

Serrano and Manchego
Philip Miller

Your favourite café has closed down, I saw today,
passing by on the bus, the flashing windows white
with paint, the sale sign up, and inside the spray
of dust on tables where we sat and ate that time

when you said, smiling, there was little more
that could be done. Strange drugs, a new diet,
surgery maybe. It was the good of goodbye,
cast back always in ever forward time.

Taking my hand you said don't be sorry, be happy,
and your veins were blue and rich in that sunshine.
Every time something happens,
it happens for the last time.