

## **petals**

Remember the music we used to play?  
The instruments still hang on the wall,  
a trellis of brass roses  
or an exotic vine with bugle flowers.  
Like plumbing but not joined up,  
and silent now.  
And the lid of the piano is down.

The tunes still prickle in my blood,  
and though blooming less  
each successive year,  
have kept a scent of you.  
And the truth is  
that I have grown older and loved others,  
but I shall always carry some notes of your music  
in my pockets, like petals,  
wherever I go.

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