

# SHE-LOVES-ME KNOT

*Jim Barton*

He lay there like an afterthought,  
and not the man I knew;  
this was the man who'd held my hand  
when first a breath I drew.

His body slowly winding down  
as nightly watch I kept,  
reliving days like ancient plays  
where actors laughed and wept.

The steady drone of instruments  
that told a dreadful tale  
of failing signs and ending times  
engulfed me like a veil.

Then in the middle of the night,  
I saw him as he stirred,  
and leaning near so I could hear,  
I strained to catch each word.

He asked me for the envelope  
that lay beside his bed;  
he tore it wide and reached inside  
and smiled, then he was dead.

I buried him one autumn day  
beside his lifelong love.  
His body failed, he then set sail,  
to be with her above.

I reached into my pocket then,  
and felt the envelope;  
inside, a piece of ribbon tied  
in knots around a note.

I slipped it off and saw the words  
he'd kept 'til journey's end.  
With shaking hands, I then began  
to read what Mama'd penned.

“I love you now, I’ll love you when  
I reach the end of life.  
True love will win, tied safely in  
this knot....your loving wife.”

“She-Loves-Me Knot” © 2006 by Jim Barton

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