

## stars inside

### Mary Ford Neal

my very missed, when will you hold me again? the awayness is becoming too much. in the night, when i jolt open & find it's only an hour since i fell asleep, in those moments the bridge to morning seems too far, & too frail, & i think i see fraying on some of the ropes, & i hesitate to risk my weight on it. there are rocks below. & when will you hold me? the windows fill with ink & all the space inside me (i think it's mainly space inside now) fills with stars, & each one is a reflection of a light in your streets, a sighting of you. & a hope for you. but your streets are bright & busy, even at this hour, & do not notice my awayness, & you'll never hold me again, i know this. & how do we hope in the face of knowing? it shouldn't be possible, but i do; people do.

Mary Ford Neal is a writer and academic based in Glasgow, UK. Her debut poetry collection *dawning* will be published by Indigo Dreams Press in 2021. She is an assistant editor of *192 Magazine* and Nine Pens poetry press. She was Pushcart nominated in 2020. Her poetry is recently published or forthcoming in *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *perhappened*, *Dust Poetry Magazine*, *Capsule Stories*, *Twist in Time*, *The Winnow*, *Marble*, *IceFloe Press*, *Dodging the Rain*, *One Hand Clapping*, *Eye Flash*, *Janus Literary*, *Crow and Cross Keys* and *Green Ink Poetry*. She tweets about poetry and other things @maryfordneal.