

Don't talk to me of love -

murmur to me of mornings close-curl'd in the drowsy waking warmth
grunt in monosyllables of crisp grilled bacon and the daily news
discuss the morning chores: the washing-up, the shopping and the gardening
whisper of kisses when we come and go
and tell me when we'll meet again, for lunch, or sometime in the day
set out the afternoon activities,
say 'What is there for dinner?' and suggest the wine
and breathe appreciation when you bring the coffee -
commune in silence, side by side, through comfortable evenings,
or recite to me the football scores, describe the corners and the goals
mention some treat or holiday to come, a theatre visit, something we'll enjoy
bid me good-night, and say you'll see me in the morning -
tell me these things - no need to talk of love.