

Communion

Just words on paper ~ Scribbles, really
Lasting a year, a decade, a century
Blown into a cave with scorpions as residents
Found by chance in a flurry of hiding thieves
Thrown on the fire for a second of warmth
Disappearing into thin air
Caught on the only tendril of smoke
Wafting through a crack into sunlight
Reflected on the verdant green of a leaf's underside
Falling to the forest floor the following autumn
Hurriedly raked by trembling hands
Into a pile for warmth
Moved by the chill of despair
Gripping a terrified child's heart
Catching the tiniest shard of moonlight
Before blinking into oblivion
Leaving an imprint in her sleep
And whispering over and over again
Into the underside of her ethereal ears…

I love you
All is well

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