

*Jackie Kay*  
Darling

You might forget the exact sound of her voice,  
Or how her face looked when sleeping.  
You might forget the sound of her quiet weeping  
Curled into the shape of a half moon,

When smaller than her self, she seemed already to be leaving  
Before she left, when the blossom was on the trees  
And the sun was out, and all seemed good in the world.  
I held her hand and sang a song from when I was a girl –

*Heil Ya Ho Boys, Let her go Boys*  
And when I stopped singing she had slipped away,  
Already a slip of a girl again, skipping off,  
Her heart light, her face almost smiling.

And what I didn't know, or couldn't see then,  
Was that she hadn't really gone.  
The dead don't go till you do, loved ones.  
The dead are still here holding our hands.