

Barrie Ashby

A Quarter a Day

I lost the half sheet
Where I wrote you a poem
About giving you all the things you could never want.

In this hastily written poem,

I told you I'd become a jewel thief.
But you don't seem to like diamonds
Or anything flashy.
You don't like attention
Except, I hope, the kind I'd pay you.

And I know you don't read often,

But I would let you check me out,
Examine the pages.
And return them to me,
In any condition,
Entirely overdue,

With just one small fee.