

Dead Leaves Eddying

Dead leaves eddying
In the moody autumn wind:
Sadness in my mind



Blue smoke curling up
From the Autumn bonfire; apples
Rot in the damp grass

Village where we lived
Fifty years ago. The oak tree's
Familiar branches



First day back at school:
Autumn sun on ancient bricks;
Smell of polished floors

**In the master's study,
Waiting to be caned. Outside,
Classmates wait for news**



**In the morning train:
Coughs, damp clothes, tobacco smoke;
Dull, averted eyes**

Hitch hiking alone:
Trucks roar past and disappear
Into the wet night



Her dark-haired beauty
Used to fill me with desire.
Sad how love grows cold...

Dark autumn morning:
My ageing face in the mirror;
Outside, cold rain falls



“Wake me up” she says,
“If you feel like making love”.
Ah, how passion fades...

**Alone in London
Dialing old phone numbers.
Strangers answering**



**Autumn in London:
Alone in the hotel room,
Thoughts of former loves**

