

THREE WEEKS AFTER

Gravity works long hours, tall buildings come to rest
across our shoulders, the sky is different, and the hands of clocks
spin to make us older.

Children are playing again but more quietly, as if
they were children who still had to learn
how to lose themselves in shouting.

On the street I stop to talk to friends.
I touch his leather elbow, the blue of her coat. I look
at his remarkable face. How deep her eyes have become.

Ronald Wardall