

# Ledge Whisperings

In truth, the loneliness landed long before you left  
a human shield came into play, blurring the true picture  
though the eyes told the story, had anyone cared to look

Claws ravaged a strong heart, tearing savagely  
to leave raw uneven edges, your stanzas and flow missed  
instinct nodding to trusting one's gut

The fear of what was to come proved to be a little more  
powerful than the thing itself, because in the end  
one always goes with what is, waving bravely goodbye

Pushing back the weight of the lonely planet and trudges  
wearily through pictures and memories of the uniform  
torn from your body in many a passionate onslaught

Landing where garments fell at will, on stair, behind door  
on floor, pillow, cold window ledge  
these remain forever in the mind's eye

Last embraces way too long, snatched all at once  
neat whiskey breath, half smoked cigarettes  
coupled with that one, last, fling

Left you later than allowed – with questions to answer  
your punishment handed out, your passion tainted, cooled  
you ought always to have returned sooner than you ever did

Soldier

More often a gargle drew you in, a woman turned your head  
your love of words disassembling the ordered thinking  
the ingrained structure of the regimented army life

You thought little about this, when home on leave  
cared, even, less  
one never foresaw your lifelong absence nor the vacuous void

Left behind

Though whispers of your presence are heard from time to time  
and that window ledge has many a story to tell, if anyone, cared,  
to listen.

**Kate O'Shea**