

April 10th

Alison Moyet

Fog
Like boiled wool
Felt-tight
Rolled in as though a bale of hay introduced
And there grew up a wall of concrete grey
Cutting brief the promenade
And swallowing whole companion dogs

Ahead a pavilion measured in steps
Levitates
Just
Beneath the press
And bears the weight on its rigid knees

Quadruped
Biped
Floating harbour for the gulls at ease
No room left but these
Empty yards that
Gather in
Crew-neck close
Audience-early
Arrived for a keener view

The beach huts thrust proud their
Pink and purple chests
The old guard
Fearing less
Squat broad
And make limp protest

Behind now exists not
And this way turns only one page at a time

Today I have hope where you have none
Hunkered down in bell-jar space made
Strange this hour in this light
I wonder if you have ever touched me
In some other sea
Against my yesterday skin
Skimmed me briefly
Neither knowing we'd be here both
Moon towing
To and froing

A room is changed dependent on the door
By which we enter

You met windows of many aspects
I, the walls and hooks for coats to hang
Yours the garden song and
Mine the rumbling thrum of the rail yard
All terminals arrived at

Words like fall-out
Ash where there was none
Already in the blood

Some people we don't mean to lose
They snag on branches and separate in market squares
And then the trains this way and that
Scan barcode faces into something grey