

Alone at Night I Sense My Dead Wife

Mists 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 clouds
 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.

--John Strott