

## Walking Back Home

By Jorge Salavert

Despair

Sitting on the bus, he sees yet another  
Day folding its wings of beauty.  
The line of the horizon over the Brindabellas  
Is being covered by thin purple, pink and red layers.  
The world, a beautiful thing, is fixed by his stare,  
So he looks at these ineffable vast tracts of splendour.  
Another beautiful sunset, a mystery in the air,  
Yet he cries in anguish and in sadness,  
For his daughter is not there  
To see it. A bizarre mix seems to tear  
His very heart and soul: he loves and hates,  
Takes delight in beauty but despairs.  
He cannot comprehend the reason for his hatred,  
Yet knows what caused it and even where.  
And as he walks home from the bus stop he considers  
How little it would matter,  
That he just could not care  
If the comet came and hit the planet,  
If all of this came to an end,  
If humankind vanished into thin air...

Yet somehow the cool evening breeze soothes him.  
There is still their dinner to prepare.  
And bath time will ensue, and books  
Will be read as usual. However, she will not be there.

© 2010 Jorge Salavert