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It Is Not

by Marjorie Roberts

It is not the time of day
to remember you are gone.

Jonquils in the window, larkspur at the door
relish sun on their cheeks, not turning its back.

Last night when the wind wept, I was the chorus,
a raspy scratch of leaf.

I understand your leaving,
that I cannot follow.

We agreed to this long ago.

No amount of logic
eases the position I find myself.

I am not lonely. I am not without love.
I am faith and hope bent.

It is not your brilliant mind I'll miss, your
irreverent wit or sensual lips. Although they count.

It is not your quiet strength, loquaciousness,
or bunches of marguerites you bring, one
dangling from your lapel like a white sail.

It is that I'll miss our rendezvous.
every Tuesday at 5.

It is your closing the door so gently,
the barely audible click of the latch,
the sound of a wet tongue.

It spares me nothing.

