

One

Paddy Webb

How the drop of rain sliding
down the window pane resists
the next drop — draws its skin close
round itself — and if possessed
— swollen now — separates on
hitting the sill — there — single
again — amoeba division
easier than union.

I can think of a marriage
between piano and violin
or two cellos but before
the vibrations cease troubling
the air each instrument is
back in its own case nestling
in a velvet bed smudging

the red with resin.

Waking
at night I find you encased
beside me alone also

only I carry to my
death stitched in my lining these
few precious ripple-causing
stones to be buried with me
a kind of food for the trip
to where emptied and drained
we achieve ultimately
only an absence of being
will lose this oneness.