

The Idealist

Angled
across
an open suitcase

Sidelong glance
earnest
as always

You said you would not
accept that fate
would not believe
there was no hope

I followed your hands
gently folding a sweater
and wondered how
you would live
how I would bear
what I knew
they would do

“You sure?”
I asked
but I knew the answer
and I knew it was settled
your fate
and mine

I imagined opening
a final statement
searching the charges
for any last clue

A cafe
alone
or perhaps with a lover
sharing a drink

planning
a life

There would be no darkness
no suffering
no pain
You would make
your own world

And maybe
draw
a line back to me
who set into motion
all of this wonder

Rocked you to sleep
Kissed you good night

Afraid of nothing
aware of no storm

The forces that took you
just seeds
in the ground

(Written by Adam E. Stone)

(No translation - English is the original language of the poem)