

Distance and Time

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Published on Stories Space on 26 Apr 2019

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The shadows are long Like our conversations

One contemplating the distance he has come
And the other the time he has left.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/-distance-and-time-.aspx>

Distance and Time

(Raana, Israel, July 19, 2017)

In the time of the dying light

When the distant sun dallies

Over the western hills,

Its radiant fingers fondling the upper slopes

Like expectant breasts to its warm touch,

The shadows are long

Like our conversations,

Careful not to say too much

Yet desirous that they not end.

In the manicured garden

The shadow of the weeping willow by the creek

Reaches almost to our lawn chairs

And black petals from a nearby tree

Assume the colors of the dusk

As we sip our scotches silently,

One contemplating the distance he has come

And the other the time he has left.

The untalked about thing between us

Knows in an alien sort of way

That, if not the last word,

It will have the silence.