

A WINTER'S EVENING

The tide turns in the river, day becomes dusk,
And you, as shy as a fox (or
My own heart), steal in
In your mother's red silk nightdress,
Fringed with fur & a hem of white satin –
A quaint match for your 15 years.

*In Praise of
Older Women,*
Julika

Fire is not quenched by the dark, but
Love, sometimes, is blunted by fear:
You have untied the cord from your waist,
Unstrung your softnesses into the d  vet,
But, for all my teenage desire, I
Could not make myself hard for you.

Auden

You pressed your face against me when we kissed,
After, I remember, and my head swam –
'Young girls should show their nightgowns
To men worthy of the name' –
The branches blackened & bare in the courtyard
Because they could not be otherwise.