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