**To Kate Flying Home**

*1994*

Alas my Kate.

A void too great.

A cursed fate.

Love not hate must now remain.

No movement. Still.

Your words so sure. So old.

Your body tense. So cold.

I cannot wait.

Cannot bear

the shell

the careful distance

the ache

the need

the ceaseless living hell.

Or tell myself again that old sad lie.

Or sing that fool's refrain.

No longer bear the pain.

No longer live beside one who shrinks from my heart.

Who dreads my touch.

Who cannot feel the same.

Must face your absence.

Must brace myself.

Taste the bitter.

Quaff Love's potion mixed with wrath

with tears and fears.

Not passion's soft sweet laugh.

No response

No fair caress

Nor love's gentle rain.

No entry

Nor a lover's step to play in love's great game,

No spark.

No joy.

No flame.

You need those

You claim need help.

Not me.

The agony

the loss

the shame

of what could be.

But never will.

What we could feel

and see

and do

and have.

What fear distrust have killed.

With no warmth within your breast.

No stirring in your very core.

No need to merge

nor precious sex.

The answer always from the start.

And always always must and will

Be what you have ordained.

Forever.

Just the same.

Till none save chill

defeat despair emptiness remain.

So now I must move down life's path.

Be strong.

And then say those words

My mind has known

But my heart has held within.

Oh so sad but true.

One last thought. So blue.

One last breath for you.

Good-bye my love.

Adieu.