

FLOWERS

Someone had come before him,
put flowers on her grave.
He puzzled as to who this was...
Her brothers, Chris or Dave?

No, it couldn't be those two.
They lived too far away...
It must be someone nearer home...
But who? He dared not say.

He'd often wondered how they'd
stayed together through the years.
Just force of habit? No. Not true.
They'd *loved* through joy and tears.

But the flowers provoked a vision, now:
His son's face, crystal clear.
The same face, yes, of best friend, Jim.
A shadow fell, quite near...

Could it be true, he had *always* known?
Played along for appearances sake?
Had Jim, a married man, known too?
Too much had been at stake?

Through angry tears, he grabbed the flowers,
and threw them in a bin.
A man was closing the cemetery gates.
Better go or be locked in...

Melville Lovatt