

## A Farewell

Goodbyes have something to do with  
What has not been said.  
When it came to our final parting  
And I knew you were going on that longest journey  
From which there is no return  
(At least not in this known shape and form)  
All I could think of was to say:  
'I love you too, you know.'

Is there anything else of importance  
That has to be got out before the end?  
Forgiveness perhaps, for all the misunderstandings  
Which used to weigh  
So heavily between us.  
And a blessing for the traveller  
Who ventures out beyond the stars of evening  
Into the silence and the dark.

When you are gone I shall remember you  
With thankfulness for your large gift to life  
And with dread for the harsh hoops  
You set me to struggle through.  
That suffering led eventually to laughter.  
But my way was full of pitfalls and disaster.  
The broken bones were the easiest things to mend.  
I am scarred by your terrifying mistakes.

And I shall go on beyond  
To where the sea is quiet again  
after the storm  
and little rags of weed and shell  
float innocent in limpid water still,  
mute witnesses to all the raging tides  
which roared and clashed about their puny frames,  
Scarred warriors who come at last to sleep  
in the long twilight dormitory of age.

**Antonia Boll**