

Recollection

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



Separation, Edvard Munch, 1896

Millions through screens saw you in humble garb,
in hospital attire, your feet in dirt.
Light on your face, you were looking ahead,
lying in earnest—for some truth to show.
I saw beyond what was displayed—but inward:
enhanced illusion, maya that I chose.
Beneath the boldness of your face, I saw
or pictured, rather—fancied—something else.
Be told this truth: I fell in love with you
before I had the least idea of who

you were—and to this day I'm still unsure.

Bestir me not out of this doubt, you voyeurs,
revealers of what must be kept unseen,
of privacy and secrets, and of lies
worthy of disregard. A little while
now, and she'll be as past as all of us.

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