

THE DIFFERENCE

Now that you've gone away,
everything's as it was.

The worn spot on the rug
still shows its tufts of thread,

and under the sofa, dust
casts a grey, an oblong shade,

while the lamp in the living room
still flares and flickers out--

Now that you've gone away.

Now that you've gone away,
the cups of tulips lie

unpetaled in the grass,
beheaded by squirrels,

and the wicker suet cage
rocks wildly in the wind,

ridden by young downeys
and chickadees,

and reaching the road's mouth
on our daily walk,

the April wind still blows
lean daggers through my ears.

Now that you've gone away.

Now that you've gone away,
sleep comes in fits and starts,

nights grow deep, grow longer,
days more brief,

and the old dog in his sleep
twitches his ears

and whines--
the scent lost;

while in the sky, the moon,
stripped to the bone,

shivers in its round blanket
of light.

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