

# POLITICS

The morning sun flowed slowly out across the grass.  
I couldn't believe you sometimes; you understood me too well.

I couldn't believe I'd found you.  
I'd sat, and was lost, then you came, and you loved;  
and you said "the procession of slow sad trains  
seeping out through this pale south London rain  
is our own cavalcade of angels"

Sometimes we talked about politics.  
There was a side to you that seeped into me.  
You were moral in an amoral void.  
"I don't like what I see around me any more."  
I'd stopped hoping. Then I met you.

and how when the  
rooftops and towerblocks and streets strung below  
flooded up and rose to clamour at our window  
you'd hold out my hand to possess

EVERYTHING

And we walked with our fingers still numb but now tingling in mingled coat-pocket warmth  
a late grey-cast evening,

a Somerset beach,  
a cold spring;  
and the beach further out turned to soft shining mud but we walked farther still  
till the mud swept away in low gusts of wild rain.

to the mid-channel mist-ridden river mouth flats;  
and the rain came harder and the wind ripped loose sand from the beach  
and scoured our faces and filled our hair;

- so we turned and ran and burrowed down deep  
in the dune-grass behind Berrow church  
and then

sore salted kisses were suddenly kissed  
for the simple shocked lack of good reason against

Was that you too?

When fireworks exploded a towerblock of lights  
that dissolved in the night sky high over the city;  
curled asleep in the grass by a sad ragged tree  
on a warm hillside above the lifted railway tracks at 2 a.m.?  
But I expected too much. I expected you always to say

"I know."

and these days you seldom do.

Sometimes we argue about politics.

There is a side to you that laps against me.

You are all compromise.

"I don't like what I see in you any more."

I stopped hoping. I started

LIVING

I find a new intensity now

It flows from me as the morning sun

flows slowly out across the grass  
and balloons pass overhead silent except  
the burners roar and shoot hard yellow holes  
in the pale blue sky.  
And you say impatiently yes but how  
did you know I had green eyes?

"I have often gazed into them when you were not looking."