We grew old together, forever together.
You may be gone, but you live
in my heart and in my mind.