

Dusk in Retrograde

The mouse has left the doorstep, burnt grass
and blackbird's wing. We have pruned the
bougainvillea of aphids, left the thorns for
new tenants to prick – bloody tongued and
open mouthed. You are near with shattered
tiara and a break in the fabric of our house.
I will never clear the paint fumes from
my fisherman's chest.

Play the stream once more, pluck the harp from our baby's
head and grant me the serenity to build a new lawn.