

Standing, waiting,
Pause
Leaning
Weight on my right leg
Elbow against the concrete

Inside the air is flat, still, grey, unmoving,
my eyes adjusting slowly
...outside people pass by
feet on gravel
A bird swoops low across the bushes I hear its wings

Alive

This dead grey inside re-creates the outside as verdant,
emerald and azure

people talking – a man and a woman
Seeing: light through the slits illuminating the back wall

A small moth darts across the aperture

Feeling not alone but unnoticed
Touching: cold brick, thin damp moss like dead skin
Hearing: twigs snapping, a rustle, small feet
Smelling: damp, musty, cloying putrefaction
Sensing, small shifts in weight between one foot and
another.

Through the chink I see on the horizon the axis where sky,
land and water meet,
there a little girl in a blue dress swings her legs
A dog chases a swan
A swan chases a dog
Hissing barking hissing
feeling my back bone, neck, shoulders

Aware, wary,

Clouds mix with sheep that come into the field protesting

Feeling the skin on my arm as I lean against the damp cold
concrete

Vital

boats pass
a couple talking,
Tiny red spiders
Blue

I see no-one on the horizon, no one sees me
If I had seen someone I might have said hello, I might of
stopped for a chat, I would have said, in passing, casually
nice day isn't it?

I've lost the impetus to dwell,
I shift from foot to foot
Skin

time becomes heavy every breath laden.

Grass and humus unite - reminding me of my tomb to come
Seeing through the gaps: two bikes swish past in the other
direction

Hearing amplified, footsteps, a bike bell, people calling, Millie
come on, where are you?

I can smell green

A barge reverses, it's engines growling into the depths of the
canal

A cobweb catches the sun

Seeing: The light falter, a cloud overhead.

Hearing: Millie come on, where are you, don't hide?

Feeling alone, no common sights that mix with other dreams,
sad, lost,
Mortal

Hearing: bikes coming the other way, tyres pressing on
gravel.

Sensing: a small fear rising in my throat

Hearing: water drip drip

Understanding my detachment from the living

A crow
two three

The distance between this place and the real world feels
condensed by being inside,

different grasses- don't know their names but I try to
memorise their structures, amber,

my shadows are companions but they slip away maybe to
create another person somewhere?

Why this empty place?

feeling the unwanted presence of my own nightmares

Seeing: a crack in the brickwork- someone has crammed a
polystyrene cup into it

thinking I will return, but I am lying ... I'll not come back...not
ever

I'm never coming back-

Yellow

Treading gently past needles
Shifting positions
Sensing some unexplained interior hesitation
A lone cyclist pedals slowly

Some chance thing out of the corner of my eye

dust catches the light dancing like fairies
making airstreams apparent

A fat man walks a fat dog, clears his throat
I hold my breath and count inside my head
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

he moves on

Feeling: a small unidentified pain in my left hip

Mustard yellow verdegris clings to the stone

But here's a strange thing, I watch him recede down the path
until he all but disappears and then he stands stock still and
waits, not disappearing out of site like I thought he should.
His dog stands behind him slightly- they look in the same
direction, heads slightly turned towards me,
have they sensed me, smelt me out like the feral creature
that I might become if I stay here.

They lift their heads in unison- dog and man in tune as one
body

A very small insignificant spider with a light lemon colour
round hump-back moves knowingly across the wall on a

mission to somewhere

The path to here sable brown

This is not me, I'm not here,

Anxious White

A moment later I cringe against the building hiding in the shadows- the man and dog smell my fear- linger for some seconds, then shrug and move on

I gaze out beyond this place without seeing
tears pricking for no apparent reason
soon there will be a blur of colour and then
I might slip unnoticed between time

A light breeze across my face
Disturbed by other sounds
I would have continued but you would have found me
stretched out in the rigour of death, your brown eyes
saddened at the sight.