

A Memory Uncovered By Rain

Mist from the rain which has fallen
Coats the night
In a film-like membrane, which I must
Pass through
A street light high above towers as a sentinel
Maybe it knows what I am thinking of
Thinking of doing
Desperately craving the power to do
It glares at me like a disappointed father
Or an offended priest
It is you I think of
As my feet splash upon the wet pavement
You walk so clearly with me
Our stride moving as one
Together we walk
As we once did
Under a different moon

It is dark
And a chill wind tugs at us
Pushing us forward, and somehow, dragging us back
Trees and objects in the distance
Blend into the dark could
Surrounding us
Like twigs
On a foggy night
Sticking upright in damp mud.
Gravel crunches
As I step onto the curb before my house
I do not need to look for a light
In the kitchen window
To know that
No one is home.

A tired man
In a tiring life
I fall asleep committing the unforgivable

I tug and pull at your memory
Like an enraged lion on a piece of warm, bloody meat

If I could I would take you from God

But instead I awake and leaving my chair,
I go into the bedroom.