

POETRY

The Perfect Day

By Susan Walpole

The perfect day is not contiguous
but comes from other days' moments
joining together into glorious memory.

The first spying, the first kiss, the first
'I love you' all conspire to create that perfect day.

A quiet meal of favourite foods with
discussions on life and all things beyond ourselves;
sunshine in the garden during Autumn cool,
snatched snippets of other peoples' lives,
holidays abroad, Paris, Florence and Neuchâtel,
silly cycle rides, long walks, trips across the water, Morat/Murten
and 'Mozart's' tea room; fondu in Bern, a glass of Swiss wine, filets du pêche
in Auvernier, skinny fries and fresh green salad; croissants in Paris in the early morning,
le chocolatchaud, bitter and dark, Le Louvre and 'La Gioconda' casting spells with her enigmatic smile;
opera in Florence, soul searchingly searing; real pizza in La Giardino di Bobily, the Ufizzi, Venezianno's
'Virgin and Child', Boticelli's 'Birth of Venus', da Fabrianno's 'Adoration of the Magi', perfection
assaulting our senses; Ponti Vecchio, dripping with gold, a cameo brooch purchased with love from you
to me...

Tramping through fields close to home,
eating English strawberries, juicy red staining fingers,
strolling by the river, a picnic lunch at a hidden table,
the three trees circled in 'Bethsheba's field', sheep wandering woolly
to lunch on lush green grass; young people relaxing by the river,
giggling, flirting, stealing innocent kisses as only they can.

These are the moments of a perfect day,
nestling in the recesses of the mind,
surging to consciousness, living again, dispelling sadness
when days seemed dark and
loneliness sat heavy on shoulders hunched,