

## Ghazal 22

*Elizabeth Marshall*

White-chiffon coloured pink flowers on the saree I wore for you, *guitar man*

Like a candle in the night, through flood waters, gentle the *guitar man*

When the lift opened on the 10<sup>th</sup> floor of the Ming Building

Musical notes fluttered through the pencil, the *guitar man*

Looking through Valentine cards, found a red card embossed with gold

Scanning to the end, looking for Peter, the *guitar man*

Posted an image of a blue aerogram, your hand on it

Somethings dwindle for the *guitar man*

The diaries of 1982 are all about you

Reaching for one, looking for another, the *guitar man*

In a heart-shaped ring of flowers in silver pewter

Sits the love bird, the locket gifted by, the *guitar man*

From a plastic bottle of red oozed the oil I applied

My nails were strong and polished glittering, *guitar man*

On the second floor we stood along the wall, in the car park,  
Did I dream of being pulled into your arms, *guitar man*?

We walked back through the lonely lanes, behind the church  
Through the catcalls you remained aloof, the *guitar man*

My heartbeat at the Bina College, looking for you  
One hot afternoon, desperate to be in love, the *guitar man*

The phone message, I could not take that night you left  
When Freddie told me, if I meant to go to the airport, for the *guitar man*

You returned a message, late one night, saying it was you  
I was unsure if you were angry, the *guitar man*

We met again after 35 years at Uncle Sam's  
I did not hug you, afraid of what it might say, to the *guitar man*

It once ended in a vague cloud, even without a kiss  
Should it continue on parallel lines into the sunset, *guitar man*?