

Gel

To A. Koestler

This would be the hour of the night that
they would do it at – not late but
far enough from dawn

that no one would come till their bodies cooled down
& were set: the eely arms, a floppy neck
would wreck first impressions of them

as serious & pushed Beyond, as galant' uomo & spouse,
conjoined. Did they sit there.
They would have looked at the clock

from time to time, in extremis & knowing they'd miss
all the rest & thinking of tea & toast & sardines, the bate of
a glass of wine & the sun & the moon & the fog & of

their children who were gone, had never been, were their sin
in unbeingness the rest being meaningless or else
some thread had been lost –

they were resigned to this, they checked the hour they picked up their communal mirror
& spanglings & swallowed & kissed
which which one of them had planned

the bitter end