

GOING BACK

As he stood before her modest house,

It seemed to whisper in his head;

'Go on, just knock. What can you lose?'

Came a louder voice: *'Oh no, she's dead.'*

'You don't know that. How can you know?'

'If she's still alive, she's eighty-two!

Do you really want to see her, now?

She still has twenty years on you.

No point in going back in time.

Good memories should be left intact.

Why let the present wipe them out?

Sometimes it's better not to act.'

And so, he turned and walked away,

as he'd done so long ago.

The louder voice prevailed again,

seemed to mock, *'I told you so.'*

But he was happy, was he not?

To find a woman, more his age?

Two sons. Nice house. Promotion, car...

In full control at every stage...

The train came, late, to take him home.

As weary passengers pushed and shoved,

he wondered if he had betrayed

the only woman he had really loved.

