

# Ten years later

*by* Claire King

Are you asleep? He says.

Wake up.

*In the morning...*

You forget me, he says.

Long city nights and fine merlot,  
a pillion along the embankment.

*I do not forget you,*

*The 3am scent of salt on your skin,*

*your tentative advances when I ached to drag you into me.*

You forget me,

A phone waiting to ring.

Nothing certain; a crossroads, a chance.

*I do not forget you,*

*At my side,*

*Quaking promises before our friends.*

You forget me,

The man before the father,

the bare feet and the muscles.

*I do not forget you,*

*You are all this and more,*

*And will still be, once I have slept.*

