

## SO YOU'VE COME AND GONE

taken nothing with you, let that last cold  
rainfall field the back-edge of winter – yet  
I refuse to return to matter-of-fact  
bedrooms, breakfasts and the everydayness  
of clocks – of setting times past  
to future art nouveau-ish walls,  
unalarmed doors – half-done and dusty-eyed  
in the war we wage on ourselves,  
on each other – touching  
  but not being touched ...

as heart opens to heart, eternity burns up  
its tearaway stars  
while we try to read the night skies. What  
needs to be known? Whose light  
should be shared like water? I hold fast

to that catlike trace of the feral in you,  
the way you eyeline distances, carry  
maps in your head, wide open  
to the uncommon, the uncertain,  
the unsuitable ...

still the remoteness in you hovers – telltale  
flushes, abrupt hushes, uprushing alibis,  
*Our Fathers* on your lips ... I always knew  
someday you'd be going,  
  going,  
  gone ...

K. V. Skene  
Ontario, Canada

