

The Amorous Teacher's Sonnet to His Love

Each morning I teach in a daze until
the bell that lets me hurry down and queue
with pounding heart to wait for you to fill
my eyes with beauty and my plate with stew.
Dear dinner lady, apple of my eye,
I long to shout I love you through the noise
and take your hand across the shepherd's pie
despite the squealing girls or snickering boys.
O let us flee together and start up
a little cafe somewhere in the Lakes
and serve day trippers tea in china cups
and buttered scones on pretty patterned plates.

Alas for dreams so rudely bust in two -
some clumsy child's spilt custard on my shoe.