Tha Mi Duilich

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I'm sorry you never got that motorcycle
The one I told you that you couldn't get
until we had a child. That you were not
going to leave me alone with no part of you
 to cherish. You snorted and said that was pretty
heartless, that I had just told you that you could
wrap your motorcycle around a tree, as long
 as I had a child of yours to love.
Who knew you wouldn't see her 4th birthday?

I'm sorry I never got to see you in a kilt
I do love men in kilts.
I wish I could have seen you,
practicing maneuvers with a Claymore,
Or standing at attention in dress kilt and jacket,
treasures in your sporran.

I'm sorry we never made it to Rhode Island,
your birthplace, or met the relatives living there
That you never got to take me for a walk on
the beach at sunrise or gather quahogs to share
while we watch the waves advance and retreat.

I'm sorry we never made it back to Baltimore
to visit our old haunts or to New Orleans,
a city we'd both visited, but did not get to explore together.

I am sorry you did not get to see our child grow up.
To enjoy the proud parenting moments
To see the person she has become.

I am sorry that you are not here now
That we were denied the privilege of growing old
together. Would we still be in love or would we
be living separate lives after amicably drifting apart?

I am sorry we never got to find out...

Karen Scott

Karen Scott is a poet and substitute teacher in Columbus, Ohio. She is a member and ardent supporter of the Ohio Poetry Association (OPA), a participant in the Women of Appalachia Project (2017-18, 2019-20, and 2020-21), and a proud member of the SALON writing group. Some of her work has been published in *Common Threads* [OPA anthology, 2013, 2016, 2018,2020], *She Speaks* [Women of Appalachia anthology, 2017, 2019, 2020], and *Delirious: A Poetic Celebration of Prince* (2016). Another poem has been accepted for the inaugural issue of the *Northern Appalachia Review* (2020)