

Character Witness

by Helen Dring

You will say how easy it was to love him,
How he is kind, gentle,
Quick to rub your shoulders in the evening
And never one to forget an anniversary.
They will ask you of his interests, moods, pass-times
And you will silently think of Sunday afternoons spent under
duvets.
You fought only occasionally, you tell them,
Made up always within the day.
You will impress upon them that they are wrong.
Later, your solicitor shows you a grave behind a hillock,
Asks you to survey his handiwork.
You will close your eyes and think of his hand grazing the furrow
of your hip.

