

Absence

by Bill Yarrow

I am desperate in these seconds without you
I am frightened of miles and time
I withdraw into the dark imagination
where things are defrauded of their meanings
by a world of total frivolity
You anchor the real
You make love to the true
I am bound to you in consecration
You alone have given me weight
Without you I would rise and disappear
into the vast insensate sky

