

Meeting Midnight

by Carol Ann Duffy

I met Midnight

Her eyes were sparkling pavements after frost.

She wore a full length, dark-blue raincoat with a hood.

She winked. She smoked a small cheroot.

I followed her.

Her walk was more a shuffle, more a dance.

She took the path to the river, down she went.

On Midnight's scent,

I heard the twelve cool syllables, her name,

chime from the town.

When those bells stopped,

Midnight paused by the water's edge.

She waited there.

I saw a girl in purple on the bridge.

It was One o'Clock.

Hurry, Midnight said. It's late, it's late.

I saw them run together.

Midnight wept.

They kissed full on the lips

And then I slept.

The next day I bumped into Half-Past Four.

He was a bore.