

LUCY DOUGAN

*Down to the Corner*

I don't know why your death  
drove me down to the corner of the house.  
It was the only tolerable place to sleep.  
Outside the drains were close,  
and the neighbour's dogs,  
sometimes the sounds of a wound up child.  
The walls were green and chipped,  
"bok choy," the colour we had loved  
when we were young.  
Your sewing box disgorged itself  
on the bedside table.  
The cups, the books, the recharge chords  
all mounted up.  
I wanted to be far away  
and never out of touch.  
I missed sleeping with someone.  
I missed you.  
I fretted at the edges of the pillows.  
I didn't want to touch the open end.  
I didn't want to touch the closed end.