

## **Hiding in Plain Sight**

*by Denise Riley*

I try to find you, yet you are not here.

I've studied absence, fought to fill it in –

courage comes easier with a grasp of why.

A secret's camouflaged when unconcealed.

I chose to not see/saw the thing too near?

Absence turns thicker, muscled by its strain.

A moon in daylight, whitest blue on blue,

surprises briefly, to appear surreal

until it slips to rights. I couldn't spot

the obvious – *obviam*, in the way; plain

sight goes blind through chasing clarity.

I looked for you, so couldn't see you gone.

I sensed your not-there in its burning life.

I listened out to feel its silence beat.

It does not speak with any human mouth.