**Pompeii**

Even the stitching of the ground
can be loosened when pulled.

The city sleeps within our sleep,
quiet, as if treading water –

a world that could be held beneath
a glass for all its stillness.

In the shadow of the volcano’s

song, the night swallows day

with the grace of a looping serve,

tongues the silence into sound.

Tonight, I forget my own name,

dream of a burning house

I do not recognise.
A star falls somewhere,

and the sea is barely bruised:

its waves, too distant to drink

the flames. That all the city
had left to offer was a haze

of fireflies, haloing the sky.

They hand back our scars, broken –

fly over a pair of lovers,

imprinted in the tangled dust.