

Absence

Your absence is a rocking chair
That calls me in my time of need
To seek a crumb of comfort there
My thoughts and I are both agreed

That absence is an empty pain
Which the chair and I can both ignore
The calm I seek returns again
Provokes me gently to explore

The warmth of memories we both share
Safe and secret within me
Like familiar clothes that we both wear
Which guard our mutual liberty

Absence is a presence, then
Which disregards both place and time
And notwithstanding where or when
Reveals itself in words of rhyme

Our souls together are entwined
In trust close nurtured through the years
I may not be to trust inclined
But your absence does not awake my fears