

## Sharon Lopez Mooney

### And, I quote Hafiz, I lean as close to you with my words as I can

You are far from me, my eyes starve to see  
the fold of your long body, legs crossed, lazing in your chair  
the grace of your almond fingers on my oh-so-pale skin.

You are far from me, I pen silken words to caress  
your hesitations, soothe your injuries  
to lure you over immune, adamant miles.

You are far from me, my loneliness catches  
on the edge of your photo laughing with your son,  
father and son wearing white, loving each other.

You are far from me, I dance alone  
to the memento of your laughter surprised by  
this dirty life's astonishing pleasure

You are far from me, I can only embrace you with words  
can only taste your love in memories, caress  
a bitter pleasure listening to your deep half laughing voice,  
'What's up, Moons?'

**Sharon Lopez Mooney**, poet, was a human communication specialist in her earlier career, and an Interfaith Minister working in the death and dying field for the latter, now retired, living in Mexico and California. In the past, she has received a California Arts Council Grant to establish a rural poetry series; co-published a small regional arts journal; was partner in *Straight Talk Distributing*, an alternative literature service; produced poetry readings and performance. Her poems have been included in the journals: *The MacGuffin*, *Fallow Deer*, *Medical Self Care*, and the anthologies: *Calyx: Women and Aging, an anthology by women*; *Songs to the Sun, a poetry anthology*; *Poetry is a Mountain, a poetry anthology*; and *Smoke & Myrrors, poetry anthology (UK)*.