

2-D CUCKOLDS IN TV SOAPS

by Donal Thompson



I cry for the 2-D
cuckolds in TV soaps,
splash like a tantrum
in the Sundays and
launder the nightmares
daily in stout
when you're not here and
the intruding space between us

is a half-done crossword;
a day with too many wasps
I favour curries in
between the missed meals,
sustain injuries from songs
of love gone wrong on
the radio or remembered.
Tread acres and acres of aches
when you're not here and
the intruding space between us
is 24 pictures of you in the sun
on a day full of English rain.

