

Epilogue

By David Kidman

I once wrote a poem for you,
But now you are dead it cannot be.
I could never trace you through my dreams -
Your bleached hair always evaded me;
My love too was thinly disguised
By wanderings and false turnings,
And all the rhymes of my mind came too late
For a truthful kiss.
Forever I'll wonder why you never dreamt of me,
And why you always lived in the wrong room,
So that when I had climbed the long stairs
You would not permit me to use the door
And took away the staircase from under my feet
So I had nowhere to fall
And no pillow for my thoughts;
Though crazy unbelieving I hoped you would come warm to me,
Natural again,
But you abused my care, leaving -
Took away my mind
And gave your love freely to thieves
While I languished inert,
Purposeless,
By your own will
In a legacy of death.
Where I once made love for you,
Now I am dead it cannot be.