

# On Second Thought

*by* Judith A. Lawrence

Looking back

you were not the perfect prince,  
as a love crushed young girl  
once described you,  
or even the great intellectual  
I had imagined you.

As a matter of fact  
you were occasionally  
do I dare say illiterate,  
often caddish  
where it suited your purpose,  
easily disarming  
the next casualty selected,  
cold and aloof,  
when warmth was expected.

Yet all in all  
you were a rocket flare,  
short lived, but spectacular,  
memorable in so many ways,  
even now in my dusky days.

I have to smile  
when thoughts of you  
waffle in through memories scent,  
and *Yves St Laurent* hangs  
too closely in the air,  
or the thrust of a  
patrician chin appears  
on another "prince"  
directing his full attention

on an unwary woman  
sliding rapidly into  
imagination's snare.

