

# 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.

