

ex-aisle

One day I might see you again and maybe we'll be shopping.

my cart will be full of little domesticities

window cleaner and laundry detergent and loo roll

yours will be full of cherries and other staining remnants of youth

you'll say it's been a while

I'll nod along to the fridges humming awkwardly behind us

and the ceiling lights will inspect their fingernails as we talk

you'll ask me what's new and I'll think of how

the grass is growing better in the front yard

I took down the polaroid of us in my room

the dishwasher broke last week but it's all fixed now

and how your eyes must have changed colour because I can't see my reflection in them anymore

of course all this must remain an unsaid thing

so we'll trade ohnotmuchreallys and it'sgoodtoseeyoudoingwells

you'll look into my trolley and laugh and ask when I settled down

I'll know the question is really a with who and not a when

so I'll shrug and bare my teeth

while we'll both pretend we're not scanning each other's fingers for a ring

I'll look at you for a moment

realising we have become defined by severance

exiled from one another's mundanities

how we were once as marrow to sinew and sinew to skin

now sat in the well-meaning liminality of distance

having banished each other to a lifetime of drawstring-lipped silences

then they'll be another woman with your name in her mouth looking about the shop for you

and suddenly the pomegranates will look very interesting as she comes closer

and I simply must be getting back to attend to some vague urgency which has just appeared

but it was good seeing you

maybe we can imagine each other again sometime?