

Abi Williams

[I have tried]

I have tried

(as I trace my hand along the wood-grain
which falls from the mantelpiece in rivulets)

I have tried

(as I peer at you sideways
drawing my thoughts along your wooden wave-shapes
dipping into knot warps and sanded-down blemishes)

To imagine

(your contours like sand-dunes
against the beige of my fingertips
against the straight planes of your edges)

To imagine you as you once were:
those undulating ring-lines breathing
age into you
and sighing into the ground;

But now

(varnished, sanded, rooted into cold
carpet)
there is simply nothing to connect you to your former self but the concentric rings that
signify your age—

Meanwhile, the wind whistles in the chimney.