

an excerpt from a novel in progress

when you wake up next, there'll be
a moment before you remember.
when you stoop to collect the paper

you'll see the rain has stopped,
but the atmosphere still feels
substantially composed of water.

when standing at the train station,
seeing resigned looks on the faces
of school children, hearing the whine

of electric train in its approach,
feeling the weight of brief case and coat,
you'll realise that routine does not

look backwards, and that grief is more
vertical than horizontal

Kevin Gillam