

Enchant /  
Extinguish

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## Buzzing

When you stretched the blanket over me  
& I somehow thought of corpses  
laid out in drawers in some mortuary someplace  
although I was in our living room & only  
almost-asleep, it held me down,  
& I was a fly buzzing against steel mesh  
& outside was a room & inside  
was the whole of everything & I was  
the mesh & the buzz as well as the fly  
& the incursion into space, & when you  
came to wake me gripping silent  
on my shoulder on our blue settee I wouldn't  
be moved, because I was a rust-spot  
withering the wires & I was the crawling  
through & then the buzzing free.

# Vertigo

How can they tell us to  
keep the music down  
when crushing up around us  
are the mineral sounds of industry  
metal beating metal  
in our ears, train-tracks driving  
fractures through our bones.

How can they tell us not  
to slip, when hustling  
through these corridors  
in sandals, trainers, desert boots  
and shoes like murdered moles  
a static tunnel wind  
breathes vertigo.

How can they tell us  
where to stand, when under  
arc tubes of mercury, scandium,  
thallium we could become  
fluoresced and ungenerous  
only skulls to store  
warm chemicals inside  
only eyelids to re-set us,  
flickering, back through the womb.



## What remains

I have been saving this weakness up all day  
and now it has poured out of me  
smoking in rivulets onto the stone floor.

What remains? An armature of bone.

The fish-gleam of a half-closed eye  
surrendered in the skull. Coldness  
drafting round the edges of the door.

Is there anything here which could be called

strength? Maybe the gravity  
the insistence of this fall. Maybe  
the final tired quitting of disguise.  
Maybe in the recesses of flesh, inside  
the cells, wrapped round the DNA,  
a dark and rich hostility.