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## Separation

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## Separation

Weep not for me, nor for my absence too,  
for though we're separated by the sea,  
and long to touch despite dividing blue,  
remember that each morn I think on thee,  
each night when wandering lonely through the stars  
I call thine heart, and hope the darkness might  
diminish blackened distance, take my message far,  
tell thee of my love in words of light.  
So laugh, and sometimes even deign to sing,  
for by this writing canst thou know anew  
that both in stars of night and morning's dew  
I see time pass, and with its motion bring  
reunion, sweet as summer's freshest dawn,  
and thee, grown lovelier since I've been gone.

*David Zivan*