

## David Phillips

### I could never be (ready)

Respite, (*n*): A feeling that sinks  
And settles each morn,  
Affirmed by sun, love, and drinks

Tell me, is there anything worth more  
Than the light dancing on this face?  
Than the certainty of a familiar shore?

Please, allow me to fade this way:  
Wind-beat cotton, holes at the knee,  
Day into day, into day

Into night. Try not to think of me,  
Though you might, let this waste of sea intervene.

—

The horizon, I know, won't let me forget—  
That is its place, to encroach—  
Everything of which I am bereft.

Slowly, time makes its approach  
On this idle breeze,  
And summons me with gentle reproach

Of the things I could never be:  
There for you,  
Or ready to leave.