

Companionship

I don't want to be alone,
well I do
but only for a second,
maybe two.

In the others, I want to be
one of multiple spoons
digging into a dish,
clinks of metal on ceramic
chiming in almost unison.
I want to be,

swapping segments
of mandarins
in a pocket of the afternoon,
forming an unnecessary exchange
but doing it anyway.
I want,

temporary hearts
etched into the steam
of the bathroom mirror
and sticky notes
left on the side before a big day.

I want the lilts in my laughter
to layer with yours
as we jump over waves,

And I want to tell
someone why
M&S chocolate covered bourbons are the best biscuit
whilst we sit on a train
and sip tea

from the same cup.