

Choked whines filter through the crack in the window
where the sun fell through moments ago.
And in this hour, the seas blows in the cataracts of his final
day.
His blessed concussed confusion.
His seizing airways.
He holds his head wishing for his mother.
He takes to the cold.
Where has the child gone?
I thought he was anchored to his texts?
His revered studies?
He grew tired of the distant solar systems
and stopped counting his nightly collection of clouds.
He smudged the blood of his lover.
"We are never apart. Maybe in distance, but never in heart."