

There and Now

By Helena G.

I miss the comfort of his good nights

I miss the folds on his bottom lip

I miss the knowledge of his voice

But I'm not there anymore.

Now, I stare at two piercing blue iris
that warm me with welcomed hugs.

I'm swayed by a foreign larynx box, and
learn the creases of a new orbicularis oculi.

I pin myself into the new

Do I dare?

I love you