

JUST THE SAME

Secure within the boundaries of her vows,
she stirs her coffee, nibbles at a cake.
'It's different now. You have your life, your house,
you don't need love as well, for heaven's sake!'
Could she be right? I waited up last night
to hear his voice, then couldn't sleep a wink,
arriving late at work – a sorry sight –
too old, too tired, and too in love to think.
Just weeks ago I knew it all and mocked
those youthful passions, adolescent schemes;
today, I hardly know my name. The clock
turns minutes into hours, meetings into dreams.
Love's always been a fiendish, foolish game
and now at sixty-eight it's just the same.