

In a Dark Room

By Cassie Lewis

*'Cause it's alright, alright to see a ghost.
— The National*

Rock quartz next to a fence with upturned faces.
On the hill, on the other side
a storm, or plausibly, you.
Time keeps its footsteps regular until it is clapped upwards:
a falcon glides into view.

Dissolving into the pool in a splash of white,
I saw you. In summer,
the town goes to the drive-in.
The edges of the coin keep moving
as I stare at images through goggles, they
fog out.

Rooms go to pieces, sometimes, quietly. Curtains
are no longer red, now they're dusty. The cat
moves. The room turns ocher
and shifts, as wind blows through.

O Brecht's sky of streaming blue. It's been days since I opened the book
my face is watching. Cupboards slam in another part
of the flat. The room reassembles,
but it's different now —
outdated.