**Waiting**

if i were a real poet

and not a bricklayer of words

i would not tell you, my love

that the day is grey.

i would tell you

of the muted tones of sky

and the curl of chimney smoke

blending and fading into the colour of cloud

i would speak of the loss,

the loneliness of trees

mourning their luxury of green

their feet buried in their own dull raiment

i would write in slow voice

of the rain which would possess the cooling earth

in its greedy hiss of desire

but i am not a real poet

so i will say to you

i am lonely,

and at the sound of each car tire

sucking moisture from the pavement

i return to my window, prepared to embrace you