

## **IDYLL**

The sun shines on the waters of the river. The girls across from us chatter in a warm haze of barely distinguishable participles.

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I can hear the distance of the tiny wings of insects, the rustle of collars on the starched cloth of a jacket. The splash of wine into a glass. A word of wit. A note of silence in the distance as the cricket balls are struck.

*Pick. Pock. Puck.*

The green of the summer lawns. The ancient stones of the College.

## **IDYLL**

Nothing we say or do is wrong. We cannot make mistakes. We are locked into a cycle of *moving steps towards the perfect*. The air hangs with the silent music of the virginal. Her black hair looks *magnificent* draped over the white lace of her shoulder. She is with others, but she is always with *me*. There is a movement of security between us. We are held in the company of others, under the summer sun.

## **ANALYSIS**

I give her a closer aspect and silently observe her and all of us as one action under the dispassionate laws of physics that turn constellations under the sun, and move the dust that we are together and apart and back again. Always. Eternal and immutable and uncontradictable.

She gives a laugh at some wit and turns to glance over to me. My every fibre loves her. Am I alone in knowing that one day too, this flesh shall rot?