Holiday

Later, when the children are in bed
they look each other in the eye
tank God –

the might-have-beens
unspeakable between them.

No splash, the pool’s surface
scarcely disturbed, silence –
one where there should have been two –

a small hand reaching up
all they can see of their son.

Their first day, lunchtime,
pick-you-up beers overdue
in the shimmering heat,

birds in the palms feeding,
the sky perfect Iberian blue.

Penny Ouvry

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