

You/I Thirst

It began
as I gave of myself—
poured out freely
like winter runoff
at springtime, flowing
in abundant streams.

your thirsty paradigm
absorbed
each trickle, each drip.

I continued
to release a wellspring
with words,
revitalizing hope.

Over time
your lust grew
a different kind of thirst.
No matter how much
I dispensed, you remained
dissatisfied.

My rivers have stopped.
There are beneath roots
and rocks
where life once thrived,
is but a dark
and hollow barrenness.

As you leave and search
for a different spring
my being
still awaits the winter.