

## **On Plato and Humanity**

Payton Foster

I get caught in the throes of you so often  
That I forget what is me and what is you.  
Blurring occurs beneath layers of linen  
And under the dense cover that is night  
That makes us indistinguishable.  
I long to stay with you forever this way,  
Us two melding and becoming seamlessly one.  
Like what the ancient greeks thought to be the first humans.  
I think the gods would be jealous enough  
To want to split us in the end too.  
Which is maybe why even though we want to be one  
We will stay two.  
To respect the divinity that made us separate.  
Always longing to be whole again.