

Poetry in Residence

The cat with gooseberry eyes looks puzzled
Indignant even as it peers from under a scruffy privet shrub,
Rank summer grass and premature leaf-fall
Concealing him from all but me.
For indeed the sun beats down
While tarred cauliflower clouds
Threaten the safe red roof tiles.
Makes me long for cathedral spires:
Architecture worthy of the skyscape.

Must be your influence.
Me, a pagan, longing for cathedrals!
Cool musty-shadowed vaults,
Wholesome food in the steamed-up refectory
And the brown wax frog that the dog tried to eat.
I still have it, tooth marks and all,
On the book-case next to your photograph.
Makes me long for the sharp Staten Island wind:
A blade equal to the grief.