



They Sit Together On The Porch

They sit together on the porch,
the dark
Almost fallen, the house behind
them dark.
Their supper done with, they
have washed and dried
The dishes—only two plates now,
two glasses,
Two knives, two forks, two
spoons—small work for two.
She sits with her hands folded in
her lap,
At rest. They do not speak,
And when they speak at last it is
to say
What each one knows the other
knows. They have
One mind between them, now,
that finally
For all its knowing will not exactly
know
Which one goes first through the
dark doorway, bidding
Goodnight, and which sits on a
while alone.



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