

Eve Kaczmarczyk

Distance

They say distance makes the heart grow fonder
And so it is true
Ah yes the heart, which pulses and pounds as it yearns for you
The core of the soul, the almighty blood-pumping, life-giving core
Each beat, whispering your name
The red blood deliberately rushes through each artery
Delivering oxygen to the body to sustain life
But the warm crimson blood is cold without you here
Each cell carrying a piece of you with it
The heart swells with affection and appreciation
The heart is absorbed with desire and devotion
As the distance lengthens, the heart grows larger and larger with love
for you
Love to share with you

But what about the rest of you?
What about the lips that welcome yours?
Soft lips that are deserted, without yours brushing mine
Distance makes the lips go dry.
What about the eyes that lock your gaze?
Brown eyes, which search for you in everyone
Distance makes the eyes disappointed.
What about the stomach that fills of food when we cook together?
The stomach that shrinks, deprived of the meals we share
Distance makes the stomach empty.
What about the fingers that link me to you?
Delicate fingers which are bare, robbed of yours laced through mine
Distance makes the fingers unprotected.
What about the hands that are meant to clasp yours?
Fragile hands which are cold, parted from yours to hold onto
Distance makes the hands grow numb.

What about the arms that embrace you daily?
Graceful arms that form a hollow circle, without your chest
Distance makes the arms grow weaker.
What about the legs that walk with you for miles?
Strong, muscular legs that no longer have a companion
Distance makes the legs feel lost.
So what about the rest of you?
Distance makes the rest of you feel abandoned and aching
Distance makes the rest of you lonely.