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## Departing Flight

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# Departing Flight

Last time I saw you, you were here  
with me. Close to two years passing  
without you, my yearning turns to fear.  
Was ten months, ten weeks, days lasting.  
Now it's time, who finds me crouched  
in the corner. Love held tight, hands  
trembling in the dark. Heart beating loud.  
It wakes me from the dream I can't  
escape of you leaving me alone by  
the fire. She boarded this same flight  
at twenty-one, Seven eighty nine  
to California. Mother in the dim light  
of finding the same green eyes as these.  
I'm falling like a stone. Wait for me.

—Morgan Roper '94