

## Beached

I bathe your fevered flesh, prop you up on  
a shore of Egyptian cotton. Your corona eyes  
track my every move.

*Sorry I couldn't keep you safe, we were mismatched  
from the start. Me a lion – you a fish.*

I offer potato mash; fork *I love you*  
in its creamy topping. You fork back  
three wobbly XXX.

Spurred on, I muster my lion strength  
enfold you in my arms and lift.

We make it to the window. You  
breathe hard - misting the glass;  
*look, you cry I'm not finished yet.*

Hope takes flight from Pandora's Box.

Perhaps we will get down to the sea tomorrow.

By Louise Larkinson