

S T E P H E N K N I G H T

March

Blood, curry, the collar fraying,
my life's crumpled on the chair—
I chucked it there last night,
now it's the middle of the day.
Blue sky, the tops of trees, the sill.
The pillow is creasing my face
& my body aches from staying
too long in one place & too still.
Hanging out its vapour trail,
a sunstruck aeroplane sails by
my window, miles & miles away.

Now it's the middle of the day.
The sill, the tops of trees, blue sky.
A sunstruck aeroplane sails by.
Too long in one place & too still,
the pillow is creasing my face.
I chucked it there last night.
Hanging out their vapour trails,
blood, curry, the collar fraying
& my body aches from staying.
My window, miles & miles away.
Blue sky. Blue sky. Blue sky.