These Days

I see crumpled blue buds

in the hedgerow;

quicksilver bunnies

flit under slats.

They look so certain

with their anonymous faces

in the streaming light.

They have me

by the throat – beautiful

things cut me like that;

I’d ask them how to sing

but their mouths move

like shredded paper and

honestly, obviously,

they don’t know.

And the sun never topples

into vision it just runs like ink

and everywhere sizzles with light.

Nearby, the littering of crackle-

branches, malting on touch.

The sky bright as a film screen;

I’m a sherbet sweetheart

spooling into wet.

I know this is temporary -

life can’t move slow like this,

the sea can’t pause tall

and powerless like this.

But…. ok, ok.

I know some sun

is necessary. I imagine

someone here is salting chips.

I imagine someone here

is melting into bed; children

roam at dusk, imagining

a future more boastful.

Slow bugs wriggle

in the placid green, shivering

out the soil. I’ve lived

in flat-packed flats

and homes rosy

with television, in beds

that crawled

and pissing-rain bus stops.

I’ve lived and tried

to be gentle.

I’m remembering those nights

on the floor with my rolling head

and saying it again: I’m here,

I’m here. Far off, I hear sirens,

but it’s really birdsong,

the wind tripping cross leaves.