

I PROMISE YOU

You will never read this poem
I promise you, I promise you;
So I don't know why it's addressed,
it's such a stupid thing to do.
But more weary a promise was broken
on the way to this point in my life.
So read it aloud and share it
with the woman who once was my wife.

In this poem I am openly shaking
with the pain promised the wretch.
I've failed and decidedly feeble
in the good this world would fetch.
I'm able to set sights on a mark
and stray on my very first step:
A mark such as you is uncommon
but then I looked after I left.

I knew so little about you.
Just a little more than about me,
and both of us are very unnerving,
nothing about us is free.
Don't read these lines in a hurry,
I promise you'll not read them again.
I'll leave them outside in a cloudburst
to let the ink run in the rain.

Oct 1990