

Life on Mars

News of your death arrived by casual
encounter, sprinkled with Christmas greetings
Too late to go to the funeral,
I kept it to myself, carried on smiling.

Yet I recall two long, hot summers,
when we never left each other's orbit;
lying on cool grass, gazing at the stars,
promising to remember forever.

Not quite children, not yet adults, our futures
stretched before us; all things seemed possible,
a golden road of infinite opportunities
beckoning us towards a waiting world.

Did you find your road to the stars?
Forge the life of your adolescent dreams?
Or did you spend your nights in lonely bars,
a restless traveller, forever seeking.

Alone, festivities ended at night,
the house still, I pause in the silence,
door ajar, to gaze at the starlight
one more time, with you, for you, without you.