

Ghost Formula

Code

Heaven-sent sunset red
Spin in the evening under the windowsill
Hawthorn valley floor
Rain beaded grass
Soft breath, motionless and wet
Empty jaws of the rivers maw
A backwards memory
Like Arabic writing
Tears of diamonds
Vanish into the gardens
I remember once when I was young
Something was wrong

Under an old fence
The unlit labyrinth of nonsense
Unformed nouns and vowels
Drip into the floor
Like insects from the nest of my skull
The light looked different in those days
As if an idea could imagine for itself
And in the afternoon
We all took off our skin
And set sail for Neptune
Using our flesh for a sail

The drizzle of wheels in the heat
Summer is the cruelest city of deceit
That pains that you claim will reclaim you
That gains that you gain will regain you

I'm making ghosts out of clay
To scare my past away