

I

So now this.

I had no idea, none,
just none at all. And how could I?

We so rarely speak,
you shout and criticise,
and finally I seem to be a nothing to you,
my concerns, my fears, my thoughts
just brushed away
as irrelevant to our lives.

You say I never listen,
am absent when present,
away somewhere though sitting by your side.

But who can be expected
to cope with your litany of complaint,
the accusations, tears, recrimination,
the eternal headaches, that forever downbeat air,
an ego so fragile you crave
(well, you craved)
such constant, constant reassurance.
Constant, constant, there was no let-up, none.

And now this.

I had no idea, none,
just none at all. And how could I?

Why did you do it?
Why?
Is your life
(or was your life)
so poor, so miserable and empty,
so meaningless?

So now this.

How can — how could — this solve anything?

And now I am alone,
must face what comes alone,
alone, where once you were there
to share my fears, my concerns, my thoughts.

How could you?
And you accused me
of being the self-centred one
who would destroy you.

How could you?