

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.