

your homecoming will be my homecoming—

my selves go with you, only i remain;  
a shadow phantom effigy or seeming

(an almost someone always who's noone)

a noone who, till their and your returning,  
spends the forever of his loneliness  
dreaming their eyes have opened to your morning

feeling their stars have risen through your skies:

so, in how merciful love's own name, linger  
no more than selfless i can quite endure  
the absence of that moment when a stranger  
takes in his arms my very life who's your

—when all fears hopes beliefs doubts disappear.  
Everywhere and joy's perfect wholeness we're