

A Good Day's Work?

Last night as you curled up naked
perplexed you asked me

*What's so wrong
with a good day's work?*

And so this morning
sponging up your crumbs
from a hasty breakfast
I clear myself space
which as you labour
provides me surface

to savour your words
in lingering bitterness

*What's so wrong
with a good day's work?*

Too lumbered then with plum-stuffed chub
with deep-dug chunks of Parma cheese
with bubbling jugs of Lombard red

too drawn to hips in bedded crispness
I dared not answer but teasingly kissed
soft fair down around your rims of lips

Then brimming a glass with dark *amaro*
improvised rhymes to beggar the question
*There was a young lass from Milan
who travelled to town in a tram
All day in a bank
she slaved till she sank
in the arms of her lazy young man*

Like spring-beached seals
we shrieked and snorted

rolled and contorted
flexed and cavorted

until
(half-crawling)

half-keening
half-dreaming

we lowered the blinds
on a murky midnight

moiling like moles
towards a loamy peace

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