

“Parting Laments”

by

LA Henderson

You're something I never could hold on to -
But then I never really tried.
Like oil desperately cleaving to water -
One has to move on downstream
Someday
(Today?).

It's laughable how sweaty our palms become
As we try to stay linked
While we lean away -
Grabbing at things we'd easily reach
Alone.

I don't know why I hold on
When oil and water inevitably part ways.
I don't know the meaning of trying to -
I only know the words we'll never say.