

Late Night

He will die
sure
and what will be said then

Tears will rage in my eyes
and I will not trust the west
or the east of meeting

buried in earth
or in the air and hills

his memory coming to me at night

He will die
sure
and then I will cry
that I have not sung to his face
and his name
curved in stone
will be
the guilty shadow of my thanks
raised now only for others to read
what I knew was
to have been my words to him