

Wimbledon

Walking on the common
in heavy blue light,

she says to him the time for children,
were there ever one, has

passed, that would be that, and
two close calls aside,

she proves to be right, and the years
pass with happiness

too great to be measured, because
one does not measure what feels

endless, just as this land was once
a queen's private hunting estate,

everything around it hers too,
there were no boundaries,

until a village grew to service
her horses and

part-time tailors, the cobblers and
surgeons and cooks needed

to properly entertain guests, and
then the uninvited came,

took what was not desirable, built
their limestone houses,

rolled carriages down two-track
paths until the dirt was stone,

watching the eternal from their
hand-blown windows

as it tilted through centuries, like
a faithful planet

that doesn't regard its reflection
bouncing off distant moons,

light traveling back so slowly the
world has moved on, its orbit

endless, drawn by forces
exerting their will in the darkness

which on this falling January night
has drawn the sky close

like a wool coat, the lights in
homes once run by servants

flickering without a wince of post-
imperial shame,

and South London looks up
at wisdom winging down

at them like a bat flying on sonar:
how nothing remains, that in

mere years, their love, with no one
but each other as witness,

will have found some other way
to mark time, not by being

boundless, but bound, as the sky
is to ground at the close of day.