

Prelude

Jason Webley

The weeks slip through our fingers like the dry sand blowing across the dunes,
Swept into a cardboard box filled with forgotten photographs
and abandoned songs.
The past few years are illuminated only by the dim glow
of a sun setting in the east
It's almost night.
I scour the landscape trying to make out your familiar shape against the horizon.
But it's amazing how rarely our paths cross considering we share the same bed.
The sand stings my face and I keep walking, keep looking.
And I can barely make out the sound of my own voice beneath the wind:
Maybe we'll be alone.