

PETER AUSTIN

## BEACHY HEAD

She threw herself from Beachy Head,  
Her boss's name upon her lips.  
We'd always thought that, when the chips

Were down ... well, now that she was dead,  
We pictured him unbowed by grief,  
Sighing, more likely, with relief

At having dodged ... she'd made too much  
Of smiles and uses of her name,  
Jacked up the ante in his 'game'

By seizing every chance to touch  
His hand with hers, or hip or knee  
Till, warnings proving futile, he

Dismissed her ... Her revenge, you've heard,  
The death-plunge bit, that is; the rest  
Of her Machiavellian quest

For vengeance was to snail mail word  
To Jan, his wife, of the 'affair'  
In all its made-up detail. Where

She got the nerve ... the last I knew,  
He was renting a three-roomed flat,  
Losing socks to the Laundromat

And, every Sunday, twelve till two,  
Watching his daughter drift away  
Over a meal in some café.