

## Reverse

Moriarty

It cannot be the same  
She waits in the one  
While the other moans in the hole  
In the floor, in the wall

In and out, himself between them  
Stands empty  
And holding out his hands to both  
Now screaming

As the shouting grows and grows  
Louder and louder  
With spaces of the same  
Open silence

Yet watches on the edge of it  
As if she were  
Not to be pulled in  
A hand could stop him

He is angry, his face grows  
As if a moon rose  
Of black light darkening  
As if life were black

It is black  
It is an open hole of horror  
Of nothing as if  
As if not enough  
There is nothing