

Dr. John Watson repents of his sins (post s4)

by mazaher

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At twilight I tread the faded track
of your footsteps, dissolving
between St.Bart's and Baker Street
and I listen to the texture of your silence.

By night as I cross bridges I touch railings
where you left the imprints of your fingers
as in vain you sought the support I denied you
and I see the scent of your desolation.

In darkened alleys and along brick walls
crowned with shards of glass I look above
the roofs to the stars you said you love
and I smell the deeper colour of your coat.

In the light of the streetlamps is the stall
where you had lonely fish and chips without me,
where now I hunger for your ghostly presence
and touch the taste of you.

At dawn I'm empty like an old barge moored
at an abandoned dock along the Thames.
I walk home, knock without breath, you embrace me
and in your voice I drink the sound of peace.

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