

Ending by Gavin Ewart

The love we thought would never stop
now cools like a congealing chop.

The kisses that were hot as curry
are bird-pecks taken in a hurry.

The hands that held electric charges
now lie inert as four moored barges.

The feet that ran to meet a date
are running slow and running late.

The eyes that shone and seldom shut
are victims of a power cut.

The parts that then transmitted joy
are now reserved and cold and coy.

Romance, expected once to stay,
has left a note saying gone away.