

GRIEVE

An accident at half past this moment.

His hands were just in hers, before they
were only just away. Steps across. As

seconds abrade him into cuticle earth
below a rosary of thought.

Alone, into the reflection
of the hard winter rhyme that befell her skin –
She let her breath become engine:

Wailed the newborn from her throat,
and through that vibratory horn, all disconsolate
down upon her, now apart on the wood-grained floor.

