

Loose (Shell)

Let me settle a bit.
Furrowed; a gash in a handful of dust.

And memories. 'Course, sure,
memories. How could I forget (*bangs head*).

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(Hippocampus)
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The way your name made me stop in my tracks.

The way your jasper
high heels clicked,
tripped, clacked
across the cobbles; the way you
meandered along behind me –
*my way is in the sand flowing
between the shingle and the dune,*
– the way you went
straight for the temples
when you asked
what made me
tick.

The way, at the end of the day but not in the rain,
in glittering epidote leg-hugging silk of the sort
that rustled feverishly across your sex, you offered me a lift
I could never resist
yet declined;

the way, at the end of the day, in early November,
chaperoned and dressed in skin-tight basalt,
you found me

and when you left, you took your tea bag home,
to file away under your very own lock and key;

the way, at the end of the day, muse of mine, in late November,
you came alone,
dressed again and afresh, in

the same black fabric, the same cloth from which my work is cut,
and found me,

then rested your hand on my temple.

The same hand that years later waved goodbye but not to me.

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And when I finally awoke
a shore loomed in the distance an impervious white.