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Slow Finale

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Bennett: Slow Finale

SLOW FINALE

Bruce Bennett

I could not hold you; could not let you go.
You waited silently for me to act.
You waited patiently. I did not know

Which way to turn. I eddied in the flow,
snagged in the current, foundered on the fact.
I could not hold you; could not let you go.

My circling was mindless, endless, slow,
although my sense and senses were intact.
I maundered helplessly. I did not know

How to approach you. Beg forgiveness? Throw
myself about, disclosing what I lacked?
I could not hold you; could not let you go;

Could not explain. I watched you puzzle, grow
restless and distant, consciously retract,
no longer patient. Still, I did not know

The curtain was descending on our show;
your train was on its way; your bags were packed.
I could not hold you; could not let you go.
Our play was over, and I did not know.