

# Metaxu

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (March 2023)



*Henri's Armchair*, Brett Whiteley, 1974

When distance stopped inflicting pain  
and I got used to being lone;  
when from your sight I could abstain,  
for into dust had turned your throne—

no pedestal, no shrine was left—  
without a trace, without a word—  
I missed no more, though was bereft  
of air and light, and lied unstirred.

A door of flesh that led to life—  
I knew yet wouldn't know—ephemeral

as leaves and trees that soar and strife  
and die unknown in silence nemoral,

a wound that pierced the world shut fast,  
a scar that healed as sores and wrinkles  
began reminding me your past  
is lost to me—and future sprinkles.

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