

Kairos *in memoriam Ian Parr*

I put my name on the rota to sit with you,
read poetry for an hour (any longer, you'll tire)
and not knowing you well am unsure of my choices
even as I walk the chalky lane to your house,
but when I finish the first poem, about a garden
shifting in time, you thank me, ask if I understand
the reference *Clancy of the Overflow*, and to my No,
tell me it's a poem by Banjo Paterson, reciting
the whole from memory, making me ashamed
to have thought of lying, thinking to save time
when your time is no longer measured by clocks,
but the spaces between your breaths, ripples
on the Severn below your window, sightings
of kingfishers, darting turquoise down muddy banks.