

## Where

Every day since you left  
there are the jobs you didn't manage.  
The casing that chitters in the wind,  
the full moon cut into the bathroom window  
where should be an extractor,  
where now is only bright cold day.

Where once the garden was coiffed  
and dapper as a wedding suit,  
now its edges are frayed  
and weeds snag around its feet.  
These are the jobs you didn't manage,  
quite, before you left.

Where I lie at night tempting sleep  
I listen to the snoring  
of the boiler, left to its own devices.  
Where I make tea in the morning  
your porridge bowl sits empty and cold,  
and the kettle boils until it spits.

Where you lay I sit now watching  
the garden passing into autumn,  
aching with the flow of so much  
measured time, the rhododendron  
once throbbing with bees  
now a husk, unheaded.

Where once you stood in the hall  
always ready, shrugging on your coat,  
is now only the still of the unticking clock,  
your empty sleeves lifeless on the rail.  
Where once you lay, breath tapping  
like the drip of a faucet,

sipping air, one small sip and  
another, the strangled rise of your ribs;  
where once you lay,  
cancer fashioning a dark tunnel  
through your particular geography,  
there is nothing left, no shadow.

Nothing but the light, starved to bone.  
Nothing but the moon  
plugging the space  
you shaped in the window.