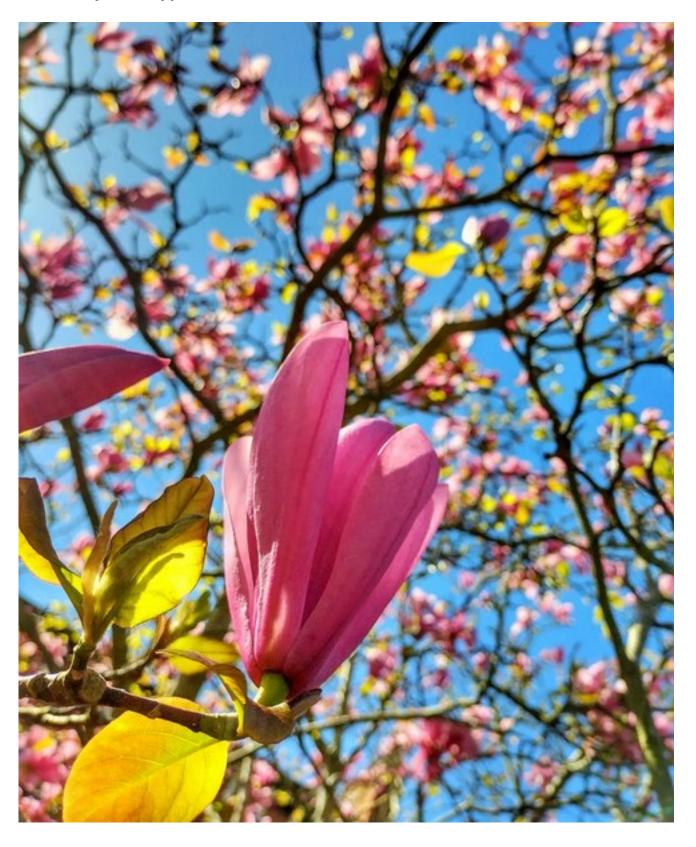


Photos & poetry by David Milligan-Croft
Where did you go? One minute□
you were here, the next, you were gone.
There is a hole in the galaxy, the exact size□
and shape that you used to occupy.
It is now empty.
Devoid of your presence.
Surely, you are somewhere,

You can't just disappear.



There is a finite amount of energy
In the universe, of which you are an intrinsic part.
Perhaps you are in the soil, as nutrients□
for worms and bugs and fungi.
Or delicate forget-me-nots
luring honey bees to do their bidding.
Maybe you are pollen
carried upon the summer breeze.
You could be anywhere by now.

But I'll keep searching,
in the trees and in the streams,
in the flowers and on the wind.
I'll shall scour the universe for you,
even down to the cracks of my hands.

