

DEAR HUSBAND

Comateta M. Clifton

I dream of turning toward you,
In the morn, as dawn breaks blue,
To wreath my arm around your waist.
But, soon, this odd dream dissipates,
Fading gradually like fog.
Your ghost haunts me, still, from the bog.
Dear husband, I command your soul to rest,
As I lie pressed against my lover's chest.

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