

A Pause

One day
when we are friends,
come to the garden with me,
my love,
take the path
down the broken steps,
those without the yellow tape
that warns of risk,
stops us,
tells us
what not to do.

I'll show you
where the tree's bent low,
enough to skirt the
breezing pond
and we can sit
in the crook of its back
dibbling walk-hot feet
into cool water,
dip,
lift,
drip silently onto
the flint white shallows,
laugh at the
expectantly motoring moorhens
you admire so much.

Perhaps,
to listen well
to where we are,

we'll move
shoulder to shoulder,
look out and up
to the filigree light,
or redo that Sandwich river thing,
debate the pros & cons
of bread as special friend
or silent killer,
lean cheek on temple
to read screen,
deride this week's
Google decider.

At some point,
maybe,
the accidental graze of knuckle
'cross back of hand
will bring home
those shivers
we had
and at the moment
when eyes rush in,
dog walkers and passing strangers
register
the spark that re-awakes,
lips that don't,
words left dangling -
before the calming
comes amongst us again,
some kind of peace
flooding in.

Gary Studley