

Give the poem room to speak

Please, sit down. Let's talk. I know
you might be put off by line breaks
and other conventions, but let's look
past these to see what really shines:

a car roof at midday, a streetlight
in afternoon fog. That wasn't too hard.
We could also try what hurts. The hair tie

round your wrist the day he left,
the raindrops in your daughter's hair
on her first day of school. The moment
you first realised you are going to die.

That was more difficult.
But we'll get along fine.