

You

could draw
and paint
and kiss
and I have evidence
five biro sketches
of a dying cat
six Cornish sunsets
in rainbow watercolour
and a photo of me
in black and white
just before we kissed

goodbye

V1 19/3/21

Painting the day

I checked on the paint chart
To match the blue to the way I felt
When you turned the day to cloudy grey
Having come to say it's the parting of the ways
And I watched as the sun pulled in its rays
And the clouds moved apart

V1 19/3/21

viewpoint

And I was fooled for a moment-
one of those indeterminate descriptions:
"a very brief period of time"-
during which I thought *up* was *down*
that these frothy foam edgings
a curiously appealing effluence
were not what they seemed
not waves coming inshore
the elegant lace of a courtier's cuff
but actually clouds like cotton wool
carefully unravelling into the beyond
sharp blue sky inserted into white
and not a reflection in the shallows
and wondered if it's possible
to see things from another direction
and for them to make another sense.

V1 19/3/21
Sky Blue Day

a girl and two boys
but memory is unreliable
especially at this point in time
and them just kids
I little more than that
and always a dad
tall, blonde, blue eyed
so no doubts there
but never a mum
perhaps on "me" time
and they would stand there
in the right order
not height but word
somehow bound together
by flesh and blood
and by this linguistic folly