

## Serenade

Someone has replaced the vape and takeaway debris  
that loitered here when I last walked this way  
with a trail of jasmine flowers,  
skyfall lucidæ on sun-bleached asphalt.

At the canal,  
lovers on the towpath  
weave through willow fronds  
sure as a cleat hitch.

A woman with proper running shoes  
shares a metre with her lurcher—  
their lose-ankle skip wisps  
above the path like hovercraft.

That one couple waiting at the school gate,  
a generation older than the rest,  
the way he tucks her hair, bends to kiss, like  
she has nectar only he can siphon.

And a girl, 6 or 7, calls out  
over some back garden wall,  
*Hello, Hello, You hear me? ....*  
to all of us or none.