

Faifley, 1976

Wire diamonds held the street at bay.
Cross-legged, I offered dandelions to Sparky,
a pulse of white in the green,
soft fur brushing my knees.

The day lay in absolute silence.
Heat haze dissolving car tyres into tarmac,
I breathed an alchemy of creosote, coal tar, and ozone.

A heavy hand closing my eyes,
couped in clover, I surrendered;
sun washed red through paper eyelids.

The hypnotic click and whirr
of a nearby cylinder mower threaded the silence.
Chimes of the icy haunted distant streets,
weaving the scheme, fading and returning.

Eyes opened to a silver glint,
a silent needle in the blue,
drawing a white thread
of light.