

Spinneret (*dim.*)

*diminuendo: a passage
of music to be performed
with a decrease in loudness*

I pass a
way, see

glass in pane
frame

cat in flat
watch

leaf in air
catch

in air in
silks

of spider
(from

inside
her)

Clocks Go Back, North London

No man is an island, entire of itself

—John Donne

Unseen times as clocks
rewind and teens
attack sky, bounce sound
off buildings,
echo weapons louder
than those they have
died of again this year

and remember
remember their age,
that their flesh can delight,
unplunged with metal,
striking joy at dark
they've spelled their names
in a decade past.

Wilder than our foxes
tamed by neighbours' meat,
they shake blocks we sit in
alert, but happy they are
young another year through
powder, treason and plot,
relieved sirens go to burns
not blood—

that tomorrow no ribbons
will wind bus stop like
burst may pole near
dead petals climbing
lamp post, that it's
not spring before
murderous heat,
but nearly November,

so they live (though friends
are gone) and are loudly

young: while pavements
collect the fallen
leaves, rocket
husks, chicken
box, each

hide under a branch,
which when it next
musters unmilitary
green, will flower
on a quieter island
as we launch
them at their entire
lives, and leave.

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