

Lyn

Digging the bits of your surprisingly gritty ashes from
under my fingernails, I followed the
trail out of your herbfilled garden
down to the Fontaine des Eaux
where I put all I had left of you into
the sunstriped river,
trying to do it in a proper fitting manner and not like
I was washing my hands....how you
would have laughed at my propriety...
and I watched you carried downstream to
that deeper water under the bridge where
you used to swim sometimes...
And I wanted my empty hands to reach out and touch
your face that always lit with joy when you were here
because you loved this place so very much.

In the distance
there was your favourite music playing
and people were dancing and singing and talking about you
and I so hoped it was all exactly as in your dream
except that it was true.

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