

May through June

for

FORGETMENOTS

19th May

Our conversation meanders, it glides, it dives between air drafts and catches hot currents, specific words don't matter but their hidden meanings soar, brushing over thermals, causing the birds to chirp with envy.

Beads of sweat almost blind in the sun, there's a brilliance, a light that's residue is still with me as I write.

Later, the birds silence becomes a tacit reminder of your absence.

5th June

It's been too dry too suddenly, the plants didn't have time to notice before their leaves yellowed.
The heat has me stretched and worn.

We stayed out later than usual. When it became darker your face took on a new character, in its shadows a growing mystery- I'm hooked on that unknown, those hidden messages. I noticed that we spoke less. Comfortable silence?

21st June

There was something different about today, a limit placed on myself. A slow spiral of self doubt accompanied our time together. I still see that beauty, who's regions are shifting and unknowable. And maybe there lies the seed, the implanted doubt; the thing that drew me to you now makes me feel on the outside, looking in. Your mystery an opacity not an invitation.

I've begun to feel like a subplot, a supporting character in my own life. I've been left behind by my want for you, sculpting you into the protagonist of our story.

The brilliance of that light becomes harder to look at, I squint and your image fractures, it becomes unrecognisable.

19th May

Our conversation drifted today, away from us.

The birds were noisy, distracting, I couldn't pinpoint my thoughts, I kept losing the thread.

5th June

In the evening, when it was just us left, you became something I could barely look at.

The heat was oppressive, lingering long after the sun.

Your eyes were hard to catch, I could feel them scrape the outer limit of something. I couldn't tell if it was my perimeter or yours.

10th June

Opening beer bottles with lighters, sleeping on private land, a three in one amber leaf and growing doubts diminished please.

Those tiny hairs, downy specs on your cheeks, residual mammalian memory.

21st June

That perimeter was breached through attrition, it was mine, my reticence. We swam, just out to the edge of the reeds. The water was as warm as the air - boundaries blurred between bodies, plants and lakes.

Evening thick and heavy, bug bites and open shirts.

You seemed to change, your attention wanes and my skin grows cold in its lack.

You look through narrowed eyes at me and I hope I've not left it too late.

by

Kaius Owen

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