

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.