

John Tustin

ANOTHER NIGHT'S DEADLY MOON

You stand silhouetted against
The backdrop of another night's
Deadly moon.

You cast your luscious shadows
On my cold bloodless window
And the memories of you fall
To my bed like freshly dying leaves.

Some days your body weaves into mine,
But most days not.
Yet you are always with me,
Within me,
Deeper and deeper still.

The world overcomes like the tide.
The briars of our lives overgrow.
Another night's deadly moon overwhelms.

And then your lingering smell
Grows indiscernible.
Your stark image becomes the walls
And the carpet and the kitchen table.

How you have melted into each corner
Of this room
Becomes fixed like a painting
Hanging on the wall.

Another night's deadly moon
Rises and falls
And more and more of them
Like rain like hammers like plague

Driving your silhouette down into
The muddy grim earth.

The last leaf of autumn glides
Down into the obscurity of detritus
And worms hungry for rot.

Until even your shadows have disappeared
From this very cursed place

And I am alone in this room
Again.