Gone

*I want to go back to that time . . ./ To the real./
To the magnitude of pain, of being that much alive.
— Jack Gilbert

Even before dawn broke over the mountains
I missed you, then and now, late and early,
when last here, here last, even more now
than ever, the late summer color you love
so terribly exquisite in the late breaking sun,
the fruit trees, especially peach and saggy plum,
all full-figured wonders, the ground flowers aglow,
as expected, but still absent from your touch,
as am I, flying solo, as it were, in your garden,
lost among hydrangeas and tulips and violets,
daylilies, one with lavender petals and a deep
red heart ready to die at a moment’s notice,
the speckled Blue Monarchs’ haunt, all Asia
waiting for you, your touch, the color, as I note,
all so exquisite in the late-day sunshine,
and you, and you, and you just gone.

*Tim Gordon* is widely published. *Everything Speaking Chinese* received the SunStone P Poetry Prize (AZ). Recognitions include NEA & NEH Fellowships and nominations for Pushcarts and The NEA Western States’ Book Awards. He divides professional and personal lives between Asia and the Inter-Mountain Desert Southwest.