

Undaunted

Once I thought up the dead
until risen from long absence
they sat at an extended dinner table
places set with plain cutlery and glassware

nothing served
but empty plates rimmed in black
and it was as if everything was remonstrance:
smelted jewellery re-worn

what was said unspoken
the born undelivered until tomorrow
good news unreported – the bad unhaunted –
and how this scene might have dreamed itself

from grief unaltered
a seance without mourning –
only the dead smiled in the silence
friendly and undaunted

and it was good to see them all together
unaware of what it was
I thought I needed: how to repair this broken flower
or lengthen that charade –

once more I tinkled a knife against glass
and they disappeared like frost
it was a moment in which tomorrow
ceded power to the past

whose you might ask
but then nothing happened yesterday:
except a gun was discharged – a car was set on fire –
a house floated down a flooded river