

Market Street

There is no market now – only the name
and a hundred yards of cobbles
where the tarmac has worn thin
to hint at what was there between the wars:

a ginnel sloping down to the canal,
the clattering of hooves as carts were hauled
to fill the stalls that lined the town.
Like Meadow Bank and Orchard Grove

The name replaces what was there.
It is enough to lie here when it rains
through random moments of the night
when something new might still begin –

the curtains drawn, the candles lit
as if the century had never turned
here in the high and bolstered bed
under a canopy of gauze.