

# Shot Through the Fog

Piano Magic

Breaking Winter up by shooting numbers from the clock  
The cat sleeps on the atlas in Alsace Lorraine, dreaming  
long grass and birds on the wire  
I have memories no deeper than this glass and some  
besides that stretch history twice  
In a super 8 film colour haze, a scratched nostalgia that  
runs through my cogs - shot through the fog; time taking  
care of whatever I cared about  
So you are lost somewhere in here - your body, a  
raft, spinning towards the falls  
Your death claimed me too - there were two throats in the  
noose but mine now swallows whiskey, mine is not now  
bruised  
The black mouth of this month, bruised lips, black ice,  
forms a sickly smile across London's sky