

Sunday

Afternoon ablaze with new shoes
Flashing at the underpass, white as the moon,
That burn through the beige hour
Like curling cigarette papers
But I've given up now.

The trickle and chink of your housemate
Clambering piano upstairs
As Beethoven slides and climbs
Through Chopsticks,
Snakes and ladders.

The slow glimmer of Tesco
And the thick warmth of mashed potato
Like the heavy duvet wet with gravy and coy.
The apple vivid from the tree in your outside green
Like a leaf from memory or a fresh pea
Sweet in my Grandad's garden
Red with the blush of love discovered.
Rainwater.

Conker found in the road,
Smooth and bright as a dog's eye,
Sitting like the perfect present,
Deep and brilliant

Teapot weighs and swoops at crockery
Wafts and swings
At baked things passed to me,
Grey passport pictures smile
with today's unfocussed, unforced errors

But the brittle light is harder now
And the quiet air has grown cold as pavements,
Cool as toothpaste,
Hinting at the half full cup of summer all drunk up,
Suddenly Sunday.

Getting Up

My head full of words
Surfaced uncalled for at 3am
I know because the ominous clock struck
And sank a heavy comfort
Into the quiet room
That leaks an envelope of light
Orange as ice lollies
Through a lazy curtain

The slow bleed of dawn
Creeps under fingernails
On night's blackboard
Under the headboard
I screw myself down
Into acres of sheets,
Bright with streetlight
Eyes fused shut, lit and ready to burst open
The reluctant bell blooms of snowblind snowdrops
Rung all out of teardrops
Until a second sleep takes me up on my offer

Still quicker its morning
And an oblivious phone chirps us up
Optimistic, cups of tea and awake,
Away and out into the cold light
Of your first day.
The first day of the rest of your life.

Out of the Blue

Drawn out tired and well attired
For the bite to eat cold of night
From a chip shop loud and bulging with lamp light
Hugged in the comfort of a threadbare, thunder-blue jumper,
Battleship-blue, evening promise blue.
Look at me, fixed and transfixed, honey squeezed
Translucent lucid droplets of amber
Lost in the gloss of olives winking slick
From the deli counter or conkers,
Fresh and bird-legged, angle-poised, angel-faced and twig frail,
Horse-chestnut haired with furniture polish lustre
Lusty, milk-skinned, semi-skimmed
Like a neat pebble, to my full cream
Thick with the 4am chink and wake
That long ago could have struck and wrapped you up
At a stroke of luck or genius or a pen
on spider silk sheets of paper
To write you into sleep
Out of bed, time and stories
Slim and quick with the smoulder
Of clever lines to hook and sink me
Like the street life and light
The bright of the busy august city
That glitters with you out of the blue.