

Metaxu

by [Romain P.-A. Delpeuch](#) (March 2023)



Henri's Armchair, Brett Whiteley, 1974

When distance stopped inflicting pain
and I got used to being lone;
when from your sight I could abstain,
for into dust had turned your throne—

no pedestal, no shrine was left—
without a trace, without a word—
I missed no more, though was bereft
of air and light, and lied unstirred.

A door of flesh that led to life—
I knew yet wouldn't know—ephemeral

as leaves and trees that soar and strife
and die unknown in silence nemoral,

a wound that pierced the world shut fast,
a scar that healed as sores and wrinkles
began reminding me your past
is lost to me—and future sprinkles.

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