

The Trophy

It caught her eye, almost the wink
Of fading love in a foreign dream
In the lace-webbed glade of attic dusk.

Dust had draped the golden prize
And dulled the deed of champion praise.
She took it down, lifted away

With her breath the garment of sad age,
Touched the metal of the winner's face;
Remembered her place, the wedding and put

The trophy quite suddenly back on the shelf,
Having seen in the peeling inscription plate
The jig-saw reflection of herself.

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