banked up

brittle as a mirror
worrying at little lines
equisite as ants or wasps
half-aware of an open window
banging somewhere in this long dark house
in a clenched valley
of cold chimneys and black walls
cemented with orphans' bones
of trees flogging themselves to death
balsam flattened by the weight of air
she cramps herself small and smaller
dreams of dwindling
into a fastness of a shell
white under a full moon
in a sky of no wind

somewhere out in the yard a bucket has blown over
rackets about the cobbles like a big man in a rage
like a man who'd smash his fist into a gritstone wall
and sing about blood

John Foggin