

Sloping attic sheltering broken windows lets in breezy
focus, Inside this cool inside I close my eyes.

Focused on your dear dirtied face what I cannot touch I
imagine. Talking to him = talking to myself.

I insert two ears in the two narrow windows and strain
to hear voices and song and market clatter. Instead the
rhythms are of regular rustling papers and a guarded
entrance swinging on its hinges.

My thoughts are absorbed in the objects. Vivid orange of
a dead Admiral repeats in the orange of a discarded
chocolate wrapper; squares and diamonds criss-cross
across the caravan floor and up and under my cushioned
bum. A green world nods temptation from behind the
glass.

From my perch in the wood smoke warm borrowed corner I
cloud-watch on hot stolen paper, the loose document
trail snaking through thoughts and hunches.

In the black mirror I see myself
and where I am writing.