

REUNION

Every evening

As the heat of day waned
He rose from his slumber
To take up his vigil
Near the torn-curtained window
Watchful, waiting
For the night that was sure to come.

As the moon rose higher

Whether seen or unseen
He peered more intently
Into the darkness
Hoping to see her emerge
At first a shadow
From the tree line afar off.

Yet she never came

Days turned to weeks
Weeks into years
Clouds of age dimmed his eyes
Weakened his gaze
He grew frail
From a now too-frequent fast.

Still, every evening

As the heat of day waned
He rose from his slumber
Til one evening he rose no more.
That same night,
she emerged, at first a shadow,
Him at her side.

And both were ne'er seen more.