

## Haruspex

When the wind outside came in and bent me  
into ridicule, I remembered these fingers  
and the fibrous art of divination— how to descend  
into the body's yolk, slick harbours of fat,  
pools and avenues that received me richly  
into the butter of their wanting. Standing  
among the wet fractals I was naked and pale  
as an old lighthouse; but the less you know  
about pain and its fabulous geometry  
the more you can do with it. I was taken to  
a carving desk to be made complex, had organ sites  
exchanged for floodlands, and my nerve endings  
concealed in a gentle, pink film. To be worshipped

is to be broken from the outside. Where is a place  
where my hands will get done their filthy business  
in peace? I have looked again into the glass  
in the sink to see what will come, casting  
the whole numb history of softness and hardness  
upon this shore, all this work I did with my  
hands. All the crunchy pathos of human closeness.  
The mind will believe whatever the body tells it. So I  
climbed out from its sugary depths, and the gaps  
full of jewels and scribble and re-angled light  
were sealed shut— and I was awake, by the window,  
carving my mouth open so that evil could not be made  
within. To get out all the slush, all the necessary dirt.

## A motorway is a very strong wind

We remember it differently, I know, but in this version  
you couldn't bear this green emergency for long. Ambled  
dreamlike into a painting a painting, & slid back out of it

like a wet horse. But in it no fault, either at away, no,  
I know. Still life with you, away. A river can plead it can:  
you lied about this & I remember it, remember you going

out into the empty fields. You do not leave a place  
when you know where you are going, no why, but since,  
either it. Well then. Ambled dreamlike along & out,

a blue dismantling, breaking bottles on the bedside as you  
went, the cold so sharp it felt arranged, in circles, on the hills.  
I wanted you to feel this but know nothing, I did not want

you to know I wanted you to feel. To feel it. Stop. Get  
out. Or else. So what. I can bear it, but not for long, you, still life  
with broken door handle. Strange that you

paint blue-mountain-distance as something this faint  
instead of how fruit & knuckle & wild it really is—  
I remember it differently. So I bring it back a different way.

I remember what lies sweetly on a picture, what runs away,  
what glances out. If I wait for you I will do it out here.  
Drinking this lemony backwater. I will stay in these clothes.

## On deleting a villanelle about my grandfather

*Boulevard Montmartre, Effet de nuit, 1897*

Looking down to waxy traffic, it is all I can do

to not weep like an old,  
brass coin. And outside

the night  
lying down  
like a glove      and your astonishment

of hands, healing in this soft hotel.

And you,  
the willowy streetlamp  
I put my hands to

## O

dear moon i have forgotten your name again , forgive me .  
o ragged dreamcatcher moon , o empty theatre moon . it is cold  
down here i cant feel my fingers . dear moon i am drunk  
on light and thinking about how churches look after dark . do you  
ever feel distracted by the sunset ? it is very cold . o  
toothache moon o jawbreaker moon , drive me home . dear moon  
down here it is exciting to go to bed with your shoes on  
and sometimes i wonder if im only biting my tongue to stop you  
from hearing my teeth chattering . moon i have never sold my body  
for less than it was worth . down here it is easy to forget  
about ecstasy . o wet underbelly of moon covered in twigs  
from sleeping in the hedges , you are a heaven waiting to be poured  
out . i have written this in condensation , i hope thats ok . you  
were never one for mementos . down here everything is fine .  
o silver foil moon . o vulnerable , triumphant moon .  
o locked bathroom cabinet of moon , it is ok to make mistakes .  
i hate to see you sat huddled under the window like that ,  
wont you come back to bed . im sorry to say that most nights  
i can hear you talking to yourself . dont worry . dear moon  
i am scared about everything too . o old cabbage moon  
from down here you look as smooth as an oboe but i know  
you have secrets . i know the rooms within a scar . dearest moon  
i love the nights like these . the sky gets so complicated .  
its nights like these that make me wish i could do your cold job  
for you . keeping the sky upright , washing the heavy hills .