

Tennis and Love

I judge your potential as partner
By the smooth stretch and twist
Of your arm in the sun.
I remark how the tanned skin of your legs
Flashes bright in the light.
How your words fall from your lips
Slow and composed in the heat of the match.

Your next serve sails untouched past my ear
and I would call out,
"Please, we must not let this match be over."
But you call out first,
"Forty, Love."
And I stop, confused and amazed
At the lop-sided score.

You stride to the baseline to serve once more
For the match,
And the one thought in my head is that
I could watch you move in the sun forever.

George Hepworth