FOR JUNE

The pier can wait.

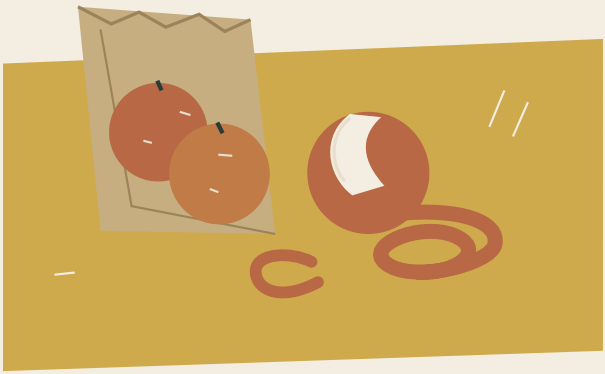
A small thank-you for two days at the yellow table.

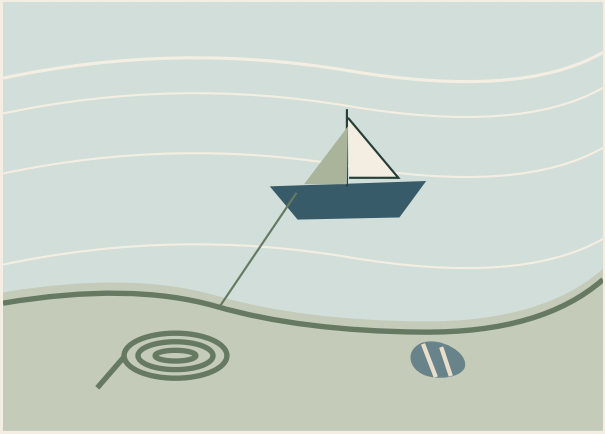


Dear June,

I had written “walk to the far pier.” We never got there. Instead, we had three oranges, two cups and a yellow table by the window.

You left the broken peel in a coil and said my third boat drawing might float. I’m keeping that review.





“We can come back when it’s raining.”

The harbour was silver when you said that. We split the second orange, then walked along the near quay again.

Thank you for the weekend.
Rowan