

The Slightest of Threads

Piano Magic

She slips out of bed
in the fold of the night
and the temperature drops
with the cry of a fox
it's the exit of a thief
it's the falling of a leaf
the dust is disturbed
and her shadow is stirred

she looks back at the lover
but he dreams of another
the violence of his breath
betrays his gentleness
and their minds have never met
it's always been just sex:
the finest of chains
the slightest of threads

she navigates the stairs
in the absence of the light
a ghost that's self-possessed
a soul not laid to rest
and the painting in the hall
well, it seems to say it all:
still life, abstract
worthless, glass cracked

and here, in the fold of the night, she cries
cos the trains have all left and the ships have passed
by
and the seasons, too many, have blurred into one
they seem to have stopped before they've begun