

two houses
in response to a painting by Ann Redpath

she didn't smoke like a chimney, he did
who had the more peaceful, calm exterior?
her velvet interior plunged into darkness
his sing song voice lighting the depth of his soul
their secret desires borne between them, a plucky pink
dwelling on layers of raw emotion

their foundation cash with a pretty facade
a night on the tiles or just to be shut in
her serenaded from the balcony, under a regal sky
no entry into possession of their love could be found
strong and confident they stood side by side
their tip? they were hotter than a peppered sprout!

Jo Beth Gray