

a cleave of time and place*

the sun sets – I think of you
the dawn awakes – the same

a single muted lamp gives off some early light
beside a glassy harbour
while sharper lights bounce from a distant tower

by noon my world expands
to wake again in deeper voice
as muffled sounds reverb off bathroom walls
a heavy humid sloth unrolls
toward a sanguine afternoon
rose-coloured

soon enough, long time waiting,
here, there, every sound –
cough, swallow, breath indrawn, a sigh –
is caught on optic cord

only just begun, cut short,
my fast-receding day moves back to black
lit by a half-moon
each side of the sea

Christine Williams

* to cleave has two meanings - to split apart and also to hold together