

BLISTER

Giles Goodland

The trees are trembling with what
 could brush past like an air of what
 imposed a self on what light stands in
 with containment as the answerphone
 realigns voice with target
 a word was a moth hatching from dust
 and in our talk we single out one
 evening three years before
 when a child was ill, and both
 hold in mind the same blistered
 skin containing a toddler, unaware
 of the milktooth in the cemetery
 its dark crown, a sky folding trees away.
 We are floating above him like
 the string to a lightswitch he
 cannot quite reach we might
 claim knowledge as partial in the light of
 light this action can explain what
 blood is for in a hushed shout.

GHOST

The planet corrects its course
 to the amount that your jumping onto the
 floor alters anything,
 a river shifts underground
 by passages of poetry, and in
 the evenings you hear forks
 tinkling against time. Night
 brushes and falls against mind
 but like everything I touched
 it is made of world.
 A moth shutters in haiku-fragments
 this language can change objects
 as moonlight touching
 dust. I think I thought I'd seen
 a ghost, it was a negative
 slighted in the wind.
 There is a tense in the air,
 a cat leaps like shadow.
 The birds are scared
 of doors, there are maybe
 a thousand generations pushing me.
 Their labour produced these tins.