

There is a softness in the way the trees move.

I swim open-mouthed in my ignorance and

I do not learn.

\*

To think then of kindness

with its wild heat

engulfing the floorboards, the clothes on our back,

and a face coming back into focus

like a fossil or proof.

\*

No one looks at me now and I live  
with that quiet, that solace,

this existence a brush stroke  
or a cloud of white smoke.

\*

and what of the orange peels  
my family leaves on the heaters,

the apple cut up into moons  
and delivered in silence,

my brother turning back from the train  
to check I'm still waving