

One person's ideas is another person's jumble. I learned that much. We just don't seem to be on the same wavelength. Is it that difficult, I ask myself. The list of things she wants to do were full of things I do in my 'spare' time, my leisure, my entertainment, swimming, sunbathing, massage, painting her nails, planting flowers, take Katy to playgroups, yoga, meditation, go on picnics, visit old English country houses, cycle to Rye, visualisation, rebirthing, co-counselling . . . this is just a short

selection from two lists I have had so far. Is it 'work'?

And I am ashamed. Because I said do what you think is important to you. Not to me. To her. And here I am wanting to be in control again. Becoming once again the heavyhanded highhanded employer who tells people what to do. My own father. The question is, what do I do now? Is it important that I am happy with her 'work' or not? Or is it only important that she is happy with it? Help please!

Yesterdays

And now all I can think about is yesterdays,
Yesterday's pain, yesterday's love, yesterday's joy,
Movie tones and pastel shades of memory,
Today is just a passing limbo moving away,
Away to become another yesterday, pale and wan,
No forward thinking, no searching for unknown pleasures,
No temptation to motivate the pleasure principle,
Just walking through a tunnel adding curved yesterdays,
Darkening the horizons, caught with tunnel vision.

And superficial strains of laughter emanate from
This buoyancy of a shallow peripheral madness
Working to appear natural, non-concerned, amused,
The fascination of this Spring is dampened by a long Winter
And keeping with solitude amongst so many is fake,
So now there's nothing to believe, no hope to live.

Descend as an outcast to a land where social lepers live,
Cripples of convention, cripples of loneliness,
Some self-pity where there's no avoidance.

And all this leaves is yesterdays,
Yesterday's thoughts, yesterday's dreams unrealised.

Adrian Tomkinson
