

August

Flat out as a cat poleaxed
by heat or hangover you can't lift
this month, even at the edges.
You sleep under tarmac, tangled
in psychopath sheets, poor Gulliver,
feel their scampering feet. You are caught
in the underlay, papered in felt. If only
someone would let some air out of
the landscape it might settle down.
I've just caught hold of its zip top:
pulling together we'll open the cloud.
And with a bang the month answered
and emptied its sump for a week.

DESMOND GRAHAM