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.

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