

It was a sunny day in September
More splendid than most.
We drove through the mallow leaf spilled country
And it was good to be alive.

I had a copy of *The New Yorker*
And we were laughing like anything
Over a story of Calypso singers.
It gave us ideas for new records.

Even now with the years gone over
I can remember the colour of your jacket
And the smell of the tobacco you were smoking
And how your hair stuck up rebelliously
Like a little boy's.

I know you are dead.
I have the facts all plainly recorded
In black and white
Complete with the details.

And yet ...
Let a slip of yellow sunlight
Linger on a wide wall
And I get remembering ...
I get remembering how important you were to me
How the very beat of my heart
And the breath in my throat
Depended on you.
On your being there
Beside me.

And I am astonished.
I am astonished that I am still alive!

After all, it is accidental that you are dead.
If you hadn't been a flyer
If you hadn't loved your country so much,
You'd still be here.
And I with you!

I was your Lucasta
And honour was your undoing.
Your country is safe now, my darling.
And how sweet to know it was my only rival.

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