

Lamplight Lament – New York: A Time, A Place



Underneath that lamp, I waited for her,  
I could do no more.  
As I read, I knew that she was moving away from me,  
Out of my life, seemingly for good.  
Love, in the end, did not conquer all,  
She said, her country needed her.

So why, after all these years are we returning to this  
place?  
We said our goodbyes and she left me sat on the bench.  
All that is left at the place is our spirit, not our soul,  
Heaven's call ushered for both of us long ago,  
And yet, our guardian angels have arranged for this  
moment.

I look down and I am seated once more,  
My brown tailored suit as creased as my *New York Times*  
The tones of autumn are being thrown about  
And there is a chill in the year.  
I can do no more.  
Underneath that lamp, I wait for her.