**As the cycle comes to an end**

We are sitting in the laundrette

with our feet buried in sand -

a basket agitates above a full spin

and sun silver-plates the waves.

The tide drags the hours back,

pegs them along the horizon

as gulls call one name in unison

(yours and mine glitched together).

I have a blue sky in one hand

and a cocktail in the other,

you stare out to sea beneath

a sunset red umbrella.

I should have saved more detail

but our voices are tumbling

round and round the drum,

dropping past the porthole glass

and in the build-up of heat

we evaporate into thin air

where I try to tell you how

I flare to think of this

and you look up, as the waves

surge across the sand

to smooth us out, then fold us

like gently scented linen.