

Bluewater Valentines

A boutique worker, shopping on her break –
To the Carphone Warehouse, the Link and Phones4U
Then back to Carphone for a double take,
She makes her purchase - and a conquest too.
The Carphone Man steps out that afternoon,
As if along a predetermined track
He spies her in the window of Monsoon,
He thinks he sees her smile and smiles back.
Next day he calls to check her phone's OK,
And is there anything that he can do?
"It's fine," she says, "but thank you anyway."
She likes his after-sales service too.
They share a fag-break though they neither smoke,
A Monsoon Girl, a Carphone Warehouse bloke.

"Let's do lunch" he ventures, she concurs –
"Smoked salmon and a glass of Chardonnay?"
He swaps his break to coincide with hers
And quietly throws his sandwiches away.
Then later on they almost meet once more,
Though if they notice neither gives a sign
In Clinton Cards – a melee by the door.
They'd each gone there to buy a Valentine.
The card was nice, but will a date flow from it?
She texts to Carphone Warehouse from Monsoon.
They choose Screen Four – the latest Wallis and Grommit
To fill a dreary February afternoon.
The movie brings them close – still closer after
When both confess they've wet themselves with laughter.

The Water Circus, Winter Garden, Thames Walk
Bluewater's just a mad, romantic whirl,
Each hurried break a chance to laugh and talk
For Carphone Warehouse Man and Monsoon Girl.
The letter from Head Office sets the seal –
Good news and bad, it had to happen one day:
Promotion and a hefty pay-rise deal
And will she start at Oxford Street next Monday.
Next day she's training, Wednesday breaks the news:
They've only got three precious lunch hours left.
Bluewater serenades turn into blues.
Come Friday night she's desolate, he's bereft.
On Monday, right back where it all began:
No Monsoon Girl, just Carphone Warehouse Man.

First performed as a poem but this little romance was always going to be a song.

© Allan Richardson, 2006