

*poetry by C.P. Stewart*

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### **The Prize**

One day, no doubt,  
I shall lose your love,  
in my careless way,  
not noticing,

but wondering, vaguely,  
as I go from room to room,  
at all the hours you, lately, spend,  
bent, peering under beds and chairs and  
tables,  
or rocking, to and fro, upon those white,  
expensive, knees.

### **The Banquet**

Seventeen years ago,  
tonight,  
you gave yourself to me,  
on a plate.

Enjoy, you said,  
and closed your eyes.

And I have feasted, feasted,  
but I am never emptied.

### **This**

Listen,

in her cube of black,  
the beautiful blind-girl bathes.

There is nothing here for you to see...

Move on.