

In the Flat.

As I turn the door handle to the lounge,

*Hand*

I see the window directly opposite,

With its view of the street.

I have just come from the post office,

From posting a letter to order a book.

Of a list of magazines to be published in.

I take my boots off, wet from the snow,

My jacket, scarf, hat and gloves.

And I put on the radio, and sit down

On the sofa, and listen to a story

About children in Africa, how they go to school,

With no textbooks or paper or pens,

and feel sorry for them, thinking how lucky I am.

I wait for my partner to come in,

A long journey from where he lives.

I look at his wooden cup, engraved

And smooth to the touch on the mantelpiece.

From Africa, he's told me about his trip,

How he was with friends, but still lonely.

I can hear cars outside, banging their doors shut ,

People coming and going from the shop across the road.

I wonder if the children on the radio have similar cups

To the one on the mantelpiece, and if they are just ornaments.

My partner walks in, gives me a kiss,

Tells me it is still snowing,