

I Will Carry You

Today I will carry you in my fingertips and in
the orange sunrise and in the soles

of my arched feet.

I will wear you in the wisps of my frustrated

hair and the enamel

of my teeth and in the worn clothes you gifted softly.

Today I will imbibe the amber shadows
and salt spilled for you and I will find you in the honeysuckle
that I have not but know.

Tomorrow the echo of your voice will soothe my breast,

shake laughter,

cry memory, shimmer joy, meet rage, reveal nothing.

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The Pangolin Review; Issue 6, 8 September 2018