

I like the word "intimacy" because it's somehow smaller than a word like "romance", and yet feels as though it has more power. And isn't that the job of poetry, to take the big, the sweeping, the all-encompassing idea, and contract it into something that loses none of its power for being smaller? Each day contains a hundred intimate acts, and each of those could alter the course of your life.

Good luck.

Last train

the threeseaters have become beds
for the last workers out of Sheffield
one young man reclines as if in
a sauna when the heat has loosened
the body and the balls are at their lowest
what would it be to lay with him
naked as a navvy to lick him dry
of the day he's had to be still with him
as the night outside hardens down to coal

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