

SO YOUV'E 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 ...

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