

Allie looks for the moon

Allie kneels on the bedroom sill. The dusk
packs away her clothes and her posters,
seals her secrets in their hundred holes
as always at this time, readying them
for the night's blank regard
till they spill again around her
just ahead of the half-a-toast,
her biding lateness.

Tonight she doesn't see how they vanish,
colour by edge by sparkle. Tonight
she doesn't care. Somewhere back
in that afternoon, out of neither book nor number,
whisper nor shove, it came to her
that the set of the day was newly otherwise
for the moon had left the earth at last
to chase its thinning tail.

So she waits
with the strap of her shoe curled under itself
and rucked against her instep.
And all the sky
is nothing only a tired woman's wisps,
a line of stars like children
guided nervily through stopped traffic,
one big bull-cloud that must crack on
and the shameless yawn of the heavens...

...till dawn comes on with its pert little hopes
and Allie knows all has changed,
and wonders at this stranger's room,
disbelieves the shapes on the bed-throw,
doesn't hear the rising calls
or smell the kitchen becoming itself
or feel a single thing in the world
beyond the ruckle of her strap
and the touch of all that waits for her to know.

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