

LOVE THERE WAS

She was my warm, dark haired girl, in those Clapton days.
Fifteen we were, and danced Saturdays and kissed in that alley
near her home, her Polish parents, disapproving, with stern gaze
at this boy from Finsbury Park whom would hold her hand and dally.

We talked then of love, of a home for two then three or more
in Stamford Hill, where we snuggled on the cinema seats
and gazed at Humphrey and Ingrid in some Casablanca lore
and later read to each other love poems from Burns or Keats.

Then in uniform I phoned her from Catterick with love
to ask her to marry me when I returned from service abroad.
She said yes, and then I left, in happiness and thanks to anyone above
in heaven; for she was my young raven haired love I adored.

Then when the uniform was left and I left too and wandered home
to meet my love; to touch her white skin and heard with gloom
she had married that fat lawyer, who left her to roam
after two months with pregnancy in her womb.

Forty years later we met in Euston Road with shouts of glee
had our cuppa and talked of what might have been.
There was nothing there to unite her and me
and what might have happened and what we could have seen.

I remember her with my usual aged thoughts of youth
my sorrow at passing friends and passing days.
That raven hair, those eyes, the words of truth
I thought were truth, in life's misty haze.

Roger Robinson