

## 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