

THIS INEXPLICABLE NEED

The silence you left
comforts me
more than your voice
ever did, or your touch,
or, for that matter,
your very presence,
my existence one of constantly coiled apprehension
that I might disappoint you,
anger you,
lose you,

all of which I did,
and more, but
that is not why you are gone;

your heart simply ceased,
quickly, surprisingly.
Your heart ceased
and now you are gone.

I miss you,
without missing you,
the comfort of silence,
the absence of the fear
of angering you,
not enough
to calm my need for you
beside me, this inexplicable need.

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