

By Dr Melvin Look

Last Christmas

Last Christmas
I gave you my heart
on a cold steel platter
braided with tassels of silk
now hemmed and locked
within the vault inside your chest
where it nestled
first quivering then
thumping the rhythm of your rebirth as he watched
one of three wise men
harlequin eyes behind a mask of infallibility
sealing his work with scars that
move like little mouths in comforting silence
but if they could speak
what would be the language of their suffering
and would they sing of Johnny and the walk of life?

Last Christmas

I went down to the oceans at Torndirrup
to watch the crimson sunset fill the Gap
where Gondwana once held hands
not knowing that parting
would be the last



Dr Melvin Look is a Consultant Gastrointestinal and Laparoscopic Surgeon in private practice. He is a perfectionist at work but a dreamer and procrastinator in real life (a lethal combination). He is currently writing tasting notes for that perfect cup of 3-in-1 and a book of pop-up poetry (whatever that means). He once sat, for inspiration, in the Edinburgh cafe where JK Rowling did her best work, and has been working on his own million dollar book deal. He is still waiting.