

To these eyes that sting

Look no more for him

He isn't here, nor will he be there,

Our time with him has passed.

To these ears that ache

Search not for his laughter

But those that are coming,

Not from his mouth, this time.

To these lips that thirst

Trace not in memory his jaw

Or, the missed splendor of a second's gap,

None leads to his heart.

To these feet that drag

Don't stop to the place he loves

Not even his ghost dwells there,

Not even ours.

Hands that remember

Keep still while I write my farewell

Not to the lover that he was

But to the heart that loved him.