

*Tennis Courts in Snow*

Snow has come down since dawn  
On the first Saturday  
Of Hilary mid-term

And now in the clear gaze  
Of a night sky speckled  
Full of moonlight and stars

The tennis courts are laid  
Out smooth as a towel,  
Whiter than Wimbledon,

The sagging net forlorn  
And all the lines erased  
By inches of this fall.

Beneath it, scuff-marked outs  
And dodgy service calls,  
A rally's join-the-dots

Intact across the grit,  
A backhand passing shot,  
An ace at forty-love.

Beyond the frozen fence  
A sodium streetlight  
Spreads its Lucozade glow,

The solitary sign  
Of sunrise or of sunset,  
Of summertime to come.