

Palinode for a Love That Failed

by Con Chapman

Christine, by this poem I do penance for
leaving you without saying why.
I know I never called again but try
to understand; today I found a poem
I wrote to you that I'd forgot I'd written;
as you I'm sure can barely recall that
I once by you was smitten.



If I could retract those lines I wrote
I'd spare us both some pain,
but we wouldn't have proud flesh to fill
the wounds we suffered then;
our hearts would still be young and frail
when we chose to love again.

