

**Now**

*“Is all the time  
We’ll ever have,”  
I said –*

Sitting in an Autumn embrace -  
Watching laughing, happy people  
By a sunny Sunday,  
Semaphore sea,  
The fresh, sweet taste  
Of your tongue  
Still tingling -  
Like champagne bubbles,  
Inside of me!

*“Yesterday is gone for ever.  
Tomorrow - always has to come.  
So ‘Now’  
Is all the time  
We’ll ever have!”*

We walked back  
To our room  
And bed,  
Nothing further -  
Needing to be said,

Our backs to  
Laughing children,  
Sparkling water...  
The warming - afternoon sun,

My hand gently resting,  
In the hip pocket  
Of your jeans,  
Holding the shape,  
And every movement -  
Of your beautiful bum.

Tim Barritt. 3.5.10.  
*Earth Angel 181*