

JOE SHEERIN

Seaside Postcard

Tonight the vacancy in your heart is filled.
A tourist of love with his grubby suit
Case and scented wash bag, having tramped
the rain brightened streets, saw the lit
Sign in your window signalling free space.

Our lodging was winter frozen in the lock
Hard year and in a street where few people
Moved and a house where nobody visits, silence
Passed as companionship between the stoic walls.

In spring when the birds thawed out of the early
Hedges, the tourists arrived, free loaders
And one night opportunists. It was inevitable
That among the seaside landladies touting
One would find room enough in your small house.

Tomorrow morning there will be rings of laughter
In the kitchen, kippers coloured of gold and marmalade
Of onyx and best cups jangling like little bells.

You will prepare him a packed lunch and send him
Out warm with a kiss and a map of the town.
From early evening you will sit behind the door
Waiting, your heart sickening for his return.