

Tom Houlton

[The sun flattened]

The sun flattened
Outside her window,
Hardly touched the panes,
Instead was broken into pieces,
Collapsed into the shattered trees
Like water flows down drains.

If there had been a bird
No doubt she would have seen it.

She gazed blankly at the branches.

The world swam occasionally,
Left hand knotted in a white tissue,
The right hanging, something sad inside.

A cloud broke, and she saw it shatter,
Up there in the sky,
Blowed and bumbling along,
Airwards words off the tongue.

The sky was blue.
That she knew, had known all along
It seemed, only it wasn't blue today,
It was deep and grey when
It appeared, the sun jumping
From cloud to cloud.

The world went waterwards again.
Her right hand slackened slightly,
Muscles eased and tired, not wanting everything.
There was a hint or flash of something
Mundane, a gaudy colour.

Like a trap the hand snaps shut,
Creases more,
Folds into itself.

A cloud steps aside for a second.
The sun hits.