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half-way

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Abstract

This distance is real.

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half-way

by A. S. More

This distance is real.
This must be Buddhism's peace of detachment.
When I see her photo or think of her,
there is so much more feeling than ever before.

Half-way around the globe, now.
I sit, content with plated grapefruit, taro, avocado, and corn.
She is struggling with life,
more than seems well.

I would return tomorrow if she asked.
I would return tomorrow if I believed she would embrace my presence.
So, I wish her well.

The distance was real sometimes when I sat with her.
She would send me to the other room.
I would return the next day,
until she asked me to stop.

Half-way was not enough for her.
School-work or sleeping in the middle of the night
were not suitable excuses to her desire for my attention—
her requests for my assistance.
Just what I wanted, but I had a life.

I could not let go of my life.
I still hold to some one-things.
Still not detached from some-things.

Soon she will have her life in order.
She will find a way to live by her priorities.
Will have a moment to embrace.

And where will I be, J—?
Somewhere around the globe working something new?

