

Manfred Jurgensen

late meeting

for dimitris tsaloumas

memory, love's afterglow,
throbs in ever-growing distance
and the low clouds propagating home.
humid days' promise drowns on the horizon.
we are elsewhere.
another season nags on branches
like an unforgiving widow telling tales
of manhood in a war too long ago,
of native victories on foreign soil.
and still they come,
the changes capturing time unaware
when words are the undergrowth
of forests casting shadows over signs and voices
while death resides in silence
over age budding the senses.
to have been, to be and to remain forever
part of this absence
captured by an afternoon dividing river
and thunder pregnant with narcissus
are the grown imaginings
we share with the rustling triumphs
of mangroves firmly rooted in the tide.
there will be rumours, even news, of treasures
salvaged just in time.
we hear the debris
our captive speech rebelled against
as in the lock of history's embrace
your elevated arms
bid us farewell.