

indwell this house with joy

it is something far
too easy to imagine

among the skeletal framing
of dwangs and naked joists
a pendular shadow dark
and slow-moving across
the grey concrete and up
the walls and back again

the bicycles have dust and flat tires
a slow-punctured sadness
seeping out of them
 the cardboard
cartons are steeped with it
the piles of newspapers damp
and yellowing with the knowledge

in a corner a plastic bag squats
gleaming and complacent
growing steadily fatter
shining like black butter
in the dust and gloom

enough to give the investigating agents
greasy fingers as they fossick through
the weekly discards the chicken bones
the sanitary pads and marmite jars

they will find nothing there
and neither will the air
give anything away

JAMES NORCLIFFE