

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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