2nd November Poem

november
sets the table

badly

one chair too many
or not enough

the fork turned inward
like a question

gravy cooling
under its small brown skin

and everyone talking
around the name

not spoken

who is absent
is present
more exactly

than we are

mouths full
hands busy
football murmuring
from another room

hurry up please
it’s time

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2nd November Poem

but time for what

to pass the salt
to say forgive me
to notice the steam
leaving the potatoes

as if even warmth
were trying
not to stay

i have loved
the chair

after the body
was gone

have touched
its wooden back

and felt

not ghost

not comfort

only the shape
left behind

asking us
to sit differently

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