

grieve through the phone is hard. I cannot be there quick enough, long enough or fast enough to mend this. I cannot be there to hold, to hear and to carry - only a lifetime for her to feel like she is not alone.

the stone and the moon.

the moon and the stone.

(we) are surrounded and isolated.

(you) the moon, with her bent ear

lean closer, calmly cooing and listening

(me) with my whispers into the expanse of night

weighted and burdened

(you) let the whispers fumble and trip

strung together like poorly knotted strings

fluttering up to the evening skies

the moon and the stone.

the stone and the moon.

(we) are stable and fragile.

(you) reach into the deepest, richest blues of night

midnight, prussian, persian, indigo, woad, phythalo,

with the depth of (your) empathy

encompassing (my) weeping and woes

(our) nights from opposite horizons,

in cycles of rotation and risings

the stone and the moon.

the moon and the stone.

(we) are rooted and eroding.