

The Castles We Built

after Frank O'Hara

Do you remember the summer we first made castles from
hay swathes cut from our younger selves and the days were a
soaring buzzard riding an ultramarine sky

When night was a starry necklace we lay on long grass
watching meteors, glittering phytoplankton swimming
in our own indigo ocean

The sun carried us here and we warmed each other
with promises and pheasant nests, soft mallows and
nodding golden cowslip heads

Let us catch time and take it prisoner in a cage made from
fragrant violets, a song, a gulp of champagne in a crystal
flute, silver notes of salt tears

I wouldn't want to be my younger self, a sapling a green shoot
without you beside me to mark my days and O how
we still make castles together and they are glorious.