

## **The Ghazal of Distance**

by Rebecca Papucaru

Love lost to reading! Books, journals, even signs in the distance.

Playbills before curtain. The crowd at a distance.

Suppressing my embarrassment by withdrawing into print.

Hubris! As if I could disinherit distance.

O why did I sit with the straps of my purse binding my feet,  
reading discounted books? Learning love at a distance.

I should have asked the time, unashamed to be unoccupied.

Or dared to look up and off into the distance.

Afraid of eye contact, a smile, rejection? What did I fear  
the most? Tell me, how does one know from a distance?