

THE EMPTY BALCONY

by Terri Librande

*Cold winter winds
Sweep the late, curled leaves
Across the meeting place.
The curtains you confidently pushed aside,
Portals of the gate between our worlds,
Are gone.*

*One lone white candle
Rolls under my feet,
Dusty, dirty, half-burnt.
Forgotten by those who did not know.
Shadows furnish your empty home.
Bare walls that once reflected dreams.
Pain stirs within me, the old hurt
The only part of you left to me*

*I do know know why I wait for you
In this, our place
You are not returning
But the memory is so fresh
It is our sanctuary still
Until others take up residence
Will they feel the still-warm presence
Of loving spirits
As they stand gazing
From this empty balcony*