

POETRY

Overheard

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'That's it then.' The couple paused beneath the light,
Both young, good looking, but now tense and strained.
Decision made, he turned and walked away.
I imagined a happy ending, the hand outstretched,
An understanding of the other's needs.
But no, this scene was set for tragedy, they should not have parted so.
He would go on to forge a name in some prestigious city firm,
Make a glittering match with an ice maiden.
She, the more vulnerable, settles for second best,
Sighs when she sees the papers, reads of the divorce.
'That's it then.' Those words haunt me still,
Heard one November evening in a London street.



Ann Finch