

Grief

for Roseanne

Grief breaks the heart and yet the grief comes next.
Some lemon morning in a wash of rain
a brand-new horror comes to call again
and write a footnote to expunge the text.

The gall slips down and hardly hurts at all;
your scholarly rescensions of the past
prove to your satisfaction that at last
time counterloops and paradoxes pall.

Your paintings have been swapped for cheap engravings,
all trace of colour has been washed away,
it's 3 a.m. although you know it's day,
the bank's engrossed your past and future savings.

Love is the subject and love's loss the text.
Grief breaks the heart and yet the grief comes next.