



## Wedding Night

"Der Tod ist groß" - Rilke

*Scurried from our wedding party to the car,  
but I'd mislaid the keys! Instead  
we disappeared to the suite upstairs  
famished for each other. What grew from our bed?*

*Children, great love, great quarrels,  
And as for the rest?  
Sickness. Sickness. Then a world  
scoured empty of you. Death is vast.*

Craig chose the above poem to go with this photograph in the Sydney Institute for Psychoanalysis photo album.

I got to know Craig only in the last years of his life. I was impressed by his prodigious memory and intellect and his sensitivity for poetry and classical music. When Craig was speaking with me, he often recited poems. About a month before he died, most unusually, he was unable to remember a poem. He mentioned the name and with his son Matthew's help, I found the poem ("Rehearsal for Dancers"). I don't know why he was searching for that poem, but some lines caught my attention -

*"he does not wish  
to float  
but to fall  
fall slowly dancing  
as the body is humble  
and singing before  
no audience ..."*



Perhaps he had a sense of no longer singing, floating and dancing through his life as he always had, but of falling, falling, ever so slowly. For the body is humble and he knew it. So that even as he fell, he knew there would be no audience, as he quietly fell to his eventual resting place. He died peacefully in his sleep on 29 August 2022.

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