

**Catch up**

I remember walking through London with you.  
We'd shared a bottle of wine at *The Euston Flyer*  
though the naff kind  
(since moving down under  
I'd become a connoisseur).  
We were raw  
visceral  
stripped back to our bones.  
And we talked about Dad  
about your breaking and my falling  
about the space of him in our lives.  
We bled a little  
peeling back years  
prodding old wounds  
in real time.

***J V Birch***