

Universal

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.

– Lord Byron, ‘Darkness’

I awoke to a scrim of ash coating the glass
and tried to peer out, hearing a sound
like nothing I’d ever heard. It didn’t pass;
instead it grew louder and had a terrible weight

as if carrying all the wildlife that had died
away: the West African black rhinoceros,
Pyrenean ibex, quagga, Tasmanian tiger,
Caribbean monk seal, Bubal hartebeest.

It didn’t draw breath and seemed a kind of
keen that went on undisturbed by lights
all switching on in the dark, silhouettes
pressed close to see what was happening.

And it suddenly felt like the opposite of love,
like something loosed and impending.

Kevin Graham

OPPOSITE: Locky Morris, Wave on White 1.