

THERE FOR YOU

I didn't go to your funeral
because you haven't died
and I wasn't sure about
protocol or what to wear.
My suit is tight, my shirt
unironed and it looks as if
it's about to rain. I always
have an excuse, you are
always disappointed. If
you decide to die I will be
there for you, I promise.

I didn't come to your party
because you didn't hold one
and I wouldn't have been
invited if you had. It's not
as though we're friends
or even acquaintances
but I like to think about
what might have occurred
had things been different.
It's not even an excuse,
more a type of daydream,

a different future or past
where we might have met
and become inseparable
or perhaps drinking buddies,
maybe people who nodded
to each other on the street.
Anyway, trust me, when
it's all over, I will find out
where the funeral is,
and will be there for you,
crying with everyone else.

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