

Where radiators breathe raggedly,
bleating like sheep and
my breath coils in corners - a
soft-bellied thing
seeking refuge.

There we press palms one to the other -
one again open to the pipes,
to warm hum beneath the asbestos.

Here and there hall light rocks heel toe
slightly, imagining theirself the
harbormaster, ~~as~~ we observe them
guiding houseflies to their minor deity.