

## Best Part Of The Day

The children now are fast asleep,  
snuggled and safe from all harms.  
You open a bottle of sparkling wine  
and I lie in your muscular arms.  
Our garden in twilight cloaks us in warmth  
in our starter home somewhere one June,  
after the Elvis comeback special  
before the first man on the moon.

And you look at me and say  
It's the best part of the day.

We join the technical middle class  
and start to do middle class things.  
Our older kids go to their tennis and chess clubs,  
the little one dances and sings.  
We still sit in the evenings, his arm round my waist,  
now thicker but he understands.  
We extended the house, and voted for Reagan;  
he feels like a safe pair of hands.

And you look at me and say  
It's the best part of the day.

At parties you now have a lonely man's laugh  
and a redness surrounding each eye.  
One bottle each evening's no longer enough  
and neither, it seems, am I.  
One Sunday night you come back for your things  
once the lawyers confirm what is mine.  
Still a family, I guess, for in national disasters  
we all text to say that we're fine.

We meet up at Annabel's wedding  
(or was it the christening of Miles?).  
The grandchildren wearing their smartest for church  
while the rest of us wear awkward smiles.  
About to return to our separate homes  
we kiss before driving away,  
and we stop and we try to recall when it was  
we had the best part of our day.