

A Lapse in Concentration

by Diane Becker

We guard the goldfish and the nachos as
the grey cat slips past whilst the apple blossom
plummets, tumbling over tree roots swaying back
and forwards sweeping blossom wide along the dark
cracks that appear in the current.

My knuckles hover, shining white through
hawthorn branches, spiky in anticipation whilst the
shadows from the iris thrown grey across the table, like
yellow fingers dusting shutters. A crimson post-it note
illustrates the squiggle of a resting pulse wavering
near the broken pencil leads and whorls of
soft wood which may be classed as evidence.
We score low marks for concentration.

A tone pulsates around us all like radar.

You should have stopped, he said, before
I said 'Step Forward'. The sound of splash
though, is well muffled.

We guard the goldfish and the nachos as
the grey cat slips past.

