

Inversion Layers, Hāwea

It's been three weeks in dulling gloom
three weeks stuck in stone; steel shot
sewn into pockets; damp ashes
dumped on jackets. Ankle weights.

Three weeks of rubbed-out charcoal
sketches smudged on aching thumbs;
removal of sea fret traces,
trudges to the mail box. That's all.

May is a swindler. May sells
promises of yellow flowers
upturned towards the light, tells us
'Uncurl your leaves, limbs, other things'.

I hang a picture on the wall.
It's a lake scene; clear water
shimmers blue-green in blazing heat;
skimming stones meet the waves; and I,

I wonder why you stayed. I find you
brushing sorrow off our shoulders;
worrying at stitches until
a small hole appears, spilling cold.