

Ruth Fainlight
Borrowed Time

I feel a bit crazy tonight,
my mood heightened, unstable:
maybe because it's full moon,
or maybe because we're living
on borrowed time. But borrowed
from whom? Maybe the moon –
it could be the moon who allows
you to live beyond your due.
This morning the doctor said
he's amazed you're still alive.
I'm not. Why should you die?
Far more reason to live,
so much still to do.
We both look up at the moon,
and silently I beg:
be as generous as you can,
kindly usurer,
give me endless credit.
Later I'll pay my debts
(I already know
the price will be cruel). Please,
let me borrow again, let us gaze
at you again – and again –
new moon, crescent, full,
in a clear or clouded sky.
Do not allow this moment
to be, or to become, even
maybe, the very last time.