

STEVE EVANS

SYLVIA

The kitchen heats slowly.
You wait again
for the first straw light of sun
cream's sour dollop
old yellow bruise.
The drab streets begin filling
with the droning tenderness
of machines wearing faces.
Same yesterday, tomorrow.

Breathe out the flame beneath
the kettle's futile hiss.
Held in the paw of this warm crucible
love is no great thing.
It occurs,
a dark possibility
persistent as a stroked cat.

There is no absolution in the vapours
but drinking this eager gas
the nudging tomorrows drowse
and sweet sleep's breath
licks your shoulders.
It is enough.