

This Has No Sound

I was on the boulevard of burning sycamores
cars sinking like swamp creatures
tyres giving-
out in a sequence of gasps
streetlamps drooping like tulips
a dot of mercury on my forehead I was ready
to admit my symptoms
and recognise love as precision gratitude
and feeling woozy from the fumes I suffered
a sudden loss of weight I mean I suffered
a sudden weightlessness the ash falling and
rising as I stood on the white-hot kerb
and sucked my thumb
it was two hours or days before
I woke surrounded by an adolescent rain
that touched my surfaces darker
and I knew then I could walk from this world
like a customer
I could walk from this world like a customer
a fox and hounds to be
continued to be or not a fox and
many hounds.