

Fury

You broke the rules, that July afternoon.
You brought her here, led her to our room,
laid her on our bed. Lip gloss on the pillow case,
Chanel rouge coco gloss, bourgeoisie. Was she?
Or a tart you picked up in the Manchester Marriott?
Business conference ... your business or hers?

Scraped threads on the patchwork cover, I stitched
while you travelled to sell bespoke suits and shoes.
Stiffened stains on a sheet my mother embroidered,
our initials in each corner, lace around the edges.
Worst of all, her knickers stuffed in the drawer
with my underwear. Was that her doing or yours?

Thought I should explain why I breached my side,
why you are sitting in a cell while lawyers study
evidence supplied by two witnesses; crime stoppers
who cannot be traced but will be believed; supported
by papers, digital docs and unexplained payments
into your bank accounts and pension pot.

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Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. A proverb adapted from a line in the play *The Mourning Bride*, by William Congreve.