

**March 21st, 2012**

by mazaher

::

I saw you today  
(the man I used to love).  
Even a small town is large enough  
for us not to set eyes on each other for years.

The day you left after eighty-eight seasons,  
I said  
"Take care",  
and you,  
you smiled your bitter smile.

Now your beard is all white.  
You walk on tall and proud  
your lips pressed thin and downward  
as though you were the  
last of your kind  
and the only thing left  
for you to do was  
dying in honour.

::