

Airborne

CAROL ANN WILBURN

Every change below
tells me I'm farther away

from him.

The coastal mountains

drift

into a flat patchwork

then upward to glimpses
of peaks tinged still

with late snow.

Our last drive

his eyes are hidden
behind dark glasses

though not covering the edges
of our departure.

The mosaic below mingles
with grief's circles,

lines on his face
a terrain haunting

every lover alone,
traversing distance.