

GAEL TURNBULL

Do You

after Jacques Charpentreau

Do you see who dodges away,
disappearing into the blue?
That is life, on its way,
dancing beyond you.

Do you feel a breath tease
your cheek, stir the grass, lift the dew?
That is time, like the breeze,
having fun with you.

Do you hear singing, a choir
of echoing voices, promising anew?
Relax. That is only desire
playing tricks with you.

Do you sense at your elbow
an old friend but can't guess who?
That is death, faithful shadow,
laughing with you.