

## Maddy Searle

### Pimm's

I taste the hum of pub chatter  
And the tang of good-humoured sweat  
Along with the crispness of a river's skin.

I taste the contentment of bees,  
The exhilaration of rowers,  
The pink heat of burnt necks and thirsty flowers.

I taste the faint rustle of grass as I sit on it,  
The tickle of its many spears on bare toes,  
And the fragments that get stuck to my clothes.

I taste the jigsaw created by leaves overhead,  
With the clammy fingers of shade that you are glad to feel,  
Especially today.

You don't taste anything,  
Because you've already finished yours.  
Would you like a top up?