

Chapel of Rest

It didn't much matter at the end of the day
that the clothes I'd sent for you,
blue velvet and red,
were buttoned a shade or two tight.

Though if I'd taken the trouble
to look more carefully I might have known
you'd not worn those things
for ages now, just kept them as
remembrance: old flames in the dark.

I sat there quite a while.
And then got up, undid
the buttons, as if
to let you breathe a bit.

It didn't much matter that another had dressed you
for the first time since you were young.
Your grandmother might have done it: one-handed,
a little carelessly.

I couldn't undo the wrong.