

Though you have left me, I'm not yet alone;  
For what you were befriends the firelit room;  
And what you said remains & is my own  
To make a living gladness of my gloom.

The firelight ~~glows~~ <sup>leaps</sup> & shows your empty chair  
And all our harmonies of speech are stilled;  
But you are with me in this voiceless air;  
My hands are empty, but my heart is filled.

24.10.25

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