

The breakup

The door slams shut
and I hear your footsteps
fading into the night.
You are gone
like a passing memory.
The room still reverberates
with your anger,
the air is thick with the heat.
You are gone,
without even saying good-bye
or good-riddance.
Now I sit here in front of the television
as unseen images flash by
and I wonder
where you hid the remote control.

Richard Bist