

Then livid lips whisper furiously  
The strange uncomprehended idiom  
Of peopled streets, the traffic passing by:  
It is the hour when no answers come.

## DARYN VOSS

### THE GOOD LIFE

A single bunch of forget-me-nots  
with a small card  
“to Darren with love”

Or a happy birthday message  
read by a portable radio announcer  
who had never heard of me  
and was probably glad  
but money can buy anything  
even tact

Or just settling down to Sleep  
hoping there to stay  
till my mind knows what it's doing  
with my life

Or going to bed  
in a strange and reported  
lover's triangle  
involving Kate Bush  
Mr Sanyo  
and Me