The Romantic

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The Romantic

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Abstract

Morning unwraps the gauze of half-waking. Grey sunlight burns away the fragile weave, the final connection to the other world, the half-remembered perfection of her nameless face, the tremulous touch of our finger tips, our lips that brushed, a delicate artist’s stroke...
The Romantic

by Jim Kastner, English Grad

Morning unwraps the gauze of half-waking.
Grey sunlight burns away the fragile weave,
the final connection to the other world,
the half-remembered perfection of her nameless face,
the tremulous touch of our finger tips,
our lips that brushed, a delicate artist's stroke.
And I am left with the aching insides
of having laughed and cried together
for endless hours that are now soured
in the hopeless wish to chase the vision,
had I just the trace of a clue.
Instead, I brew some coffee and run the shower.