

Meeting, parting, walking hand in hand
Watching her read as I read myself
Standing by the bed seeing her smile
I gazed and glanced so often at her
That now I can't forget these details:
The half-demure eyebrow raised in retort
The pink underglow of her freckled skin
The strong line of her thighs in a tight dress
Her shy smile answering a compliment
Her independent feet—one bad, one good
Her scrunched up pout, half cross when just awake
Fine tawny hair that melted in the hand

Now any touch of darkness or of dream
A hint of romance seen, or heard or smelt
Lines of a figure like hers briefly glimpsed
Can gather up these images like glass
And rain their shards in visions, till I feel
As wild, as heart-clutched as the time she left
And each time sorrow grows for what is lost
What might have been; anger it was not so
Fear that she won't come back, but I will wait
Or not, but not forget her, and not heal
And fear that she will come back after all
Only to leave again...

Reuben Thomas

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