

New Wine

You can tell she was colour blind,
I wouldn't give that paint house room.
But I shouldn't think such thoughts.
It's just that it's so hard being here
in another woman's house, and now
there's two of them, his sister too,
who talks of her so naturally and
looks as if she feels at home,
while I dither about trying to help,
getting in his way, not knowing
where anything belongs.

The little things are hard.
The message on the ansaphone
unchanged. The pictures on the wall,
the porcelain horse on the mantelpiece,
the cutlery from her mother, the
decanter she no doubt knew how to clean,
the sofa she sat on. I can cope
if I don't think too much, or
if I concentrate on him,

this miracle that's made me come alive,
start dancing through my days again
when all seemed dead.
I count my luck like precious stones,
first date, first time at my house,
first time at his, first weekend together,
first introduction to his friends,
and now his sister, next month
the family overseas. Aren't these jewels?
I'm blessed, so shake off shivers
and little spurts and sparks of jealousy.
I know we'll more than do. Perhaps
when he takes me to Prague,
he'll buy me a prancing horse too.