

RENDEZVOUS

Gail White

Over the frost-encrusted grass
under a moonlit tree,
the ghost of my love for you walked out
with the ghost of your love for me.

“We were so young to die,” said yours,
“Think of the tears they shed!
Now they forget to tend our graves.”
“Are you surprised?” mine said.

“Maybe their hearts are wiser now.
Maybe they’ll be more kind.
Haven’t they learned from us?” yours asked.
“What do you think?” said mine.

“When shall I find you here, to mourn
for the bitter past?” yours said.
“We’ll never meet again,” said mine,
“Now do you know we’re dead?”

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