

Barry Wilson

Widescreen

Notice the way heat slips its noose  
and heads indoors. Follows our bare feet  
as we navigate this warming landscape  
of fabrics and laminate.

I remember how my father once,  
on a deepening summer night,  
pulled the telly and couch  
onto the cooling flags of the backyard  
and how the close murmur of late traffic  
brought its own sadness  
to the news, the adverts, the tennis,  
as we sat beneath the stars in unthinkable darkness.  
And how the Wimbledon grass had never seemed  
more distant or the universe more touchable and open.