

Born inside the gates of a family
Hardened by a roman machinery
Cast among the building sites,
The coiling wires, the shots collected

Called out in the wake of a lottery
Held inside a family gathering
Mirrored beams and dog-like strength
A wandering association
Murmurs in the dark confessional
And rides along the road, ephemeral
As an animal life

Rusting in the shade of the batteries
Hanging from a rope in the gallery
Pacing down the balance beam
Of half-remembered holidays

No rush of light or watery longing
No joy in building, live in the finishing
Reaching for an anodyne
And half-reflected radiance
To hide below the ancient barricade
In chambers like the rooms a swallow made
For an animal life

Charging down the maw of the ocean
I want to come close, I want to come closer
I held your name inside my mouth
Through all the days out wandering
But called back from the mouth of oblivion,
Cast away like dogs from the shelter
I she'd the dulling armour plates
That once collected radiance
And, surging at the blood's perimeter:
The half remembered wild interior
Of an animal life