

## Breckland

Everyone out here driving the coast  
of a coldfront, noticing good places  
to dispose of a body. In a hundred years  
or less, this whole forest will be underwater,  
a landscape set down like a tray, saltwater  
convecting between the pines. Bad-weird.  
Maybe legend never had it. Maybe a whale  
will swim the length of a ruined cathedral.  
On the dashboard a satellite guides us  
home from Christmas, and the baby  
twitches in her sleep. So count me in  
for the rupture, for putting the animal  
down. Love has always been a loss  
of risklessness, like a new sky installed,  
huge and ceramic, an orchestral silence  
behind each door. I have a lot of apologies  
to tender, a lot of perfectly adequate foliage  
I've laid to waste for the coherence  
of a pleasing foreground. I deserve  
all the leaky batteries of the infosphere  
as much as the next sorry song.  
I could have done more but I didn't.  
Darling light, the horns are sounding.  
Here comes a chorus. Happy New Year.