

Tom Houlton

[So snow falls outside]

So snow falls outside,
So they say I should be happy now.
Success comes sweet at last.
All I want to do is cut you up.
My hands snip snip in the air.
Ha ha ha.
Great things I can destroy,
Look, the sun is dead.
I killed it then, just then.
Inside it was a nothing anyway,
Surprising really how small it was,
How narrow its eyes became,
But I couldn't stop.
All around me
Noises fell in puddles
Like a building falling
Brick by brick.
I couldn't make it out.
You were not there,
That's all I knew,
And now you never are.
Nothing all day nothing
Until a night of nothing following that day.
Sometimes at night I drift.
Small and high up.
With my hands I try and cut the sun.