

On Rooftops — pg. 9

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They say that distance will make the heart grow fonder.
But what they don't tell you,
Is that for this development, this expansion of the bones
and organs
that enshrouds your delicate heart—because that too, will
grow—
Is that there will be pain.

Distance is not the number of kilometres between cities,
Or the time zone differences,
Or the hours in between you and where you should be,
home.
These are merely side effects of distance.
Distance in this sense, is an encumbrance of self.
It's the involuntary removal of every piece of yourself that
kept you functioning, so that the only thing you're left with
is the pernicious heat of a heart stuffing emptiness into
your throat.

It's the sleepless nights of lonely hands and hurricanes of words that drench lost paper because the words seem quieter on paper than in your head.

It's the gripping to a memory so tightly,
that you feel numb.

It's accepting the vulnerability and the fact that something external was used as an internal means of existence,
and that maybe that was foolish.

It's when desire consumes your body to the point of illness,
to the point where every bone of your shaking frame is
cold.

It's when your everything hurts.

But maybe,
maybe the burden of distance means you're lucky.
Because that means you loved something more than
yourself.

And maybe it was everything.