

a dissolution

Joshua Mostafa

at one minute past midnight the last concrete mixer
creaked a final time and fell silent
each week since then a little more river-sludge dissipates
and a few gudgeon dare to flit and shimmer

in stillness, the forgotten begins to emerge
a steady subsonic grind of tectonic slippage
until the gradual powdering of earth-bones
reveals a whisper etched on the smooth core

shed your skin pluck your feathers scour your intent
swallow your panic cradle your memories loosen your jaw
finish your broccoli count your blessings watch your neighbour
dissolve your presence spin your cocoon dim your sight

laughter and forgetting
in a rising froth of tiny bubbles
a tight weave of interlocking gazes
thin voices punctuated by frail gestures
mirror against mirror
the sound of the pulse only
something will have to give