

## The last resort – a poem

My mind's made up I

have to leave

"Oh, don't say that"

He grabs my sleeve

I feel wrung out

Completely fraught

This really is

The last resort

You were out all night

You didn't phone

"Oh darling please"

He starts to moan

He looks bereft

As well he ought

I fear this is

The last resort

A life alone

Won't be so bad

I watch his face

He looks so sad

If I can only

Hold that thought

It may not be

The last resort

He vows to change

And win my heart

I doubt he will  
But it's a start  
If all his pledges  
Come to naught  
This will have been  
The last resort

So here I sit  
Alone and free  
Wondering what  
Is wrong with me  
A loving man  
Was all I sought  
He really was  
My last resort

Christine Campbell