

Stephen Robertson

Another day

Another day
to feel your ever-present absence, still
to find a way.

I hear you say,
“But life is for the living, do not kill
another day.”

And yet you stay
inside my head, and take away my will
to find a way.

The final fray
remains in memory, for good or ill,
another day.

I cannot say
whether I have the necessary skill
to find a way.

And now today
is ending. I suppose tomorrow’s still
another day
to find a way.