

◆ JOHN TALBOT ◆

*Kensington Church Street*

Strangers an hour ago; then for half an hour  
Lord and Lady of the bus-shelter in sudden rain.  
But when the sun returned and parted the curtain  
The truth was plain:

That her bus would not wait; that this was the end;  
Salvo of pleased-to-meet-yous; and chiefly  
That he would belong to her and she to him  
Forever, but briefly.