

courtship has us
strange
This

howl in melancholy,
bathed in your delicate ashes
strewn all over the sheets.

In them,
your remnants linger
and you've chosen the best bits
but that's alright.

Fitfully stitching memories
together again
to hear your pensive sigh
and floorboards, whisper.

In this empty room, your echoes
haunt the walls —
an old home —
a melody of a place now past.

With my slack stitches
and yearning
(needle becoming thread)

I
no
longer
fray.