

Retreat

by [Romain P. A. Delpuch](#) (May 2023)



Francis Bacon, Lucian Freud, 1956-7

Writ and carved there on my forehead—
read between the lines: the irk of
aging worsens. Flames of faithful lust
—see them round you, taking light from

those that glow in your insides—our
“furnace seal’d”: they feed on emptiness.
Words evade me and I blame you.
But I see you’re getting old, as well.
We can’t help it: we’re betrayed. Our
pride’s erected on a crumbling base.
Cling to the half of your choice, be
one flesh (don’t become his bane). What’s
left to say? Aren’t those rare blessings?
How come you were born older than me?
knew it all and did well from the start?
My day is well past noon ... I’ll miss you.

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