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Couples

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Cam and Shaft

Hook and Clasp

When you first met

he was slugging Jamesons

and you were drinking orange squash.

You had a butterfly broach

attached to your jacket,

he had a knuckle duster

tucked in his pocket.

You had a freckle on your cheek,

he had a tattoo of a snake

coiled round his neck.

You loved Cliff Richard.

His bag was Gene Vincent.

You liked gladioli.

He collected motorbikes.

She spends the evenings on the phone,

He sits in the corner of The Rose and Crown.

She eats banana butties for breakfast,

he has black coffee and a JPS.

She can only sleep with the windows closed,

he can only sleep with them wide open.

The last time they went on a date

the number one song was 'Hard Day's Night'.

He wanted to watch The Pink Panther,

she fancied The Strangler.

To this day they've never seen either.

But something has kept them together:

love, company, custom. The weather.

Now you sit in this cafe

having breakfast together

sharing the same pot of tea,

he gives you his mushrooms

you give him your toast.

After all these years

you've been wearing away

like two moving parts

rubbing together

until they stick.