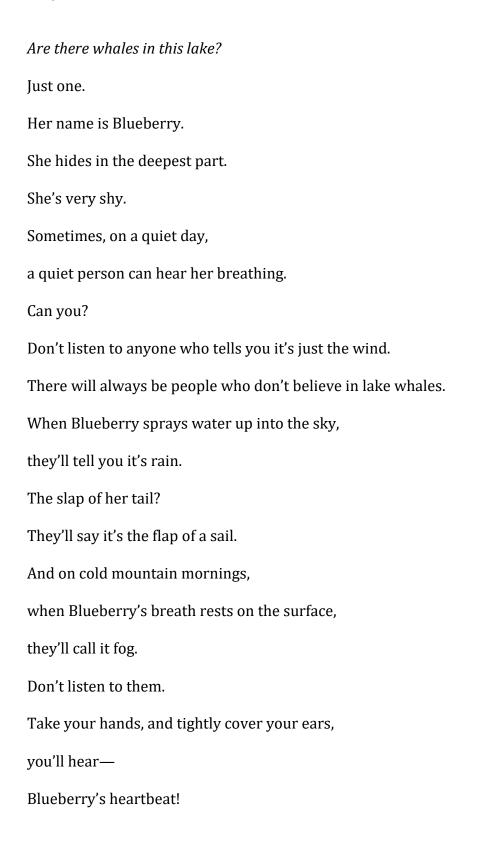
## **Tiny Tourist**



## 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.