

TO A DEAD LADY

But of course I'm lonely,  
It's why I'm here at this place  
Gazing at the sea,  
But the old languor we  
Shared here is missing.  
I'm lonely in crowds too.

I know I promised not  
To hang on, keep you  
waiting about and  
Really I do try.  
Perhaps I won't come  
Here again,  
But don't hold me  
To that, not yet.

Berthed by my love,  
You rock gently, close inshore,;  
I, unwilling, unable to  
let you float free/on  
That endless empty sea.  
The line you threw  
I grasped in desperation,  
And tied to the crystal  
Mooring of a thought.

Time may slip the knot,  
Setting you adrift through  
years of softening pain.  
No storm can wreck you now.  
Even my squall of tears  
Soaks but the island  
of my anguish,  
My dog-like howls/you  
Answer with a smile,  
your hand extended.