

DON'T LEAVE

J.B. Drori

“Don’t leave, not yet,”
My young friend
Said to me
Yesterday morning.

His words arrived
One by one,
Hanging in mid air
Between us.

We locked hands
And searched our hearts
In each other’s eyes,
Our souls set a trembling.

We hovered
Above an invisible ravine
At our feet,
Stretched to the end of time.

Our silent bond grew,
Transcending heaven’s barriers,
Unveiling the meaning
Of our presence.

Time paused,
Looked back
And knocked on the
Celestial crucible,

Where “All beginnings
Are endings,
And all endings
Are beginnings.” *

“Don’t leave us,
We need you,”
He said again,
His voice cracking.

“So do I.
We all do.”
He looked up and said,
“We all need each other,”

I leaned forward,
Kissed his brow
And turned away
To hide my tears.

* With apologies to T.S. Eliot