

Peeling.

Your rushing stream of breath
quickens with deep sleep: arm trapping
my neck
and so caught I gaze out: timid

All seems to fit here
on this lank sunday
the air lowers itself
the frail bamboo of the blinds
place my Sunday body
in an Indonesian hut
smoking opium

out there, the biggest
tree on our street holds noise
and gathers smells
like the clash of Sunday roasts
with the heat
It holds the flutes and phones
sirens and Sunday moans of lovers

cars make fretting noises: Come and go
stop, tart. Always on a bloody mission
not like the anarchy of that cramped
music opposite
where the pale stick punk
figures live

They do not know ~~an have~~
I am here: naked ~~found~~
peeling back their
sounds with my
silent Sunday breath