

Martin Robertson

[Wind is chilly on shoulders]

Wind is chilly on shoulders. Buses pass
but not my bus.
Comforting glow, warmth of drink, food
begin to fade.
Lovers close, held together, feud
against wind.
I stand alone, shiver. But not alone
ever again.
Apart we are, but you are with me
continually.
Odd chills are chance. Destined the steady glow
our loving knows.