

## WATCHING OVER LISA

From your ringless hands  
an undertaker's arrangement

of how you should look  
From your painted mouth  
the stone cosmetic  
already crimson hard

From your suitcase by the door  
sunshine labels -our last holiday  
where funny I was the one  
who was ill

From your handbag  
photos where you lean back

laughing in my arms  
From your wicker-chair  
brought indoors

the emptiness of gardens  
From your lilted voice  
the sounds of ghosts

and marigolds  
And from room to room  
the hope I had

And from bowls and vases  
I fill the sink  
with dried dead flowers

But for the moment  
on the veranda  
I smoke your cigarettes

And when you get down to bone  
as you must  
and my flesh also slips off

Will then my loss begin?

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