

PROMPT: "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder"

By Kathleen Leuba, May 2021

Absence lands hard when it is permanent.
Not a floating little rain cloud of interruption
But a raging thunderclap of emptiness.

In that barren space, what could ever grow and become fonder?

Is it the way you laughed and your distinctive dimples?
Is it your sincere interest in other people's concerns?
Is it the way you cared when one of us needed it?

In all these facets of our fondness for you,
Could we ever love you more?

You the special one.
You the dearest one.
You the intimate one.

If absence could create a growth of such joys,
It would be wished for instead of deplored.

Our hearts could not become fonder,
When you already occupy their infinite space.

What does grow every day is the longing
For the precious gift that you were.