

A Temperate Love-Poem

Hoarfrost glimmering beyond
latched windows. Icicles
adorning iron bars. Inside
we are cold, or colder than
we like it, snuggling
each other, hopefully.

Some fine day, spring
(as in a poem) will burst
again, real sun
shine for true, and we
won't need each other so;
then may we choose to share
the summer warmth and live
together, happily apart.

Mervyn Morris

Swimmer

I

That powerful swimmer
furrowing the pool
towards the final wall . . .

II

Mourn him, the crumpled athlete:
his element was water;
now they'll sink him
in the ground, he's gone
to rust, that muscled plough.

Mervyn Morris