

Our last day

You were grey and lacked lustre
But had just been discharged
I gave you a handmade card
With naked trees saying;
 'I love you' and
 'You will bloom again'
You put the card flatly on the floor
We had roast chicken
But I don't remember any of the usual frivolity
Or throwing of meat on plates
 Gulps of red wine
 Thumping of fists and
 Loud, hilarious jokes.
We walked round the green twice together
How I wish I could again
Your speech was slow and you seemed to have regrets
You played football with James and Thomas
 And washed up while I rested
You were kind and true until the end.
Amid the flurry of a family departing
I hugged you goodbye in the garage
Surrounded by tools and jars of nails
 You said;
 'I need all the support you can give me.'
 If I had felt you had needed it
I would have gone and got you the moon:
 I did not see disaster looming.
 We left in the car
But you did not come out to wave
Should I have seen it coming?
You did not look like a man who was about to
 End it all
 What could I have done?
 You were always in charge.
I have hope and I trust in 'God'
Perhaps an angel guided you to your end
 James thinks so
 ECT, endless talking,
 Tinnitus and the Crisis Team
 Were not your style
 Respect to you!
 RIP