

## PRESENT

I would have thought that death  
was something to be done alone,  
requiring immense strength, to escape  
just inches from the earth

but we were as public as new windmills  
on an old horizon.

I could see that his jagged hands  
were the opposite of grasping

spanning further than the words above him –  
he became my neighbour –  
we even had a conversation;

he whispered paradise  
and that very day our breathing  
became our leaving.

Dawn Wood, March 2004