

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

CHANGES

Twelve years had found him so to speak alone
with half a dozen nipples half-exposed
to public taste. Not a hair in sight.
Since inclinations to Biblical guilt
through the first woman he called love
ashamed him, his eyes closed to pictures
flaunting later figures in his dreams.

He didn't show his second woman. Then did.
Replying, she bought two dollar whores
so he'd discard cheap multicolours for
black and whites shadowed on curves.
She encouraged him to snip the best
to spread across their floor,
used them to reverse her childhood
sung to choirs of angels flying, her desires
buried in the snows of Greenland's icy mountains.
Low-cut dresses stripped to black belt,
suede boots, she rifled from glossies.
Her dismissal ended the frenzy he'd
shared with Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Registry Office stamps his wife. Him.
She's improved he's improved
as she makes him take her as
she watches him watch his girls.