

Karen Attard

ABSENCE MAKES

This is joy's bonfire, then ...

John Donne

We were living
in the same house
but missing each other,
our time-tables never
harmonising,
dialogue dwindling
to sign language:
scraps of paper
on the fridge door,
until the night
you left me
a love letter.

After fumbling at
the keyhole
with cold-clumsy fingers
I stumbled
into unforeseen heat
and saw that
in your few
snatched minutes between
work and classes
you didn't eat
but made, instead.
a fire
for me.

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