

*Skip*

At the end of a long night you drive home,  
to the house you know is empty, but warm.  
You'll let yourself relax, doze by the fire.  
Just one stop to make on the way home,  
to chuck the rubbish into a factory skip.  
You drive quietly into the car park:  
the lights are still on in the factory,  
you know you're not supposed to use their skip.  
Unlock the boot, heave the bag up and away.  
Get in to start the car—find you've no keys.  
Realize you've chucked them away with the bag,  
into twelve deep feet of tangled rubbish.  
You can't ask the factory men for help.  
There's no one at home and you're miles from it.  
You sit in the car. Misled by a streetlamp  
into thinking it's day, a bird starts to sing.  
You open the window to hear it better.  
It's the robin, you seem to remember,  
gets fooled like that. Or is it the chaffinch?  
A small breeze stirs the leaves in a corner.  
On your cheek it feels almost like water.