

When She Was Good

It has been five years when I buried Elizabeth in the Rosemary Cemetery,
A garden of sculpted grace, a museum of undying memories,
Even with the torture of the blunt serrated blade of time,
Her memory swipes me like a familiar fragrance,
A splash of calm surf drowning momentarily at a beach.

She would cook dinners for me and wait at the table till I came home,
Then gave me company without eating as she suffered a bulimic disorder,
When I was in the throes of pecuniary distress she sold her favorite necklace,
During my long illness she kept a nurse's vigil 24×7,
On my sad days she became a solitary speechless sigh.

But gods created night with day, storms with sunshine,
Her temper tantrums shook the rafters of our house and wrecked my nerves,
Deep within her a selfish core would destabilize our romantic edifice,
Her materialistic insecurities put invidious detours in our life,
An invisible insanity snipped our flowers before their full bloom.

Aberrations of the age of technology have tried to turn love into a capital,
And not treat it as a spark that it is,
Why has the relationship between man and woman become so treacherous?
For every morsel of love why must we pay with two stabs of cruelty?
A man and a woman could live without romance and titillation.

Every month standing at Liz's grave I wish her a peace of mind that eluded her on earth,
She was a child of impulse and not of thought,
I can manage the rest of my life in a sublime piety for nature,
And try to pass my hours as an unfettered song,
Only remember that part of our life together when she was good.

Suffern

New York

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