

Marc Carver

THE LOVER

I hacked off my massive beard
it took a while.

The next day we went to the restaurant in the hotel.

None of the waitresses recognised me and wondered who was sitting with my wife.

Then one of the waiters recognised me and came over.

"What happened to the beard?" He said.

"Oh no I am the lover the husband had to go home but don't tell anybody."

He laughed as he cleared away a few plates.

THE SECRET

I took it to the garden to bury it.
Down and down I dug until I hit another one.
This one was buried deep but only because I knew that I could not open it
It had been there since the beginning of time
my time anyway.
It was impossible to open I knew that.
But this one had to go very deep
now it had come to the surface again.
You see I had almost forgot about it but it had been there always just under the surface.
So I dug and I dug until I got tired and threw it in and covered it.
The next day I was refreshed from my sleep I looked out into the garden and there it was
proud as punch for everybody to see.

A NICE POEM FOR A CHANGE

The sea air passes through my fingers as I lift my hands into the air
the waves orchestrate the wind
and I push them apart
there is nothing but this moment to conquer
no future
no past
nothing.
All desires are taken away by the sea and the air.