

MIKE GREENACRE

Nocturnal House

I sit naked
on the kitchen chair
the fridge
murmuring through me

mesh lightshade creating
a lattice field
that catches my stare

climbing, swinging carelessly

until after moonlight
minds pause and walls stand
as worded guardians
over the incomplete

a cock crows and I know
I've been too long

that daylight leaks
what the night hoards.