Kate Daniels

Elegy

Not to be born is the best for man.
W.H. Auden

I'm sorry: I don't think much
about you anymore.
The children I'm planning to have
with my new husband
take up all my time these days.
Did I tell you we painted the extra
bedroom blue and pasted stars on the ceiling?
At night, waking from a dream,
a child could believe it's the real thing.

I never let you mean much to me
anyway, because I was afraid of you.
The field outside town
where I lay down and made you
is gone now, grown into a whole town
of condominiums and ugly stores.

I've never been able to write you
even one decent letter.
You think I don't care.
There were workmen eating sandwiches
on a brick wall the day you died.
We stepped through the thick, red dust.
Remember that song I used to sing you?
Tell me: I don't.