

## **Blemishes**

My lover's wart  
Lay just below  
The index finger  
Of her right hand.

With the large brown freckle,  
Splendid  
On the upper-right  
Reaches of her nose,  
It re-introduced itself to me,  
The night I knew  
Our kisses had run out.

Blemishes on the body,  
A familiar landscape,  
Changed to  
A topography of loss;  
Reminders  
Of attention  
That had yet to be paid.

Now,  
With no more grains of sand  
To add to the hourglass  
I pack away  
Her smell, touch and image.

All the vibrant colours  
Boxed up  
In a dusty attic  
As memories.