Poem

Tower

Rebecca Lawrence

Is there anybody there, now you are gone
and the room you heard my stories is no more?
Three grey walls and one grey tower
still overlook some ill-parked cars,
but no more students come to seek your lore.

Let me believe you did not let me down!
that what you said was true, or more or less;
or, if not true, at least was what you thought.
I would have liked to bid farewell to you;
decades on to say that we were through.

Or do you linger there, and grimly wait
for what you always thought was pledged to you?
No sad rapunzel you, with long gold hair.
No, more a tragic stained miss havisham,
yearning for what is lost and won't come back.

I never really knew you, nor you me,
and yet I still feel sorrow at your fate.
I gaze each morning at your tower
which gazes blandly back and whispers
softly that you didn't keep your word.

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