

## To Julia in the Supermarket

Ah strange, distant and beautiful woman,  
pushing a trolley down an avenue of tins,  
a child in tow, a shopping list in hand,

how much I adore the curve of your waist,  
the sway of your body, the pause, the turn  
and reed-quick bending to one side of you.

Let me pile your trolley with new-baked rolls  
and fill your arms with artichokes and wine,  
let me explain that thinking you elsewhere

but finding you here has torn the membrane  
that custom and routine thickens in my eyes  
and through the fissure burst, as at the first,

the whole breathing, talking, hurrying, laughing,  
soft-lipped, warm-hipped, red-scarfed woman of you.