

Though the distance between us is great,  
I only need close my eyes to be with you,  
text messages I can hear read out in your voice,  
and warm spots where I can still feel your touch upon my skin.

These days apart would be nigh unbearable,  
were it not for all the little reminders of you,  
sappy messages left for one another in our sleep,  
myriad gifts and tchotchkes thoughtfully exchanged,

The drive to create that we both share,  
bringing life to an otherwise empty page,  
my sketches hastily scrawled in a fugue,  
your doodles, cleanly executed with patience,

All these things run through my mind,  
mixing inexorably with memories of our last rendezvous,  
totalling up to mere facsimile,  
a shadow of your true self,

But it will have to be enough,  
to tide me over for the week,  
until we can convene again,  
and I can hold you in my arms,