

## **Destitute**

In another hour my love wanders the streets,  
I hear her singing her sad songs  
in the summer rain, dreaming of dying.  
She is not afraid of death.  
I name her whispered sighs  
as if they had reached me from another world,  
a world beyond knowing  
where trees might speak, and the child  
within each of us is never wholly lost.  
My love is alone, she wanders into a soup kitchen,  
a white rose in her hand  
for her far away child.  
She is more beautiful than any words can tell  
despite her wasted limbs,  
but the hours rob me of her innocence  
which would voice her arrival in my dreams.  
My love endures the ruination  
of our century singing in empty doorways.  
She came into my life singing her rhapsody in blue,  
and fades away in a fog of lamentation.

*Mark A Murphy Huddersfield*