

## Oracle

I see grave clothes unfurling inside a flooded coffin,  
I see the box loosening in the mud, struggling to surface,  
the hand-carved mahogany, the pleated velvet pillow,  
the soaking grave clothes, and of course, the body,  
the body fresh inside the box, the hand still soft, falling open  
like a lily, the hair ribboning the cheek, the head listing  
in the direction of the muddy hole, riding swells down  
Harkness Road, the body blushing in the box, the body's  
pink earlobes, its pink fingerpads, the body's bracelet of bells  
ringing under water, sailing faster now, faster than you think,  
the water filling the mouth, black, overflowing, the body itself  
stirring, dancing to a bracelet of bells, over tracks stitched  
like a wound, past the goldfish still in its bowl, I see the coffin  
rolling, lifting in the current, the cold water rushing in, the body  
spinning faster inside the box, the eyelids opening, closing,  
the grave clothes twisting, rising over the poppy and the plough,  
I see it hovering over this valley.

## **Hibernaculum**

Stone remembers  
the sea  
that hollows it.

Grottos  
in the mind  
emptied by grief.

Enter the passage  
of flapping hands.

Endarken.

You are blind  
and transparent.

You are moonmilk.

You are neck-deep  
in cave pearls.

## **Exiled**

I dream I find you  
on my sofa  
sleeping  
mistake you  
for a rifle  
laid down gently  
until dawn  
how silent  
my dream of  
you sleeping  
as a rifle so sweetly  
& perhaps dreaming  
how awful  
to find you  
still half-inside  
my being.