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## Wimbledon

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## *Wimbledon*

Walking on the common  
in heavy blue light,  
she says to him the time for children,  
were there ever one, has  
passed, that would be that, and  
two close calls aside,  
she proves to be right, and the years  
pass with happiness  
too great to be measured, because  
one does not measure what feels  
endless, just as this land was once  
a queen's private hunting estate,  
everything around it hers too,  
there were no boundaries,  
until a village grew to service  
her horses and  
part-time tailors, the cobblers and  
surgeons and cooks needed  
to properly entertain guests, and  
then the uninvited came,  
took what was not desirable, built  
their limestone houses,  
rolled carriages down two-track  
paths until the dirt was stone,

watching the eternal from their  
hand-blown windows

as it tilted through centuries, like  
a faithful planet

that doesn't regard its reflection  
bouncing off distant moons,

light traveling back so slowly the  
world has moved on, its orbit

endless, drawn by forces  
exerting their will in the darkness

which on this falling January night  
has drawn the sky close

like a wool coat, the lights in  
homes once run by servants

flickering without a wince of post-  
imperial shame,

and South London looks up  
at wisdom winging down

at them like a bat flying on sonar:  
how nothing remains, that in

mere years, their love, with no one  
but each other as witness,

will have found some other way  
to mark time, not by being

boundless, but bound, as the sky  
is to ground at the close of day.