

**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