

10-1-2010

Passage

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Recommended Citation

Gangas, Patricia (2011) "Passage," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 32: No. 1, Article 28.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol32/iss1/28>

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Passage

Patricia Gangas

We were friends long ago,
it was then I dreamt we could hold back
the quarrelsome world:
I thought you would
understand my soul—
that land of heavenly fire.
We drank wine,
I read you poems.
I wanted to be that woman
with a sun-lit heart, wrapping you
in the warm blankets of my thought.

You brought me tulips and wildflowers,
a gold etched heart from Greece.
You told me my name was like traces of light,
protected me from the vulgar world.

My hopes for happiness were great,
my visions without limits.
I knew I would worship you
weaving you daily into my flesh;
walking out to meet you,
never asking how far.

Now, it's hard to remember the days of singing,
the many journeys of my endless imagination,
for mountain upon mountain has risen between us.
We are strung together with a thin thread.

These days I water my garden,
write poems you never see.

My way alone is difficult.