These Two Days

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These Two Days

MICHAEL JORGENSEN

The last two days have been a family.
Like a father and his son.
The father quickly went in passing,
The child blinked and it was done.

The next two days will be a memory.
A reflection in a stream.
A haunted winter forest,
In a half-forgotten dream.

These two days have been a green light.
Right before my clouded eyes.
Gone after I’d noticed.
From perfection to goodbye.

These two days have one another:
These two days,
These two days.
We no longer have each other:
These two days.
Rainy Day Reds | Abigail Baker | Acrylic on Wood Panel

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