

## Abandoned You Return

Abandoned, you return  
to the place of the last meeting. Dying,  
you summon a more than natural strength,  
again compose yourself  
to the beauty which was yours before the disease spoke,  
before the depths declared themselves  
to the surface, to the translucent skin,  
the face that colors now  
alternately with peace or desperation.

And all that is known of you,  
the downward path, the locust  
speared in the midst of song,  
and the stars fleeing, fleeing from every point,  
the crimes committed at every point,

gathers in this last offering  
which you never refuse to make.

Let it gleam there, a shape of clear sap,  
a shape of water,  
contained within a vessel which is itself,

faintly reflecting our drying faces,  
in every form poised at our brow, at our lip  
to release the congealed eye  
and raise the hand.

Albert Frank Moritz