

## Promise

It's far too late ...

It's far too late for "kissing and making it better" ... you see  
It's far too late for kissing and making it well  
And I know now if you love ... and it's a good LONG love ...  
The perimeter is hell.

Fill my hands with flowers speak to me tenderly  
Have every consideration under the sun  
And I shall thank you and appreciate and duly write you  
But I am done.

I can manage to smile in the marketplace  
Display my courage  
My medals are obvious, pinned on my breast  
By midnight I am nothing in my own house  
Cry I for rest!

Who was it said, "Time is a great healer?"  
Ah ... but can I WAIT?  
Easy and sweet and simple and quick  
To slip the latch of the gate.

So tho' I feed on ashes, taste clay  
I shall see it out to the long night  
I shall stay ... I shall stay.

Something keeps me ... something whispers "not now."  
Once there was a marriage that WAS marriage  
A long vow.

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