

Poem for Hilary and Mavis

All across the suburbs
couples get into their beds.
Some crawl, some fall,
and others jump at once.

Old couples take themselves
with chuckles, grins,
and grimaces to rest.
Young couples leap
into the dark,
leaving things undone.
Morning never comes
for them, today's enough
(tonight's a feast)
and some play the beast
and some play possum
under space blankets,
sheets. Army surplus
blankets cover others:
checkered, crocheted,
twilled, couples spill
from consciousness
to dreams, and wake
to re-enact the scenes.

Dawn breaks, and others lie
in sun or hear the rain;
some couples never make it out.
Old couples wake, amazed at light

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