

The Lark

Outside the red & white checked
tablecloth's café window
On a leafless cider apple branch
While I sweep the crumbs from my plate
You furrow a feathered grey brow
At the passing folk

 Grey hats, grey coats.
At least, for now you wonder
how your feathers came astray.
 More quickly than Franz Liszt
You disappear
Your speed, zest, bliss
 In this foggy Monday morning mist.

Like muffled horns in the motorcycle park,
I try to recall that far away lark.
As Tuesdays bustle fades away
 Again, in the warmth of the small café,
the cider apple's branches sway.