

## Beat

Waiting, then suddenly forward  
to knock on your door,  
wild eye against the crazed glass.

Shapeless, just a fracture  
of light reflected.  
You could have fallen

beyond sight, be dreaming, woken  
by his touch? Or perhaps alone  
in the darkness, trembling,

lost to my insistent rhythm.  
Punch the glass, twist  
bloody fingers, flick a catch.

But you've gone, you've gone  
and the slowing knuckle beat  
ends a life we never shared.