



Bookends

They sit, would be bookends,
the bench, a sanctuary, a sepulchre,
a place of meditation and prayer,
respite from their wanderings.

One wishes to speak, almost too British,
but this is the melting pot, the cauldron,
we can break the rules and converse,
the weather, safe ground as ever.

A few words in and the scamper comes,
tiny paws break more ice than words,
the puppy, new to the outside world
feet far too big to be under control,
reminding both of children, long grown,
common ground,
there is more of that than differences.

The colour and creed blur from the view,
misunderstandings lost, no one misconstrues,
they are one, in the moment,
until joggers supply a rhythm
to the bird song symphony, the bass notes,
while Lycra slips and rubber grips,
fleet of foot, and then they are gone,
two men, left once more alone,
ruminating, calculating the way of the world.