

# Broken Windows

All along these sentences that tire you out  
the redundant roads unspool,  
like lines unspool.  
The rickety clack of the loose key  
– [Ctrl] – that you come across only so often  
echoes the redundancies in the back of your mind,  
or alerts these strange dogs, familiar in that  
way they have of yapping around your heels.  
Listen though, they are far off  
you can still scrape together a piece of a house,  
or a caravan, to sleep in by the shore,  
the drag and sweep maybe enough  
to maintain time spent imagining journeys  
(their details taken down and souvenired  
away) when really you could find yourself  
some new country instead or;  
at least, allow yourself to lean back from the keyboard,  
ease into the storm, just,  
all the while, please,  
remember to untether  
the poor barking thing.

Ross Moore

OPPOSITE: Kourtney Roy, First Snowfall, 2018.