I am sourly lit,
an ashcan emptied
and adrift, a split rock,
a hovering cloud
made dark and small
with age. The corner
of the yellow kitchen,
all grease and spilled wine,
the muddy footprints,
that’s me and those are mine.
I am lifted as dead weight
and dropped in the damp,
the hole has me, the sides
have me, the rain started
as sunlight, the tricky bastard.