

Horizons Falling

By Megan Edmunds

It joins a pile of lost and found memories,
Crumbling under the weight
Of envelopes,
And ink.
She looks no longer to each letter,
Eyes stolen instead by a sunset which he sees, too.

But what if the horizon is a deception?
What if the end is sharp
And cold
And more finite than she ever wants to believe?
He left for a better life.
It exists, it exists, it must.

She worries, about these things.

But she does not know.

Crawling, easing, bursting across horizons
Which cry out but never end,
It folds and melts over peaks.
There it comes,
The ocean whispers,
There it comes.
Track after track.

Tick tock,
The daylight says,
As the universe wonders how long ink can last.
Tick tock,
A young woman thinks,

As she drops another letter to the post man.

There, too, is a young man who tries not to forget,
Who dreams about letters,
And whole smiles,
As he hammers beneath a bright sun.
A mirage,
Of her.
Building a city,
For her.

But he does not know.

The train ploughs through golden hay
And subtle blue,
Leaving a mark which won't ever be lost.
It breaches a hill and
Glides.
A speck on a horizon which isn't an end at all.
It rushes forwards, gaining sound.

Tick tock,
The woman says,
As she dreams of his hands opening those letters,
And dreams of his arms around her.
Tick tock.

He sees the train approach and he runs to it,
His face is darkened by ash into a night
Which envelops her now.

It snows, then, in the dead of summer heat,
Sheets of paper which flutter to a stop,
Ink scrawled across each page,

His hands tremble as he reads,
Absorbing the words,

And the way that her hand trembled,
Too.
She will soon follow,
The weight of envelopes and ink,
Each carrying an essence of her voice
And shimmer of her hair.
Dispersed in a continuation of the same sunset.
Carried here,
On the back of that which will carry her home.