

*Deryn Rees-Jones*  
After You Died

The night would not give in to me –  
or something inside me would not yield.  
The great harness of love I was wearing  
stiffened in my shoulders, was held like a bit  
between my teeth.

                    Last night

I woke and the moon was there,  
her old romance of self-reliance and inconstancy.  
And though my children in their turn  
woke up to frantic dreams, were held,

brought back to bed,  
she was there, her face full with a fierce singing.

And the dark again became a place  
of sleep, a wild thing cohabiting.