

THE COLOR OF HIS HAIR,
THE ODOR OF HIS SKIN, THE WAY

HE SLEPT. h e

i s g o ne
he is far,

call me . I

N EE

Ð

¥ O U HER E

AGAIN . I WANTED TO

SHAVE MY HAIR, TO FEEL
HIS HANDS ON MY HEAD.

I THINK OF HIM
LIKE

ON

HOW I USED TO RUN TO HIM. #

e

step

out this door,

an d

left

me I cr ie d

at dawn I must see him

. I sat

waiting. find me.