

I lived and learned

The plan was for us to live together
as we had done when I squatted,
uninvited though not unwelcome,
at your place before you moved away.

We saw each other in turn,
this weekend at mine, that at yours,
but as the day approached for your return
I realised that it was now or never,
the time had come to commit.

And that was when I had my doubts.
I was not young, but still enjoyed
my spliffs too much, the possibility of sex
with other girls (occasionally realised),
and was convinced I was
the apple of your eye.

I still lived far too much in my own self,
taking up most all the space there
and there was barely room for you.

We sat one night with a glass of wine

in a bar near work
chatting of this and that
when I admitted I was unsure
about you moving in
and that perhaps
the time had come to split.

OK, you said. OK.

OK.

It was not what I expected,
not what I hoped for or expected
(though I had and still have
no idea what that might be).

There were no tears, no regret,
no plea to reconsider. There was just OK.

OK.

We went our separate ways
but kept in touch, you without me,
me the one with a regret.

Very, very soon I cursed (and still curse)
my male timidity, my fear, my vanity
my empty certainties.

You later married, I later married
(though not to each other).
But still it's all fresh and sad enough
to be the weave
for a piece of maudlin verse.