

Farewell

by Sophia Falco

When we parted, all the water
evaporated from the earth's ocean
so only endless mountains of salt
remained as heavy as the moon,
as heavy as my heart.

On a pilgrimage in your honor
to discover the tallest mountain
I traversed through treacherous terrain
while the sheer sun against the white
hurt my eyes, and with every heavy footstep
my black boots crunched the salt
where this sound ricocheted
from mountain top to mountain top.

I prevailed by reaching the sparkling summit
then laid flat on my back, and made an angel
sensing her spirit rising
while witnessing the pinnacle of the sunset
its pink rays like roses without thorns—oh how
I wish I could have bottled up that for you.

For the sake of freedom, I shouted:
“Let it rain” well equipped with
my lifeboat made out of driftwood.

The rain did come dissolving the mountains,
and I saw your reflection in a singular drop.