

# When He Left it all to Me

*by* Robert Vaughan

He had to leave he said  
though we'd met only days prior  
and as with any men  
breaking boundaries we'd lain  
together despite barbed wire  
fences, pools with fathomless bottoms.

The morning he split, he thrust  
his blue down coat into  
my arms, said I won't need  
this, but it was a bitter  
cold December day I  
found the tape in its pocket.

Eva Cassidy sang Fields of  
Gold and I can't forgive  
her for dying so young. Where  
did you go? Still can't listen  
to more than the first half;  
no, less than a quarter of that song.

