

cold wind, to CM

cold april afternoon two years now
your pride seemed undiminished
"you were right and we were wrong"
how I miss your impudent refrains
yet no love is lost
just an intellectual lust,
keeping your private dreams apart
unshared you still have them
no shocked entreaty follows on
but bands of creditors
(death brings out the best in us)
strangely slavish to your own ideas
intolerance became unbearable
leaving us your loose ends
but in my heart a cold wind blows