

Moscow Again

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Kursk Road, Moscow

I slipped and bumped into you.

You said, 'look out'.

I said 'if I had

looked out

I wouldn't have bumped

into you'.

A good job then,
that I did.

Thick woolly gloves
and soft lips.



Tea in the Coffee Shop

Is it a contradiction
that I wanted tea
in a coffee shop?

It was contrary that
we bumped into each other.
I was just sightseeing
but you were walking
with a purpose.

Where is your purpose now?
Dreamy, both of us.

Gloves

I laughed so much
when you took one pair
of gloves off, and
underneath those there were
another.

You made big eyes and said
'but it is cold outside'.

It is getting warm for me
now, and you are
glowing.

At the Dacha

A big wood fire
crackling, with snow
on the windowsills outside.

'Can I help you take your
coat off?
Are you wearing just one?'

You showed mock frustration
but said 'actually, yes I am'.

I have never laughed so much.
And then I kissed you.



The Present

I gave you the shiny bag.
I had remembered,
ballet shoes inside.

'They are for you' I said.

You held them in front
of your shining brown eyes.
'Do you want me to dance for you?'

We danced together
in front of the crackling fire.
The magic rising in your cheeks.

The Evening

Black dark outside.
I told you a scary story.
You sat there in trepidation.

'But it's OK', I said.
You put your arm through mine
and we just looked into
each other's eyes.

I unwrapped a chocolate for you
and you were delicious.
More than a chocolate box.

Comfortable

You changed into
something comfortable.
But it made me
very uncomfortable.

Lace and elastic,
sheer and silky.
'Supper?' she asked
And I said I was starving.

But I couldn't eat the food.
I was starving for her.

Awake

I woke up at 2 am.
We were sleeping in front
of the wood fire,
had just curled up
in each other's arms.

'Yelena', I whispered
but she was silent,
so I just kissed her gently
and wandered to the window
and looked out on the snow.

Breakfast

Hot tea with creamy milk,
toasty bread,
we shared each slice
and laughed like children.

We had built the blankets up
into our own castle,
warm against the cold.

The fire was out.

We drew straws on who would fetch
the kindling to light it again.

The Song

The radio played our favourite song,
and we sang along.

Well, she did,
and I just played with her
long dark hair,
curling snakelike
down her back.

'Solnyshka', I said to her.
It means sunshine and she is,
in this, our winter retreat.