

Kate Houston

The Other Side of the Line

“I drew a line under you today.”
You spat in my face.
And swiftly it scratched across the scene,
Barricading your past before it intrudes
In the vitality of your present.

I fear what was will not be again.
I once held you close; now I hold the wind
As it howls, painlessly, through my embrace.
If only I could feel its assault, maybe
This landscape wouldn’t remind me of you.

Faith, as delicate as I, can
Tear with a sharp breath or vicious statement.
But your line stands, reinforced, leaving me
Gripping the tatters of hope in my fist.
With nothing left to fight for, I battle.

Your line, not for emphasis, but division,
Pushes me back. You’re there, but I’m still here
Where I’d always dreamed of staying before
Everything snapped and you left, you walked away.
So I struggle to find an end, an epilogue.

I stand, figureless, grey and distant,
My frustration, ever building, swelling,
Oozing towards the battlegrounds ahead.
The clash where flesh meets wire and no-one wins
Except you, you and your line victorious.