

For Your Leaving

It happens
when I'm passing by the old terrace houses
down Carlton St.
I see the gold couch has gone from the front
and 4WDs have moved in

but my favourite route still seems right –
the elms and the bats overhead
at night remind me of when we both
lived here, as I cross the road
two corners from home.

Perhaps I'm a little jealous or
I just miss your lithographs
decorating the hall –
it seems stripped of an image
only lovers could make.

Unnoticed,
the stars on the ceiling fade;
and even these words appear incidental to the scene –
some oral jazz
too late for your leaving.

Deborah Staines