

## L is for love and loss

there are layers of emotion in us all  
how we relate to others shaped  
by our relationship to self

we connect differently  
to certain species  
feel invested in dolphins  
hedgehogs and most birds  
but not pigeons

we revere trees  
such as the oak  
sycamore and ash  
but who loves leylandii

even our attitude  
to each other is layered  
it appears still  
that white matters  
more than black  
rich more than poor  
social class remains a thing  
no matter what they say

we compartmentalise  
aspects of our lives  
thoughts and feelings  
packaged neatly  
and kept separate  
until one day  
our failsafe system falters

there's a thin line  
between love and obligation  
when the line is drawn  
it's hard to know  
what side you're on

everything can change  
in a heartbeat  
the paths we choose  
can take a turn  
at times we least expect

sitting by your side  
in the hushed haven  
of the cinema  
potential loss hits me hard

you're the one  
who knows me best  
with whom I've shared  
over half my life  
the one I'd most grieve  
should fate takes you first