

Where are the Tea Rooms? – February 2011

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Catherine Heath

February 2011

A whirlwind of confusion,

And, an unattractive, blue contusion

Blossom on her cheek.

“Why have we been so weak?”

She asks.

Conciliation's still in view...

Relationships can still be true,

And I am still in debt to you.

Having spent the money,

I don't think that's quite so funny!

Think of the things that we could do?

In fact, I'm not sure where we're going,

And the seeds of doubt are growing,

(Shows no signs of slowing)-

We'll find it soon.

Lonely nights, and heart ache,

Are the stuff that dreams are made of,

While sugar plums, and silly puns,

Upset our usual cadence.

Lying in lacunas, like watches

On the shelf.

"Why do we do this to ourselves?"

There isn't anybody else?

I've waited for too long to stay

Still – silent - in the dark.

I want to embark on rainbow roads,

To the empire of the sun?

What this is, I must explore-

It feels unlike it did before...

Because we've never lived before.

Just so you know,

I do adore

You, but, I must implore, that

The truth matters very little, now--

Because life is brittle?

And, pale petals on pavements

Make more sense than parents.

In time.

Rueful rhymes in the morning

Over coffee -

Did I mention that I'm sorry?

This isn't where we want to be--

Though I love you, and you love me?

Cigarettes, shading sorrow,

Scared of what will come, tomorrow...

Can I borrow this from you?

I know it's not the thing to do,

But,

Simultaneously frightened, and allured-

Who was it said that they were bored?

How did we end up in this mess?

I don't know, I must confess--

I knew there was no choice,

But

To adore the tenor of your voice,

And, when we were alone, rejoice.

My love?

We hope our days will somehow mend,

The folly of our youth will end.

And we could do it all again.

(Could stop this going round the bend?)

Strange shapes form

Beneath the waves.

Peer through this adolescent haze;

Inform me of your thoughts?

This is the tea room that I sought;

Look, love, at this cup of tea I bought--

Though cold, bitter drinks

Are better now, I think,

Than whatever else could be

Cupped in your hands.

No one quite ever understands.

Well, I know that we've been here, before...

(The naked bodies on the shore)

The gentle kisses, 'neath the waves.

I think it's too late to be saved.

Below the frightening lamplight,

(You and me?)

Though in the dark, it's hard to see!

We could be good, you know

(Together)

Side by side, until forever.

But, for now, I'm taken--

Love, your hands are shaking.

I told you we were wrong for making

Something real, of what was not.

A trail of breaking hearts,
Leads to vacant sofas, steeped in
Handfuls of dust:
A sign that youth has gone to rust.
Idealised images of you
Tarnish, and combust.
Piles of romantic conceptions,
And armfuls of playful deceptions,
Were fun while they lasted.

This reminds me of the gardens,

For I

Saw you there, the other day-

Or someone that I thought was you.

(There wasn't anything to say.)

False promises can still be true!

But there are other sorrows, too,

Than that of me, and you.

(You know she's crazy about you)

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