

Tonight I Can Write

Diana Raab

(After Neruda *Tonight I Can Write the Saddest Lines*)

I thought he would be with me
until our end. I had to say goodbye
to him who rests, now, six feet above,
six feet below a night we only knew.

I wanted to be who he awakened to
each morning, not who he waved
goodbye to across our ocean
or those stars which lit only
our shadows.

He named me to her, his wife:
she tied his hands, in prayer
behind his back, resigned, exhausted
to what was to be his fate.

I am left an orphan by a love
which promised to give—
shattered now—rich only with
imagined memories, the oceans
and its stars my only light.