Alpha Step

By Jack Underwood

A change to my usual sleeping position, earth holding me close like I’m something that it loves. I feel a murmur through the hedgerow, old gods thawing from the permafrost. Only a matter of time before an Empire falls into the hands of an idiot and there are more ways of saying things than things worth saying; only a matter of love to steer the wind, which batters us daily, this only life that climbs beyond unfashionable beginnings, leaving us leaving it, breathless software, a bite taken out of the grand old narrative, while our ghosts refuel midair. Deep time. Lovely time. The human print will not survive. I mean like, woo, there it was.

Source: Poetry (January 2020)