

## Never mourned – by Liam Boyle

I would have been there had I known.  
I would have told the story of the pebble at the window  
the midnight walk through town  
the pretend apparition at the grotto  
the park swings at three in the morning  
you full of energy, me trudging along.  
I would not have mentioned Speed.

I would have gone, offered condolences,  
looked to be consoled, listened eagerly  
of your life since our strolls,  
but it was months before I knew,  
decades, really, before I knew it all.

I would have liked to have spoken with your mother  
salved her brokenness with happy tales  
of charity walks, church hops, swapped records,  
sing-alongs, your voice worse than mine  
as we squawked along with the nightingales.  
I would not mention the Pot, or the fires.

I would have flushed as I talked  
of confabulations and confusions,  
fantasy weaving through the everyday.  
I would not have used the word “lie.”  
Instead, I would sigh and say  
how exciting it all was, truly.

It is too late for all of that now  
I would have, but didn't, somehow.  
You shot high and burned  
and I never mourned.