

Loss

Francis Clark-Lowes

Singing at the top of her fair voice, she falls;
Down, down, down, her pitch mounts ever higher.
Four horses rush headlong across the plain
And through my searing mind they speed.
Oh, Janet, why, oh why? Reverse the film,
Fly upwards now before it is too late.
A Disney cartoon rewinds, so why not this?
Stop, Gravity, just once your endless pull.
Did not Einstein show that nature's laws
Can bend – so why this curs'd consistency?
The woods are turning blue, the sky bright green;
Pink and red and orange all around.
Oh sanity farewell, let me fall too.

And now it's breakfast somewhere else
And in another time. Today it was
Your birthday. Here I sit and think
Of your initials carved upon a tree by me,
For all to see for all eternity. What fools we!
For there is no immortal tree, if it not be
The tree of good and evil, those Siamese twins.
But oh it hurts as like the pain of new-bought shoes.