

Wake—

Alice Frecknall

I dress you naked and try
to see through. A sorry
fish flapping in a pint glass
worries your chest, a rope inside
your liver. Paper aeroplanes
are lodged between your joints in
such a way (is there any other?) that
it must be painful. Lying
with your twitching dreams, our
breaths turn the air damp
echoes and sad. Shocked
halo of hair, face a scrunched
scrotum of features. You
sleep heel of hand to temple, soft
death in your blind spot; wake
fully clothed and opaque, light
like stretchmarks on the walls.

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