

Six months since this grit
started pearling,

equinox to equinox

I checked my diary: exactly
six moon tumbles ago,

my breast became a bowl of cloud.

I cancelled the first date,
rescheduling a week later

(there's the address, benign
on the facing page).

I struggle to recall what seemed so pressing –
could be from my scrawl a clash of work, or simply

it was inconvenient.