

New Window

by courtesy of
the building inspector
&, along with its created light,

one arbutus &
two skytall poplars
coming into leaf

so big to be seen
for the first time
from this new angle

so gigantic
to be composed
by the glass hands

formerly
invisible,
& what have they done

with the banished husk
of wall? Will it, perhaps,
come back on its due tide

as a square moon?
But dammit! Stan
the builder's cut
that window in off centre.

An eccentric moon, then,
to haunt the planning department,
cast crooked shadows

on the bureaucracies,
shed its queer light
on the new world.

MIKE DOYLE