

So Sadly Quietly Miss
by Rob O'Flanagan

I miss in so sadly
quietly a way
places that were
home and people
I have been
and companions now
flown or become
someone
other than who
they were.

Love, this vapour I have
watched disperse so
sadly quietly rise and
vanish, vanish.

Some I loved I
still do so love
and some I loved
seem now so
disappeared.
And where?
Where?

I miss tonight my
camp on the island
where the bear gutted
my pack and left me
nothing but sardines
and raw vegetables.
I miss the trail where I
tempted the rattler
to strike my walking stick.
(The cries of campers
plunging from a cliff
across the bay).
With no companion
along with me
I so sadly
quietly missed my
old companions.

Sometimes when
I walk out along
the shores and high
up in the escarpment,
I pause to paw and gut
the air, sadly spilling,
sadly spilling all I so
sadly quietly miss.