

The List



This is not a love song, a love poem or a

love note

It is a list;

a way to organise things inside my head

I do insist we never kissed

Or saw each other naked

Or made dinner together

Or watched nights break across days

None of the above

But you sang and the September moon fell still

I pinned the lyrics to the sky

Words in silver, yellow, blood red

In the cradle of a dream

In all that is left unsaid

They are a postscript to a roll book of absences

A list of things I did not do with you.

Teresa Kane