

Time

March 12, 1995

SNOWDROPS sparkled bravely, weeks on end,
On grey-gloved days whose pall they were outfacing,
But even they were hard-pressed to pretend
That icy fingers somehow weren't all-embracing.

But suddenly, dark winter's in retreat.
The garden lounge speaks precocious pleasure,
As blazing sun, blue sky, forgotten heat,
Produce, this lovely day, brief hours to treasure.

Each sacrificial limb's all winter-white –
A pallid, flabby slab of pudgy, sallow,
Waxy flesh which meets again the light,
Released from wraps that harbour tones of tallow.

I'm oven-ready, lotioned, set to start.
Great Cook Almighty's sun, the quick-grill fire,
Serves winter's pallor *flambéed, à la carte*,
Agog to glow and presently perspire.

Clinging winter's surely in retreat,
With frozen pipes and calling out the plumber:
Supine, perspiring in a searing heat,
I slide, self-basting, into dreams of summer.
