

Eddie Paterson

DISTANT CHURCHBELLS AND MAKING LUNCH

Is there anything better
than dancing to Ben Harper with a spoon in one hand
with a little something going on in the kitchen?
I feel like Billy Collins when he has a little something going on in the typewriter.
I've chopped garlic, basil, panchetta, tomatoes, lettuce, olives
and now I'm stuffing the bread, Two Fat Ladies style.

I'm dancing with a spoon in one hand and a day at the beach in another,
as we watch aeroplanes taking off
head straight out to sea.
And I'd like to follow them into all that forget-me-not sky,
with only Ben Harper for company.

This life must surely be better than the next?
Will they have fresh basil there?
And will the divide between sky and sea seem so clear?
blue/green blue/green

I'm dancing with a spoon in one hand and my whole life
running across the other,
rivulets of experience caught amongst wrinkles of skin.
The tide is coming in.
Distant churchbells chime.