

William Shatner, What Have You Done?

She was underwater
In the shadows
Was it there, was it not?
I stepped back
A veil in front of my eyes
The water was still and so was she
I dove in with so little breath
In truth I knew
I was too late for death
I had one chance
I grasped her arm and floated upwards
Wanting to stay below in the warm forgiving waters
What have you done
I screamed to the stars
Then over to the shallow edge
She was face down
Smaller and more vulnerable than in life
Her curls wet around her ears and neck
Her dear profile at peace at last
A finger in her throat sounded a click
Her body still and blue
Is this what death looks like?
My love was supposed to protect her
It didn't
My love was supposed to heal her
It didn't
You had said don't leave me
And I begged you not to leave me
We did.