

Meadow

When was it
that my need became
nothing more than imagining
holding hands with you in silence
walking in a high mountain meadow?

I don't remember.

Or discovering
again in silence and alone with you
a clear, cold, spring deep
within a forest that exists
only in my mind?

I can't recall.

Long ago we parted
at your insistence
and down the paths of life we went
our separate ways
I in pain - and you ? ? ?

I never knew.

And through the years the children,
and our lovers, wives and husbands,
made a gulf far wider
than ever can be crossed, this time around
I know that now .

And yet .

You remain - in my mind I see you still,
faded, yes, in ways and yet in others
fresh as yesterday.
One example - your voice
still tinkles clear as crystal in my ear.

Why are you there?

You should know - I think you do
as memories grow more sweet in time, that now
as the leaves begin to fall
I (we?) cannot help but know
that winter is approaching.

I welcome it.

But as I go, to comfort me I've made
soft garments of my memories of you.
I wear them now and then to sleep
and in the deepest, darkest reaches of the night
you feel it too.

Its neither right nor wrong, but simply is.

So now we are together as I choose
as near as near can be
without a word between us as we go.
Words we do not need and anyway,
what can I say, to me?

I am no longer lonely.

You saw this from afar
you did, and ran
to a saner, safer place, and life.
You somehow knew that something that complete
was dangerous in lives so young.

I knew that not, back then - you broke my heart.

With years gone by this can't be love
though once it was, you see,
but now its what? - an essence
roaming moors in twilight
better now than ever really was, back then.

Remember?

This is not less for knowing
that my need for you
was finally so complete
that I was driven to invent
a you - and us - that never really was.

Its just as well.