

I have come to say goodbye

I have come to say goodbye –
not to close a door with the finality of midnight
nor to open a window so a trapped bird can fly to paradise
but to greet your memory – with a smile.

My goodbye to you is a welcome,
on catching your eye as you raise your glass,
on agreeing the right ways of doing things,
on judging between the saucy and the sweet.

My goodbye to you is an embrace,
when we heard bad news, and knew someone had to cry,
when shadows fell across our little Eden,
when hope splintered into shards beneath our feet.

My goodbye to you is a kiss:
a date in the diary, a flash of reflected sunlight.
It is a wave of the hand across the street,
knowing who we were and shall forever be.

We can never be unborn. We can never undie or unlive.
We can never unlove. We can never unbreak our hearts.
So I have come to say goodbye to you with a smile
because you are still smiling at me.