

## 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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