

Saturday Night in Cheltenham

The dark sky has us in its lungs
where its oily ocean eases our journeying
to various promised lands.

For now we are standing in a friend's garden,
scattered like demobbed seamen, swaying
in the waves of the night like languid sails,
waiting for the wind to pick up again.

I am facing the front door
(which his mother will open any moment),
grinning and pissing a wet hole in the lawn.
The bliss of this is indescribable.

The skewed rectangle of light
which falls across me like a slap, reveals a woman
standing in the doorway. The first thing she sees is me.
I see her for less than a second, her back lit hair
writhing in the breeze of the door's opening –
the vision is enough
to set my face to worried stone.

Twisting from the stress of her regard
my golden stream arcs across the grass.
Not a drop lands on any shoe.

Finally our friend emerges from the cool house
pulling on a fleece jacket, closing the door behind him.
We leave his garden as a crowd leaves a stadium
and drift off aimlessly under the night.