

THE QUARRY

Partially Mine

Sharon Johnston

We talk

He laughs

i smile

Preemptive aura hits

Déjà vu

His eyes plead

i know it's coming

So does he

Then he's gone

Disappears from reality

Trapped somewhere in his mind

No longer mine

A vacant stranger

He stumbles

Falls

i reach

Brace his body against my own

Heavy struggle

i lower him to the ground

Gently

Tenderly

i wait

He reaches, eyes unseeing

He grunts, voice unknowing

He drools, mouth unbreathing

i watch

Then he intakes

Swallows

Mumbles

Hums

Partially back

Partially complex

Partially mine