

Duet

Neil Cochrane

For Roelf

I

Leisure time

Even if I own Starbucks
at all airports and shopping malls
rivers stream with chocolate milk
volcanoes erupt with tons of prime steaks
ravines fill up with millionaire's pasta,
you won't be joining me ever again
and your favorites will taste like nothing.

Even if I sleep every night
with just another man or ten at once
anoint the masses with gallons ylang-ylang oil
from planetwide sex shops
but you're not breathing beside me
and I can't touch you,
it leaves me nauseously cold
just a piece of aching flesh
without any love.

II

Paraphernalia

But now
I'm done with the objects of
a cancer patient
no longer staring at bottled morphine,
pain plasters and ostomy bags
no longer searching for adult nappies on sale.

Eventually I saw
how faith, hope and love really are
and thoroughly know
the greatest of all:

metastatic loss.