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by Tabatha Stirling

You tumble down our dusty path and at the gate
you turn and remind me of our first parting.
Years ago, when the smart of it was
as nippy as this one.
'The corner shop is still there', you say.
Your heart dusty with lust. Content to
leave this time knowing your safe harbour
well enough to go with out a map.

The memory of my hair and cunt enough
to lead you home.

