

Healing sequence

My above-face ascends, swallows contoured light,
funnels air and makes itself billow at the bold drop

between sockets. I've superimposed the world from a
few weeks ago onto vermilion borders, there is little

space in this adamantine wait/weight to be dramatic.
'I may not see this room again with its x and its y'

becomes 'I would see you in any room including
at the end of time' I had got used to the

muted pinks and so I'm shocked by how the lines
refill themselves, crackle into shape. I found a blue

marble in the bowl of chestnuts that's in my room for
some reason, it held bubbles. We are making a winter

out of this warm stretch, the chairs angle themselves
around the TV. This foundation is too powdery and

leaves thumbprints of its chalk blush on glass, on
denim. I bought it back when I had defences, there

was a sign in the chemist saying they had no more
hand sanitizer. Silly I asked, like there was a time lag,

in fact the sign had made me think of the absent thing
in the first place.

We self-exaggerate so easily.