

## KITCHEN FLOOR

Death comes to us all, as it came  
Just now to that strange black insect  
Crushed underfoot on the kitchen floor.

Death comes to peaches. I murder  
One or two of them each morning  
Before the insects have a chance.

Where was his black soul heading for  
Before the boot of destiny got him?  
I saw him change direction twice .....

How long will it take sombre death  
To get its teeth into these words  
And put paid to our high romance?

Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> September 06