

# CHRISTMAS

I didn't want to be here tonight,  
didn't want to have to watch that.

I didn't want to see you,  
didn't want to have to handle this.

Didn't want you to look at me that way,  
didn't want your smile so close to mine

didn't want to have to say hello,

and then later goodbye,

not being able to touch you,

not knowing how without.

I hung back embarrassed,

and you disappeared into the fog.

Gone until - next time.

Whenever that is.

Another few months - I don't know.

You left me a letter I'm impatient to read,  
but I'll save it till Christmas like you said.

The train takes me East

to link with the last tube from Stratford.

I hate this platform on a Saturday night.

(I guess if I'd've left with you,

like you wanted,

like I wanted -

I guess if we'd've spent Christmas together,

that deserted bleak Northumberland cottage

that kept us both warm at nights,

then - oh - maybe.

You said if I ever said why didn't you take me with you -

but I wouldn't dare.

Not a second time -)

I read your letter in bed on Christmas morning,

first thing.

There wasn't a lot else -

Sitting alone in a station cafe soon after Christmas.

I've been here before.

We held hands and sat close.

Maybe your train was late leaving;

I don't remember.

I find myself thinking I'll ask you next time I see you.

Except now there won't be a next time -