

When Dreaming You

by Felix Jung

When dreaming you, it never
hurts. We kiss and everything
I've missed about you goes

away. The shape of your face,
the fragrance of your breath
takes precedence. The aftermath

is certainty: I sense your image
as it dims and fades. You go away.
The mind is cruelty and offers

paltry recompense. On waking,
even though it's always me who's
leaving you, it always hurts.



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