

LOVE IN DARKNESS

Joan Goodall

She left him long ago yet he can hear
staccato steps, stiletto heeled so near.
He's sure she's there and soon, so soon a strand
of her red hair will touch his face, her hand
with mothlike lightness brush away a tear.

Four nights ago her image was so clear
he spoke her name but she did not appear
In morning light. Preferring night she planned
to be with him in darkness.

He lives molelike in darkness now for fear
she will not come and waits for night, each ear
alert for step or breath, her slightest sound.
He shuns the light and cannot understand
why once he loved the sun for now she's here
to be with him in darkness.