Liver Pâté

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Liver Pâté

for Tia Clarke

what did I say
to make you go away

I’m unable to recall
I take it back

need you back

unable to afford
any further delay

however thin might have been,
what we had,
I want it back

upon what else
would I put
my gourmet cheeses,
my liver pâté

a thin relationship
so much more
than thin air

please come back again
I need you to fill
a net of words

wouldn’t want words of mine
as well as my heart,
to be, to beat empty

must I beat about the bush
until you emerge
like raccoon, like rabbit

unable to bear what remains
following your
abrupt departure

did I say something, do something
to cause you to exit, to leave
or were you on your way out
my antipathy but pretext

nothing but a poor excuse
to kiss your teeth
instead of me