Cam and Shaft

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.

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.

Hook and Clasp

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.