

Easier to Write

2019

It should've been too cold to lie on the ground
But we did anyway
It would've been too awkward to say the things we didn't
But I think we will one day
I like the way you pull me out into the world from in my head
I like it too when there's nothing but big blank blue
and you come out of yours instead

*And we slow down now, all the day birds are asleep now
The hawthorn hasn't flowered yet, Mars is just about to set
There was an owl, and how we loved it
And now its absence has two bats flitting above it
And below them a wide space for all the words to explore
And I don't mind how they find whatever they think they're looking for
Slow down now, slow down, slow down now.*

Strange how the blackbirds always seem so alarmed
By the arrival of dusk
I think the gentle unfolding of the night
Might be quite like us
I don't know why, but it kind of reminds me of the way
Some things are easier to write than they ever could be to say

And now we know it all by way of late night letters
And we haven't got to talking yet, but I think it will be better

Molecule

2018

It was one of those days when our minds slipped behind a molecule together
Came out new and shining, no-one knew where we'd been
Shaping up to be one of those nights when all the colours run bright down in the river
Saturate our every whisper as we walk by, and it would seem
We would follow every stream of intuition to its source
Except we always go exquisitely off course
Such interruptions of my mission are a force of our collective nature
I never quite find my my way to saying...

*I am here to hold your aching mind
If you would let me near the sadness tucked behind the corner of your eye
On occasional days
Like little lanterns in the grey
You've sheltered some shattered pieces of me
And if I knew how I'd do the same
If I knew how I'd do the same*

It was one of those nights when your mouth could be a bit persuasive
The closer to the corners the sweeter it stings
Don't you know if you do that it's gonna burn for ages
It'll run for several pages of over-analysing things
Stretch on the grass and feel the early-summer tension
Wonder how long we can hold on this suspension
How can either of us be the first to mention when it's gone on this long?
Why can't I find my way to saying...

Constellation

2018

So you and I have both agreed
Not to use the telescope again
We slipped behind the door
And shifted the focus through the rain
But that new constellation
In all its magnificence
Is best left dusted and muted
At a distance
Like the way I should have maybe stayed
But I forgot to
Like the way I'm saying this
In the way you taught me not to

I'm pretending I'm not squinting at the sky
Where somewhere far it's bright as when it seemed close enough to touch
But you know how I always remember
And I remember
It was so silver
It made me tremble so much

Hymn of the Orbital

2019

There are some hopes inhabiting the widest orbits
And the only way is to reel them in and swallow them like a pill
To keep them from tearing us limb from heart from mind from body from ground
Contained in ever-shrinking circles, let them be stabilised and still
It's not the same as letting them shatter
It's not as much as letting them go
But it stops the feeling of ever-ripping pages
Of summer-thunder rages
Reduces wildfire to a glow

*And I still miss the way we were so hungry
And I will grieve for the versions of us who had to die*

*I sometimes wonder what their ghosts get up to
Chasing round the dark ellipses of the sky*

Now the hills and valleys enfold you closer
Now I can rhyme with rocks and tessellate with trees
And I am unlearning and learning you, just as you are with me
As we brush away the scales of winter, find something gleaming green
And gravity is not a liar
See how eccentric we've each become
And our orbits' intersection
Moves us in the same direction
But now I know we circle different suns