

# Leaning

(In response to: “Leaning into the Afternoons” by Pablo Neruda)

My eyes looks for yours  
across our ocean blue  
like your crystal pools of deep love

I want to dive into  
and drown my sorrows  
as I lean into the afternoons  
with my body into  
the depths of you

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and even when our sun sets

I will allow this day to reach

towards you to snatch

every inch you left behind

when you let me

cut a locket of your hair

to place into my breast

so that on a cold winter day

I can pull it out

and warm myself with the you I once had.

Diana Raab