

The Road to St. Maur

You are not so far away tonight,
one village away, a half hour
on horseback through the forest,
a winding path I know well. I follow it
in mind, through the falling light.

The distance deepens, the forest thickens,
heavy with night smoke. Even if
I were to go there, now,
to find you sitting in a lighted window,
drinking with friends, or
singing in the dark to yourself, I know
the hoofbeats, heartbeats
echoing in the hollows
would be lost in the sound
of your voice, and before you heard them, falter,
sink secret into the ground.

Like so many other things I have buried,
I will come upon them, suddenly, from time to time.
I hear them now, returning sadly, bringing me back.
The sound is rich and full
as I am empty
I expect in my age they will be
small and tired,
having walked far with me.

Anne Savage