

## Dedication

Anne Clark

In broad daylight  
And a familiar street  
The kind where gossips dawdle  
And nose-to-tail dogs meet

Some bastard with no face lurched out  
From behind a tree  
And tried to kill me

There was tooth flash  
Black leather  
The smile of a knife  
And I saw the terrified  
Puffed out bird of my life  
Fly from my hand  
So for a long second I knew I was dead  
Even though I was still fighting him off  
Even though I just said 'no, no'  
and then in a flurried muddle  
go on  
go on  
Meaning all I most wanted to do in the world  
Had hardly begone  
Before my heart started working again  
And I stood there alone  
Dribbling a little thin blood from one finger  
Onto a ringing paving stone

I thought that was it  
But then night fell  
And the knife became an adder's tongue  
Bitterly licking me  
Slicing easily  
Stripping the brain from my open head  
Until all I'd begone, half finished or done  
Or wished to be true, was gone  
All except you

But you were asleep and made no sound  
When I left your side without a word  
And slipped downstairs to my room underground  
A grown up, like a frightened child

The fire is out at the heart of the world  
All tame creatures have grown up wild

The lives I trusted, even my own  
collapse, break off, or don't belong  
I laid my head on the window pane  
And the hard edged garden lit with rain  
Shimmering a million knives  
The wind caressed them with its painful hand

The fire is out at the heart of the world  
All tame creatures have grown up wild  
All except you, your life like a cloud  
I am lost in now, and shall never be found