

To Pere-Lachaise

The day after the pilgrimage;
sitting in a room with coffee and cognac.
My mind is filled with thoughts of cats...

Cold air squeezes under the window
and drops silently to the floor,
touching my bare feet with icy fingers.

Mud from the cemetery still clings
to my worn shoes by the French doors;
fine Parisian clay, wet with winter
and stained with marble shadows
of countless entombed souls.

All carry secrets to their silent graves.

The graveyard cats, living in the drains
and grown fat on feasted rats,
have seen the secrets stripped bare...
Perhaps that is why they stare with contempt
at those who come to mourn.

High Priestess

Pressed against the railing,
I held you close enough to feel the beating of your heart.
My lips brushed your hair...
 your ear...
 your soul...
 but never your lips.

Words spoken that were already known,
Echoed what the Tarot hand played true...
But secrets whispered in the night,
Cannot change other cards so dealt.

And once laid bare, truth lies painfully.
A moment stolen then must now last a lifetime.
Soulful longings must tearfully hide
In deep shadows between midnight and sigh.

For final trust must be shown,
To honour other vows and friendship.
But if these words are all I ever do,
Then all I ever do will be for you.