We walked home together

hand in hand and

arm in arm

as is trying to capture the charm

of an afternoon in Hyde Park

-Circa 1895.

You in your suit, just a little too big for you

shirts folded twice at the cuffs;

Me, in my uniform, looking as chaste and prude

as a nun no longer new to the convent;

covered from ankle to clavicle.

We take our time

having nowhere to be, having

already found each other

and we walk along the high road, leisurely

weaving in and out of small greens and just blushing trees

but mainly keeping to the street

and you tell me how

you wait to cross until it is completely clear of cars

so no one has to stop for your legs, up and over

the bridge of paint and pedestrian lights.

You tell me, as we reach the railway lines,

how you used to stay there each day to name the trains as they passed

into somewhere new and only vaguely known.

Lastly, we come to your father’s church

and the little street in worship at its feet

which, with a quiet coincidence, shares your name

and we step next door,

and meander upstairs together.