

## Falling Open

Peter Hammill

I see  
What isn't there and what might be:  
All the pages falling open.

Out of my grasp  
The future floods my fingers:  
The blood that binds the bone  
For us a given, unforgiving known.  
(All I've known unknowing)  
Although I'm stumbling onward on the words  
The script is always clasped  
Within my hand, encrypted.  
(Now I see)

A loosening grip,  
A palm asweat from clenching...  
The binding's ripped, leaves fluttering to the floor.

The book slips through my fingers,  
All the pages falling open.