To Love Again

by **Sarah Taylor**

He came into my life too late
'Do not resuscitate'
Already tattooed upon his chest.
I could see the big heart
A doctor fussed over.
Was there room inside for me?

We met in the presence of Dr Death.
His cylinders of helium, poisons
And potions for a peaceful end.
We took note, listened hard
And planned travel to Mexico.
No honeymoon trip, a slip
Across the border on the lookout.
One hundred mls to die like a dog.

The full laugh, the wise eye
The ready wit, a mind filled
With this and that and where
He'd been. I was envy green.
A restless man who'd done so much
And lived about and here and there.

A voice that danced the airwaves
Of a national broadcast radio
And tried to teach a rowdy bunch
Of boys so near to becoming men.
He'd had a hand in soldiers coming home,
Ban on nuclear ships, courted feminists,
Stood with Gough on dismissal steps.

I'd tried many men for size
The handsome, the svelte
Well spoken married ones,
Lovers with a practiced touch
A younger one, a well aged bloke.
The tears have dried, the heart now
Open only to friends, a daughter's kids.
No more I plead, I'm with Madonna
I'd rather be hit by a bus than fall again.
And yet.

Where were you in Macarthur Park?
Why didn't the fates choose us?
This girl with rebellion on her lips
Young, pretty and misunderstood.
Thought sex was the way to men.
Lust leaves quickly. What's then left?
Corpses of boredom littering a
Narrow path to a messy end.

He sees that girl but hesitates,
A step forward almost touching,
Then remembers pain and lose.
He too loved and regretted.
The fit not right, nuances stall.
She really wanted someone else.
A steady man with prospects
His head beneath the clouds.

Our days are clearly numbered
Pills laid out in a plastic pack.
Can I dress myself, use knife and fork?
Walk to the corner, meet a friend
Hear a song I like, remember the words.
I would have loved you and now it is too late.
You'd have been so right for me.
I rant, you smile and say 'I know
Exactly where you're coming from.'
Your gaze lingers over mine,
And then you turn away.

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