

## Lost Time

by Stuart Finegan

I'd like to think it was your hand on my shoulder that awoke me,  
as the clock struck five and  
shards of morning summer light sleep walk across the room.

a new dawn.

suddenly I see you,  
the young fearless you.  
Your favourite red tea cup, cigarette balanced on the side.  
the kitchen in No 4.

I'm lost for words.

I know you knew I was there,  
as the clock ran out.  
a boy's hand desperately held yours.  
lost time, it's too late now.

If I could change anything  
it would be that day,  
that call,  
those words.

On that early saturday morning and  
in that moment angels walked by  
and took you by the hand  
down the wild flower lane  
to the house you called home,  
to the man you loved and who  
loved you.

Within my pain there is love  
as the mornings merge into one.