

## **Holiday**

Later, when the children are in bed  
they look each other in the eye  
*thank 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**