



Photos & poetry by David Milligan-Croft

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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.

I shall scour the universe

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.



