Distance

Mikołaj Raszewski

In a dark ocean of people, it is hard to find the horizon.

I am drowning in my hesitation, misremembering the metres I have swam through and where I am heading.

Yesterday was your nineteenth, but wasn't it September a day ago, and I still recollect the leaves shifting colour as I picked every hue off the overhead maple.

The world was still supple and ready for conquest, and with every step, we were skipping past weeks, months and memories, hands cradling naivety. Bitter frost settled and melted before you, unnoticed, and days stretched like amber silk;

We spent such days in each other's heads, memorising verses. You beamed sunlight through branches when I laughed, and the earth warmed under my feet.

That summer, I wrote you messages of promise which you wept at; words I clung onto firmly; a part of me for you to store away in your lungs.

My dear, sentences of brightness shine through you yet; when I pass you by and listen for the exhale. Despite my distance, the skies of home stay lit as long as you breathe.