Giants and Selkies

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Written when a good friend told me about an impending move away.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Aberdeen" he says,

And the status quo

Is shattered.

I want him to stay,

but I have no right to ask

I could never give enough

Could not be what he needs.

The gentle giant needs

A fierce, loyal elven queen

I am a wild Selkie

Dancing proud, independent.

My soul waits on pins,

Hoping that he does not ask that question

The words my heart dread and long for

I would follow him,

leaving half my soul behind

He holds my sealskin.