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Idyll

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Idyll

Cowboy's slouching cool
in the theatre,
flicking his lighter,
when the strings rise up
in "Desperado."
The serrated wheel
feels right
against his thumb,
like a sliver
of fieldstone
before it skips the skin
of a farm pond.
He remembers the broth
she'd serve on Sundays,
so hot it burned
his tongue, the cornflowers
shedding petals
on the kitchen table.
There're men only
in this dark, coughing
impatiently, but Cowboy
is holding her hand
beneath the acacia tree
in early evening,
the very air so sweet
it smells like fresh cologne.

David Starkey