

Conjuring ghosts

You do not visit, anymore
No impromptu midnight calls
So now tis I must conjure you
In this place, amid my world
To see you once again, my friend

I see you on my sofa now
That never in life you sat upon
A hearty laugh at some old show
A latch that tinkles as you go —
A gate through which you never walked

You do not appear, anymore
Surprise me in good times or bad
But always still in seeps the sad,
A bittersweet to every win
As you're not there to share therewith

I do not waken, in relief
That it was merely a bad dream
Then to reel, as realisation hits.
The truth has sunken deep into my bones,
Buried deep as a corpse in mud and leaves

You do not drop by, anymore
Unbidden, unwanted, sure,
But only for the pain you bring, and sing
A hearty song of love and toil
Out of key, but full of roar

And so I conjure you up now
At my side, in my world
Popping a cork or raising a glass
Chasing dreams and making me laugh

I conjure you back to life

Because really, you never left my side.