

Drifting Away

Tom Brinck

7/27/94

Now it seems that you've
disappeared.
drifted away.
no longer in touch with so much of this world.
you no longer speak to your family,
you no longer call your friends,
you only speak with me,
and so many of our words
are spoken in silence.

in those quiet moments, it's as if sometimes
we say so much,
speaking of our love undying devotion.
but sometimes in our silence
a wave of awareness drowns me in uncertainty,
as if even when I'm calling out to you,
you only hear
that faint voice in the distance,
with you wandering on the shores of your distant dreams
in a world even I cannot know.

I always hope there will come a day
you'll find your way back,
yet each day, you're one step further.
I think, if you hold my hand you can walk back with me,
but it's like I'm the rope in the tug-of-war,
always trying to come a little further with you,
always trying to stay rooted back home,
and not sure which hand to let go.

my love, don't drift too far.
I see you need this.
I see you're seeking,
trying to find a root for yourself,
not knowing what it will be
or if you'll ever find it.
my love, hold onto me.
I will be near.

sometimes, oh, I am so tempted
to ask you to take me with you,
but you've gone to a place I don't belong.
I'll wait
while you're gone,
and while you're there
I will be with you, here.
my vigil is yours.
my heart is beside you.

our souls have touched, my love.
my only solace is —
that if you become lost,
a part of me will be lost with you.