

One Particular Writing Team

Lattes and tea have become our underscore.
The window of the cafe, our view onto stories.

You share an observation and my face creases up,
instantly, like a toddler does, at nothing in particular.

We consume both sonnets and sponge cake, prefacing
each new passage with queries about parking meters.

Steaming our way through joint thoughts and second mugs
accompanied by a sandwich that tastes of nothing much.

Each time I arrive, I pause - to catch sight of your face through
the prism -
savour what's ahead: both of our news, but, really about you in
particular.