

## **Forty Days**

It is forty days since I saw you  
tasted the salt edge and  
breathed the warmth of  
your being there  
in the cold  
English winter.

Leaden heavy heart  
grey flagstones  
tuneless sparrows  
broken chimneys  
coal smoke  
sad streets.

Is it forty days since I saw you  
brighten the sorry exile  
drunk with soft English rain  
weeping in the low light  
of evening and  
looking for the footpath home.