

HEART GROWS FONDER

This is the day
when the distance between
Spring and September
is whittled down to hours
the moment when a cold wind
hurries the greeting

This is the garden
she tramples through
your six-month's life
without her

This is the moment
in the pub
when anecdotes stop
and lost for words
our eyes promise
pleasure by the minute

This is the night
when screwing gets good again
when we give ourselves away
and right at the critical
temperature
forget the chill
of distance

This is breakfast talk
and restoration work
when she cuts her gift
of flowers low down
on the stalk
to last longer...
she says
and going with the burnt toast
an existential way
of doing eggs

(cont.)

This is the last evening
our thoughts skinned
we speak coldly about the film
stand apart at the bus-stop
warn the other couples
this is a tactical withdrawal
the way we are
year by year

This is desperation
This is the beginnings of...
A letter back

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