

JOHN WHEATCROFT

## Beyond Words

When the smile you tendered me  
that evening as I left  
flashed in memory  
the instant mother whispered  
on the phone,  
"Your father's gone,"  
I knew you had known then.

How right of you to keep  
your secret from me.  
We both mistrusted words.

Watching the god  
for whom you'd spurned the world  
you'd courted young,  
whose hand you might have won,  
torment you like a devil  
while you embraced him,  
angered me to anguish.

Night after night  
confined in consciousness  
by that unbribable turnkey, brain,  
I dredge up from the dark  
what I never dared to tell you.  
The rest is silence.