

mrs merton

after dry hot days
the southerly came

rattling down the side
the poisonous oleanders

& she sat before the
chilled glass louvres

watching the shadows
converge then part

wondering if one
of her friends might

come & cut the grass
which shifts & ripples

pulled by the breeze in
tides of long shadows

now very close indeed
mrs merton watches herself

fade to scratch her long
pruned fingernails across

then down her throat until
against doctors advice

she poured her seventh
cup of tea & dunked

a biscuit quickly as though
afraid that it might suffer

rae desmond jones