

Stephen Robertson

This may be the end

The dance

In her very own month of May
she says “Now’s the time—fix the day.
You dance to my tune,
I’ll lead.” But come June
it turns out she has feet of clay.

On the continent

My control is as strong as can be
and stable—they will make for me.
But when my support
is caught badly short
I’ll just have to ask ‘Where d’you pee?’