

## That one morning every morning

Hey, hey you – wait up, a tiny thread fell  
From your jumper, I suppose, come back now  
Can't you remember how you didn't  
Stop, stare back, retrace your steps  
To climb mine and fight your shyness for fire  
Remember how you didn't  
Sit next to me the following five finger tips  
And ashes on my shoes;  
How you couldn't  
?

Hey, wait now, you there, don't you recall now  
How those stiletto claws didn't  
Scribble my sidewalk,  
Rushing, brushing by, how you didn't  
Almost trip over that piece of thread  
I held now coiled between my fingertips,  
Please call to mind at once how I didn't  
Not care you did not like the very own smell  
Of rotting leaves and silky sheets of paper  
How you just walked past, tense, forgotten,  
Not even noticing me  
Noticing the slightest flush of freckles round your nose

For fuck's sake, you, of all people, you at least,  
Dig into how - five months from now -  
You and I won't  
Not last 'til summer  
Having burned apart in spring like logs in forest fires  
In Australia reportedly, leaving thousands homeless  
- You, carelessly flipping my fingers  
Through your thoughts, embodied broadsheet pages – burned apart,  
Not still having had the warmth of winters-gone-by  
You know, it's you I'd have offered jonagolds this fall  
If only you would retrieve how you wouldn't  
Lash a smile at me with nothing but the fine-spun crinkles  
And your eyes- how you didn't  
Use to write this poem in your palms – and cupping my eyes,  
Make me guess and wonder, who wrote who  
- I still don't have a clue