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