

# Remembering

*by J N MacNeill*

I used to sing to her, and she would laugh.  
She was a singer of a proper song,  
who knew the spaces where good notes belong,  
who knew her stolen time, her clef, her staff.

How deftly she would make me brim with strong-  
wrought passion. Easy. Often. That is what  
I most remember! And her smile that caught  
the moment. Just don't ask if we were wrong.

It's years since I last saw her, but I've thought  
about her sometimes. When I heard that she  
had died of cancer — of the lung would be  
my guess — I felt it for her husband, not  
that there was much to say. And maybe he  
was twinged with nagging groundless guilt, like me.

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