

A L I C E
A L L A N

T H E P O E T ' S W I F E

Afternoon light slides
through my glass,
another end,
another day's paragraph.

Then footsteps,
a suitcase crunching on the drive,
a face breaking through from a past life.

Back then, every detail hugged close,
we knew we'd never get old,
forget,
or lose touch.

Now her face is edited—
lined where she's crossed out
a husband,
a history.

I still remember the day he popped the question
or rather dropped it on her
like a bucket of paint.

Her story—a drizzle, then storm-mad—
billows out into the street
smashing windscreens,
spreading clothes across the lawn.

I pour us a few more—what else?
Watch the moon climb
to rest at spotlight height.

‘It’s true,’ she says to its mute white gaze.
‘You’d have to be mad to marry one.’