

This November

This scraped bowl
of a garden, this hollowed-out
melon of a month, its thick skin
scoured of flesh,

this licked tin,
its slide and slither
shrill
across the kitchen floor,

this cut-out month,
shorn back and front
of company, this calendar
blown to fragments, flown
on an ill wind.

This stopped clock.

When all I ask is a warm room
pungent with promise,
a cupboard not bare,
the silk of a cat
around my morning ankles,
and a clock with hands
ample enough to cradle me.