

Time to Shut the Doors

After weeks of waking to
dawn tripping up dusk,
walls lined with leaf shadow,
sun beating blinds,
after butterflies losing track
between building and branches,
slip of toes on grass,
rings bleached on fingers,
after all it has rained
and I'm tucking up flesh,
looking out lentils,
stuffing cracks with blankets

the spider spins
a winter coat of wasps,
worms put on leaves like gloves,
the sun shortcuts its way across the sky;

time to plant myself like a bulb
and sit out the dark

Daphne Rock

