

The Worst Time of my Life

You were angry with me,
I thought you'd gone forever.
Our divorce was hell for me, it felt like death.
Lying doubled up in pain when I heard.
Broken and fragmented like a shattered glass,
No longer able to hold myself.
Helpless, alone in the world,
Worrying you were lost to yourself,
Knowing you were feeling as bad as I was.
Then I heard you did do something,
Jumped out of a ferry, scared for you.
I wrote and called, but wasn't allowed to see you,
It would have been best, but no-one understood.
The doctors forbade it, we were in hospital,
Sick from the pain and worry the situation had caused.

Eventually you came onto the patio,
And spoke to me on mine.
And we talked in the garden,
Long conversations, for days endless,
Until we came to a decision,
To try again. Then saw each other in secret,
Until we were safe, solid again.
We went for walks, on trips, to the city,
the boat museum. Made plans for our future,