

Here I am, where are you?

by mazaher
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for Eleni

From a fandom long ago you called.
I answered. We told each other
tales of underground rooms, moonlight
and ancient darkness.
We came into the sunlight
in the grace of horses' eyes,
your fandom name of beauty,
your first name of purity,
the others' name of blessing.
Old lives and new being sown,
grown, grieved, the patent and the secret.
Then, silence. I still call, my friend,
but you don't answer.
Where are you among the concrete
walls of the dirty city, out in the pasture,
or tracking among birches?

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