

that light, the light of five
the light between dark and light
when autumn wrinkles to winter,
when clocks are forgotten –
some just octagonal fancies
for an artist's glance
when red turns to green;
that light clothes all things
in the wet birth of dawn –
books, the walls, painted treasures,
all stitched by the same needle.
a man's raised hand
loose and languid, is just
as chocolate as the hangered jacket,
just as mongrel as plato
or enid blyton. everything
is absent; everything is present.
look at the beard
on the big oak table. in that light
there's no beard, no diary,
no vinegar, no slash in the torso's side.
and colour? what colour?
scarlet breeches are merely
grey soup, like the wardrobe
in the corner – scotch broth,
brown windsor, mulligatawny.
dawn vaults over the mirror
and the blankets and walls
mumble in french.