

Oracle

I see grave clothes unfurling inside a flooded coffin,
I see the box loosening in the mud, struggling to surface,
the hand-carved mahogany, the pleated velvet pillow,
the soaking grave clothes, and of course, the body,
the body fresh inside the box, the hand still soft, falling open
like a lily, the hair ribboning the cheek, the head listing
in the direction of the muddy hole, riding swells down
Harkness Road, the body blushing in the box, the body's
pink earlobes, its pink fingerpads, the body's bracelet of bells
ringing under water, sailing faster now, faster than you think,
the water filling the mouth, black, overflowing, the body itself
stirring, dancing to a bracelet of bells, over tracks stitched
like a wound, past the goldfish still in its bowl, I see the coffin
rolling, lifting in the current, the cold water rushing in, the body
spinning faster inside the box, the eyelids opening, closing,
the grave clothes twisting, rising over the poppy and the plough,
I see it hovering over this valley.

Hibernaculum

Stone remembers
the sea
that hollows it.

Grottos
in the mind
emptied by grief.

Enter the passage
of flapping hands.

Endarken.

You are blind
and transparent.

You are moonmilk.

You are neck-deep
in cave pearls.

Exiled

I dream I find you
on my sofa
sleeping
mistake you
for a rifle
laid down gently
until dawn
how silent
my dream of
you sleeping
as a rifle so sweetly
& perhaps dreaming
how awful
to find you
still half-inside
my being.