

LAST

I had my chance—my exquisite chance—

with you,

but muffled it when failed to realize

that time would not slow down, become imperceptible,

not last...

it was simply the first and last chance all at once.

Lucky me, perhaps, to have been any chance at all.

Momentarily, we touched—head to head, eye to eye,

shoulder to shoulder-- in a green gray cloud of fog;

asleep,

like soldiers tired from waiting on the eve of battle,

like the ebbing tide smooth against the horizon,

rolling away to the other side of a bed.

Like dew,

evaporating, the exquisite chance,,,had fallen,

and then melted into the light of a newborn day.

The mandolinist played but you nor no one did sing.

I could have trilled, and tilled that cracked dry earth,

irrigated it year upon year.

Fields could have stretched green before us,

perhaps endless, or perhaps a river, a wood?

You walked away...and shut the door.

A glass slipped from the wall,

falling broken—a thousand shards.

You crept—defiantly, regretfully,

quietly—stolidly, a thief with a sack.

The world shifted, then continued to turn.

It turns still, bobbling as a lunatic;

you never set it aright, never returned,

save,...as a phantasm with no arms.

What were you thinking, your parting thoughts?

I wandered away snail-like, left to my own shell...

never to escape, emergent as a butterfly

to flutter, perhaps to land on another.

What time has passed?

A time of no sense.

--J. F. Lowe