

Night Bedroom

wind yells at a window

she fights the black stare
of a night
with yellow thin fingers

under the bed half
formed green things
wait to grab at her legs

wallpaper patterns

become a thousand faces
gold stained and choking

in the hallway
a lion rushes
blood fangs out

outside

blackbirds peck
at the crucifixion
on the frame of a tree

cat and dog at her feet
repeat
their comfortable disdain
for the way she lies
all night knowing
morning with its
glaring honesty
will calm a child

(What I've done here is to change nothing and to leave what I've left in more or less exactly in the position it was in on the page of the original. What I've tried to do - again! - is to extract Kerry's poem - the essence of it - out of the superfluous wrapping.)

CKS