

## TO SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

*M.L. McCarthy*

Your record turns, and nothing's new. Our feet  
Wake echoes in a grey provincial street,  
At duskfall, our accustomed walk. Though here  
The fenland sky darkens, yet you are near,  
Far off in place, in time—yet side by side  
In this dull twilight's charm, our minutes glide  
Into our separate memories: and they're gone.  
Beauvoir, the spiders of your pen dart on,  
Hurrying to me. Philosopher, explain time!  
Elusive what? meshed in your prose, my rhyme.

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