

Tom Houlton

[Hot]

Hot.

Too hot.

Delirium freely falls around my head,
Tuxedoed and awaiting recognition
Of how bizarre the night can be,
Roof falling down,
The sound of the lawnmowers
Outside the windows,
High-up, grass-cutting,
Swaying like fans
Or parroting particulars
Drowned in champagne.

The carnival has come to town,
The breeze is on vacation as
The hot work begins, wheeling
Round and round, stuck to the bed,
Watered into the ground by the
Endlessness repeating crashed-crushed
Ideas, the waiting of night upon night,
An expectant lie on the grass,
White at first, newly-mowed,
Shorn beneath its reasonable limits
And covering the hard brown earth.

Blurry, out of focus and unfeeling
Times, when the suns are this or that
And become the moons before we know
What time it is, before we can stretch across
To that person who was lying next to us
Only a second ago,
Finding only shorter grass,
A coloured strip made
By the lawnmower.
