

## Lottie Limb

### Flash News

Scientist says: meme for belief in life after death  
Old man sits bespectacled in laptop moth-light. Rendered absurd—  
warmed by un-canned laughter and crackling fire-breath  
(Sound-bites for both now!)—  
because he couldn't see the afterlife of that Word.

Speckled by starlight: You smoke-sigh and observe  
What? I stare at you looking. Blank! Crack open the sixth seal  
Whilst you speak the weather of our little world  
(Wednesdays it rains; pumpkins pockmark; cushion-thief strikes)  
again I imagine it forked by lightening, white above again and  
the blood below. Pause. I think I just want to really feel.

Un-pause. Furl my sparrow wings poised at the precipice and reel  
Back to lupine-winds, fire burn and chthonic cauldron bubble. Incurable night  
in which sailors drown at sea because I let the glass ring on and  
on—the noise the dream-world appropriates for its own  
but you Break it with a smile and portion and peel  
these days to savour, or discard; not feed the eternal angelic fight.

Still I turn from peat-smoke laughter and librarian's plight  
To where, in street-side window the octogenarian sits: caught  
in the—"today there's been fifteen homicides and sixty-three violent crimes"—tv-light  
and wonder: do I have it, or no? this meme of after-night  
On the threshold of genesis, in what purgatory shall I persist?  
To that, your pancake-batter skin is the warmest retort.

The days still dis-leave. Pale envy-green, wet-yellow, gold-wrought  
Over-thought in the tail-end; by day at poet's sea of glass and fire;  
(too hopeful by half in the dawning).

End-tale: November song seeks mist-blue port, so  
Defying stormy-weather and determinism both, tonight  
I only say: there's not much to report.