

MEMENTO MORI

Crazed grey cups and bowls
splashed with jewelled flowers –
crimson, sea-green, rust –
her china still unbroken.

The long table saved from some old pub,
a great scorched dent in the middle,
the pot fresh from the fire slapped down,
oak with meals of centuries scored on it.
But these are new scars –
someone has hacked dry rot.

A two handed sword, tall as a man,
nailed on the wall, the balustrade
is sixpence short in the pound,
and by the stairs hang
relics of crumbled churches.

At the table the men skim like yachts
racing before the wind,
spinnakers bellying full of air,
their conversation gybes from one to one,
snatching the wind from each other's sails –
and me in a dinghy, flat aback.

She ate from these bowls,
surely she was there,
buying the sword, the cracked cherub,
and that chequered cloth on the kitchen table?
Suddenly I remember fifteen years ago,
when it was she who cooked the meal and sat

silent and shattered by the storm of talk.

Karen Pridmore

BLOOD GAMES

You had a body like a Greek God back in the 60's.
Thankyou, he chuckles nervously, taken aback by her statement.
They were never compatible in bed, they tried too hard.
She wrote a poem once about covering him in gold lace kisses and
him being the supermarket of her love and how she would never
stop wanting his products. But she did.
He feels a warmth deep in his bloated belly for this magnetic
stranger of twenty years.