

## You'll Never Know

The window confesses a square of summer,  
A blue to stripe those bone-white cups,  
The farmhouse jug you still remember  
Sometimes. The netted curtains tremble  
On the shadows of a breeze that, somewhere,  
Absent leaves have smothered from the air.

Opaque, your gentle body spent by days,  
You rest your brown and knotted fingers  
On sheets turned down and tucked in ways  
Your unchanged self would quietly adjust.  
That was always your method, your routine;  
The smoothing, placid ghost, the half- unseen.

Now in open space a child yells in sharp delight,  
A throttled bike roars, spiking into the distance.  
And in that moment your mind has taken flight  
Skimming the dark waters of time—  
To the bicycle leant against a whitewashed wall  
The muffled ring of laughter from the village hall

Frost-brindled churns, blistered fields of clotted mud  
Days imagined before dawn, the flare of his cigarette,  
Stocking lines, that one-meek-kiss, flush of blood,  
'You'll Never Know' on the vicarage gramophone,  
A rhapsody, those days.

When all began to fade,  
Still you wept when you heard that love song played.

For you now, no letters lie in no special place.  
Too brief the touch of love. Only an imagined  
Ending; beneath the Perspex his dying face

Looks up, captures a blue square of summer  
Skimming the dark waters, fading from sight  
Falling towards home, forever losing height.

SIMON MILLER