

Colin James

Writer's Cramp

We are in the dog's bed.
You are upset because it's so small, the bed.
I am absorbed in your proximity.
Occasionally a limb will shoot up,
hit the floor or brick hearth
and you cry out in discomfort.
I haul you back into bed
to snuggle in the hairs with me.
We are circuitously enrapt.
Someone is knocking at the front door.
People have left things there before,
but not as blatantly as this.
Usually just thoughtful manila envelopes
enduring amongst the rhododendrons.