

## Tears Passing in Dismal Silence

Deanna, what I speak is hard, now distant truth, solid from the depth of my soul.

I saw you as the touch of early college laid its self upon me, and felt you move inside me like a new marvel to my eyes of innocence. You crept upon me, turning inside me, living in me. I wept to meet you but was lost to inaction.

But in magnificent chronological cruelty, fate saw us, thought to have a game, and designed our meeting. Those first words from you lips cried with the song of Sirens, as I suffered in your brilliance. A wavered friendship followed, each moment with you an agony nearing heaven.

Dear, sweet Deanna, I crave your presence for all of life.

I long for endless seconds in your radiance.

I feel perished at your absence.

I dream of long, slow walks at midnight, turning under the moon's vigilant light to kiss you soft and quiet and to feel your heart raise, beating upon your lips.

But it is fantasy.

I hope never to wake.

Never to be away from you.

You are there, I, here. I mourn your vacancy, tears you will never see. I have a picture. The only memory that will monument the fleeting time we had.

I miss you with a suicidal pain. Goodbye, Deanna, a love never forgotten.