

After You

After you made your silent escape,
The records wouldn't play right:
Nat King Cole sang off key,
And Buddy Rich had no rhythm;
So I had to take the records
And smash them to pieces,
And throw them away
In the middle of the street.

And after you fled in the frozen dark,
The lights grew much too bright:
They made me break out
Into cold, cold sweats,
And cast long shadows
On the empty walls;
So I had to put them out
With the end of my broom.

And after you left without a word,
My books rewrote themselves:
Sartre became silly
And Darwin made no sense,
Plato turned preachy
And Freud went insane;
So I had to build a fire
And throw them all in.

And after you made me lose my mind,
I gave up chocolate,
And Bogart movies,
And walks in the rain,
And practical jokes,
And fragrant gardenias,
And new silk shirts,
And mynah birds,
And terrible puns;

For *you* were my music,
My light, and my wisdom;
And there can be no happiness
After you.