

Sol y Sombre

by Fran Duffield

On a girl seen being supported through an Andalucian village

I leave you, to go
the road we all must go:
the road I would choose,
if only I could,
is the other

the other way, where you,
all you sorrowing moths
hovering now about my sinking flame,
will spill into the summer dazzle
from the dark church
of goodbyes

will dry your eyes, feel a little guilty
as you complain last year's dress
for the August Fair is too tight, thinking
how my best black wool coat
swirled about my shrunken body

when I trembled at each step
into the early Spring sunshine;
you held me up to the warmth
as if it might revive me,
rekindle the embers

but no roaring lion sun,
no warm hands and kisses,
would keep me
from the road of the cold shadow