

MARKERS OF MODERN LIFE

I count my time in
the clicking clock, the hourly radio
ritual of the news
and weather. In doing
the dishes every night.

I count my life's weeks in
new toilet rolls, in the garbage
bins being put out, in the turning
pages of a calendar.

The opening hours
of my local library.
The use-by date
on the milk carton. The cream
going off. Charging
my electric toothbrush.

The availability of quince,
lemons and strawberries
to stock the preserves cupboard.

The bananas turning black
in the fruit-basket.

My fingernails needing pruning,
so too my mother's fruit trees.

I count my days in
only possible visitors. But the growing
belly of a lass across the street
reminds me that
the months are passing.

I count the seconds in
a microwave timer.
And the sun creeping away
two minutes earlier
every night.