

THE COUPLE THAT DOESN'T INVITE US ANYMORE

I didn't spin any stories,
chime in or guffaw.

The burden that was their evening
I left lying,

unshouldered by me
pronouncing an opinion,

provoking hilarity,
proposing a game.

The burden that was their evening I watched dying,
unheroic,

the way we all worry we'll be
when a crisis befalls us,

when we see something innocent like a party
drowning

or battered by thuggish silence,
and clam up and stand by,

a quip or a question
all that was needed,

a take on the day's news,
a riposte, an impression, a pun.

No wonder they dropped us
when I held back from joining

their ministrations,
their social CPR.

Whether I couldn't be bothered to
or just couldn't,

I watched their night gasp
and go quiet,

reach out its arms
and let them fall.