

Steve Cartwright

And we were ghosts



Cornflower, elder, mustard, and clover carpeted our morning by the Roman villa.
Two lovers back to back among the tangled meadow grasses
Thumbing through my poetry.
The near-strangled Evenlode could barely raise a ripple
And a huge yellow sun burned mercilessly down upon its alder and its willow.
The bees hovered
The gnats swarmed
And the stifled air hung heavy with the sultry morning heat.
The day stood almost still.
Everywhere was silence and we were ghosts,
Anthony and Cleopatra
Bathing in the meadow's grassy tide.
Our togas tossed away
Our fragile linen lifted
Our pink and naked flesh abandoned to the sacred beauty of the Meadow
Two lovers lost in love and time
Lying naked by the river
On their bed of mustard and of clover
Willed into a drunken slumber
By the sweet and gentle voices from their Roman villa
As she sang her love song out to them
Across two thousand years of time.