

# Losing Lucy

*Karla Bennion*

Just as we were meeting, she  
Slid quick away — too far —  
And I, surprised at sudden loss,  
Ran leaping after her.

My eye still fixed on her bright face,  
I felt by want of breath  
How high I'd lifted from the ground,  
Abyss of air beneath.

I reached — but she had turned — cruel heart!  
To a remoter view.  
The deep fall back is decades long  
And dizzy down I go.