MIRIAM WADDINGTON

TEN YEARS AND MORE

When my husband
lay dying a mountain
a lake three
cities ten years
and more
lay between us:
There were our
sons my wounds
and theirs,
despair loneliness,
handfuls of un-
hammered nails
pictures never
hung all
The uneaten
meals and unslept
sleep; there was
retirement, and
worst of all
a green umbrella
he can never
take back.
I wrote him a
letter but all
I could think of
to say was: do you
remember Severn1
River, the red canoe
with the sail
and lee-boards?
I was really saying
for the sake of our
youth and our love
I forgave him for
everything
and I was asking him
to forgive me too.