

Dispensation

by Jane Flett

My life was growing on me
like a soft Scottish moss
like a habit becoming ingrained
like a Hollywood kiss I allowed myself to swoon in
again and again
camera forever racing for the close up.

"It's just something you fall into,"
said A, as we lay on the floor.

He meant ageing.

We giggled ontologically, thinking
about life. About ageing.
We giggled existentially.

By slaying dragons and spitting into gorges,
we had earned the right to mock
the whims of fate.

By sitting still and shivering
within reach of each other's palms
we had earned a dispensation

*—sit this round out, if need be,
for you must be so very, very tired.*

It was true: the months had been
ludicrous. I was almost ripe to nestle
in cutlery drawers and eiderdown.

"Perhaps," I said, folding my legs

and considering
keeping it all to myself:

lips / grins / tricks & ankles

considering
taking a break from the process.

We were allowed, goddamit,
but then a feather twitched outside the window
a whisper snickered round grate, and
somewhere, in the city, there was kissing.

I sighed, and as the sigh left my lips
it snagged on a rusty nail
and morphed into a howl at the moon, so

I gave myself up to participation.
We gave ourselves to
the tongues of the night.

