

Buns In the Evening

down by the river
on tartan softened earth

fading sun slants
brushed like egg-white
across your hairy bum

we laugh
compare buttocks
to daily fresh buns
a penny for your thoughts
you say

and I am thinking
of you



taken from the oven
deliciously hot...

and you
always the artist reply
catch the crayon coloured sky
the 96 stick pack
magenta, orange, blue, black

impossible to describe
like plucking one concerto string
or reading single words