To Jay Gatsby

Suzanne Tidwell
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With your world wilting blackly at your feet
and a stranger's blood staining your hands
you stood
in the sunset-coloured expanse of your velvet lawn,
your sherbet-pink suit a splash against the white steps.
The innocent beauty of the pink-and-white portrait you made
(lit sunset gold-and-amber)
was not so far removed from the innocent beauty that was your heart -
the innocence of afternoon tea and the best champagne
and roses and Daisies and white Chinese silk and the perfect waltz
(you never danced in the fountains - you only had them for the others)
(I know you just wanted her to see your shirts - you didn’t mean to make her
cry)
O Gatsby -
are you still watching the green light?
Is that you, that slim splash of white suit and smooth gold hair
waiting in the night?
What do you wait for?
The light went out years ago..........