

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

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

Here and the hall light rocks heel toe
stably, imagining their self the
harbormaster, ~~we~~ we observe them
guiding houseflies to their minor deity.