

## VIGILANTE LOVE

I walk away  
Leave the mourners eating out their hearts  
With artichokes and lemon grass.  
Stand sentinel in her garden,  
Dream bad old dreams,  
The lily-pond we fought over,  
Her cruel laugh, her temper and her pain  
All those bits of fertility  
Now gone to seed.

Called indoors  
I see her piano clogged with snacks  
No longer fresh.  
Spilt wine over the charming song  
And people already deciding  
What they're going to take away.

I wash and tumble-dry her clothes,  
Usher out all deadly aunts,  
Acquaintances from 'The Office'  
Murderous spooks,  
And the child from down the road.

Alone, I do the paperwork,  
My words haunt and hurt.  
Leave everything neat and tidy, I'd said.

The candles do not flicker,  
The antique clock no longer ticks,  
The cat has gone.  
And within the quiet dark room  
Ask confidentially:  
'Stay over? If that's all right?'

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