

Again, the Spring

by Joe Sullivan

The red of your spine
quivers and disappears
in the black light
of the room
in the evil of the spring

The vertigo behind your arse
is catching
and the pigeons have scattered
to be served as squab with peas
at a later date

Such is the spring and its
tiresome metamorphoses
births to deaths to births
to baths, dinners, lights
in the night, hopeful
summers ahead

It happens again and again
this lust and this dying
repeat and wash and
settle into cold Arcticisms
again with a druid
candle and quart of whisky

When does the time settle
in the tropics
though the sun is low
sometimes and nights
smell different

Why did it always
expect to be the same
why did it never reside
and revel at present
focused on pulse
on will, on rest and
dust but not dust
just a familiar cool moment
slow

