

'Saudade II'
Nigel Kent

I return again,
stealing in unseen,
to scan your photographs
of melting ice-cream smiles,
of cloudless laughter,
of sunlit hugs and kisses,
and trace your features on the screen,
their form restoring
memories I thought
I could delete the day
I walked away...

...of your fractured face
framed in the window pane,
one arm tangled
in your mother's hair,
the other reaching out;
your open hand pressed
hard against the glass;
and the partisan wind
pulling at my rain-soaked coat...

I try once more
to cut and paste you
by my side
against a cropped summer sky
of saturated blue,
yet I cannot find a way
to place my arm
around your shoulders
and put my hand in
yours.