

*Pamela Stewart*

## I Was Watching And I Couldn't Stop

I saw the door my friend walked through  
beneath the chinaberry tree and those windows

above bitten winter leaves  
holding a perfect, dusky hour. And this friend I love

kept walking in and out between  
the voices of the women at the party. He kept

balancing the particulars, his prophecies  
and news. I had to smile.

But hard along the throat. I felt  
his terror of beauty, of a single moment

that might eat him alive. His passion  
divided the world for pure sense, as he himself

became less pure as the sky darkened.  
The voices, unloosed and pitching,

were too much for him. The windows,  
starry and expressive, craved too much

as the moon, unanchoring its chill,  
took his face away. The door thinned to nothing.

So, as he wished, no one could follow  
or love him enough.