AZB

Dimming

Four bare feet in the wet grass; he and she, Having abandoned their shoes some time ago, Print a wide arc, then slope down towards A still canal, laced with rust that blooms From old fashioned, swan-necked cycles.

The pinked sky of dinner has given way.
Under the transparent blister of a moon,
A thumbtack lighting the midges and her
Blackened soles, he lies back in damp grass
And wonders when on earth all this will end.

This poem is reprinted from Not Averse, the Girton Poetry Group website, at http://poetry.girton.cam.ac.uk