

'Melt'
Paul Waring

When I said if
and I only said if

we were stone

you pictured street cobble or beach-smooth pebble
but I had in mind mountain giant alpine

first name familiar with anyweather scarfed by
monochrome cloud ring-side as rush-hour birds
smoke past mackerel sky and us tempted to gulp
flame-thrown sun or shut storms off at the mains

and not just that

close enough to choose from menu of moons
and spoon-scoop stars under umbrella of night

(OK, maybe that's going too far)

but if like I said
if we were stone
and if one day

the world should turn in on itself turn us into ice
we'd stand naked naked as newborns and let's
face it watch ourselves melt and trickledrift
apart because isn't that how it goes?