

## HOMAGE TO A LOVELY LADY

I look for solace in the warm-bath sea  
in forlorn hope my lovely lady will  
come swimming back to me.  
It seems only yesterday since we lazed together  
on this sun-kissed sand,  
In blissful ignorance of the sledge-hammer blow  
about to land.

Now, my scattered thoughts in disarray,  
I stand alone on this crowded beach  
praying for the strength to survive another day.  
No more her gentle touch to comfort me.  
Yet, I can still recall those loving times we shared  
to make my spirit free.

I turned to gaze up at our favourite place to stay  
nestling on a nearby hillside 'with views to die for',  
as the holiday brochures say.  
My imagination lifted me to a hotel balcony  
where, once more, we drank gin and tonics  
as the moon shone down on a velvet-black sea.

This was her idyllic place of peace  
with seductive Skiathos luring us back  
to share the best of Greece.  
Most of all she loved the music and romance.  
So I, with two left feet, was filled with pride  
when someone said one evening: My, Can That Lady Dance!

Thoughts meander to the bustling town  
where we loved to search for souvenirs,  
often walking up and down, up and down.  
Her eagle eyes were full of pleasure  
as, remembering the family back home,  
she found yet another fridge magnet treasure.

Now my homage is nearly over  
as I look out to sea,  
standing by an empty sunbed  
where my lovely lady used to be.