



My neighbour Enright

I see this evening neighbour Enright
shuffle across the sunset.
I believe he has a rendez-vous in mind
with Madeleine.

A tremendous walking stick guides his way
a way darkening daily.
The stick protects him
from his fear, pain, exhaustion -

familiar gargoyles around the door.
I'm on Cortisone now, he says
and laughs.

It means he can walk again
whatever the price
to rendez-vous with Madeleine.

Those wonderful, ironic eyes harbour
life enough to be immortal.
He greets my cats fondly as he passes.

Madeleine is hurrying home.

Rogan Wolf
2004

Songs from our Seclusion