

TOO FAR AWAY.

Frank Morris, who lived facing
in a terraced house like his own,
spent weeks, now, sitting, staring out
from a window, by the phone.

For years, He'd been used to seeing
each day, a jogging, cycling Frank.
A fitness freak (if that's the word)
who neither smoked or drank.

How come, then, this sudden change?
Frank sitting like a stone,
just gazing into outer space,
so distant? So alone?

Perhaps he should go across the road,
knock on Frank's front door?
Enquire about the state of play
and *help?* Not just ignore?

'I'll do it.' He firmly decided,
but from somewhere came a cry;
*'You really don't know Frank too well.
It's not your place to pry.'*

'Nothing to be done.' Words from
'Waiting For Godot' rang clearly in his ear.
Frank could surely manage his own affairs?
'Forget it, now! Don't interfere...'

'Misadventure,' the newspaper said,
three months later. Not *suicide...*
For the following week, he asked himself
Could he have helped to turn the tide?

But to his relief, the answer came back,
Nothing to be done at the end of the day.'
The simple facts were, when all's said and done,
some people are just... too far away.

