

## **In their platoons**

By midnight when it was all over  
there was no-one, just the trees moving

in their platoons at the edges of the fields  
signalling to each other with their leaf-action

- no more hugging, no more healing,  
no more sushi chains

no more psychological thrillers,  
no more where is my husband.

At last they have the place to themselves  
and in their branchy arms

the whole future to optimise:  
birds, rainfall, the next new myths.

## **The streaming**

I heard it faintly and cutting down an alley  
beside the metro passed through its narrow air  
as close as skin - like sky that enters through  
an open window - to find your disused mobile  
ringing there, propped beneath a dusty tree.  
Your voice sounded so near, the line  
as clear as if you were beside me on a plane,  
almost something fictitious, though the tree  
bore witness ,roots and ribs networking  
earth and air. Where was that elsewhere  
you were calling from, or did I call you?  
Then came the rain, wild, unrestrained  
and ominous, its glassy strands descending  
through the undermiles of conduits  
to the lightless ocean bed. I saw the phone,  
I saw my hand. Where there'd been skin  
was now a web of ivy heading for my heart.  
It seemed a long way back then - the alley's  
open window, the chance to be like sky again,  
to cast my cloudless eye across the world,  
see nothing but its wide and lovely surfaces.

## **Last day on the futures floor**

It's January. The day's been astronomical  
and trader you're the last man on the floor.

The darkened pit's a planetarium where slips  
of paper – options, dates - lie crumpled  
on the Earth like broken lepidoptera.

You're half asleep and dreaming: at work  
in fields near home in summer break  
you raise your lengthening arms above your head

and gather down each dripping tassel,  
feel the cob-silks brush your aching legs.

Across the world the sun is up.  
The markets spike and dip, the orchards  
open out their blossoms for the ghosts of bees.

On the futures screen your new year stars  
go out. In the fields near home the corn  
you'll never touch or see is not yet born.