

## love affair

i'm creating a site-specific work of art:

i'm having a love affair with my neighbour

over the fence i see her  
finger-tipping the clothes line  
restraining the frippering wash against the wind

i hear her gate slam and  
with luck I catch a frivolous swish of skirt  
(i am in love with her ankles)

the departing car is a siren song  
but i cannot catch her face in the mirrors  
although sometimes she looks back at me

i'm having a love affair with my neighbour  
but i don't think she knows

i fondle her mis-directed mail  
and redeliver it with pleasure and  
a dash of scented oil  
i have planted flowers in the garden  
to spell out her name --  
you can read it from her kitchen window

i wish her milk still came delivered  
so i could lay a red red rose  
on the red red bottle top  
in front of her scarlet door

red is her favourite colour

i don't think she knows  
and it cannot really be requited

i thought i saw a grub  
on the home-grown tomatoes  
that appeared at my gate

there was no signature on the poem  
slipped into in my mailbox  
yesterday, on top of the newspaper

the cd i found with the flowers  
placed gently onto the doormat  
didn't have any love songs i liked

it cannot really be requited:  
i am creating a site-specific work of art

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*This poem inspired Margo Lanagan to create a piece to be published  
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