

GETTING BACK TOGETHER

Can I trust this day?

Reading our letters from the past,
The same sickness returns,
The same heart-sombre beat.
Now shorn of years to come,
The future's-on-the-bone.

The door-bell rings, we kiss discretely.

She says: Did I really write all those?

In the restaurant we talk documentaries.
Ambitions... relationships... health.
Who's out. Who's in.
Who's dead.

Forking my omelette, I say:
Feeling is back again!
And please make allowances,
Mind is quite subdued this Autumn.

She says: I don't write letters anymore.
And I don't like anything much.
But we can do dreams...
Or a crossword, or steal a cat.
Get pissed or do what we always did.
Whatever you think.

Whatever I think!

Why do I have to think?
And without bothering the heart
You clean things up; tidy the soul,
Rake out your corners of bitterness.
Ask her back. Repaint romance.
And in the mind
Chill the wine.

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