

Sunday

The murder of a whore, news of decrees
For cruelty, and spivvery among
Those in authority; a coy strip-tease
Caught in a photography, the usual wrong
Perspectived letters on the usual topics,
A splash of sport in pensioned players' jargon,
The fifth instalment of 'Love in the Tropics';
Sober headlines of war—this is a bargain
For pennies. But the fire is dying down;
Tomorrow's furnace is being stoked and soon
It will be lit in the surrounding town.
Now to her, sleeping in the little room
Across the passage, softly go, and in
Her dreaming face find remedy for sin.

R. L. COOK