

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.