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Divided

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Stephanie A. Tolliver-Osborne

Though our distance is merely temporal the hours so swell in my blood as though they compete to be most memorable occasions; as the night we watched 'til day when sleep was our most painful parting, forced upon us by unseen light-the bright sun that set us apart, our first separate course. Never a morning knew such sordid bliss. For such sweetness of our time together before your shadow disappeared from sight, my heart to yours was unknowingly tethered, you, my Olindo, embracing our plight and I, your Sofronia bound behind, tied together not by ropes, but by mind.