

3.7 Winter Afternoons (2000)

O don't we know
how on the dull still days
when life goes on elsewhere
the womb of bed invites
us to indulge the endless afternoon,
to take the pleasure of our bodies
and find our private languours,
as the stillness weighs upon our minds
and light seeps slow away outside.
Until we rise, wordless,
a fathom deep in silence
stunned by one another
in the early dark – too late
for tea, too soon to eat,
and slowly come to surface,
thanking God and our lucky stars
for the irreducible gift
of our communion.

Thameside - August 2000.