

Closure

Piano Magic

On the forecourts of French libraries from Reignac to Marseille
s
The rain rattles small cars, clouds drape over backseats
I am a photograph in your satchel, between a paperback and ciga
rettes
I am the dead bird on the gravel, neck snapped from last night'
s Northwesterly
But no peace, no closure
But no peace, no closure
Beside these roads that halt like jetties, beneath circling mur
ders are leafless trees
Drowning at the knees; some burnt to the fingertips
And here my tracks sink, end, return as I walked in and out of
you
And here my tracks sink, end, return as I walked in and out of
you
But no peace, no closure
But no peace, no closure
Driving back through the town
The road map-pinned by Pharmacie signs winking up-road
The cars slice the afternoon with a guillotine slush
As it bleeds into a night peppered by stars and planes to Japan
And the changing of gears jilts the cats from the walls
The truth lives with you
The truth lives with you
But no peace, no closure
But no peace, no closure
But no peace, no closure
But no peace, no closure