

A Few Paltry Things

Things that might be of use
wither in that bone cave –
my breast.

They try to force
a way into mind,
to turn
into words,
fly out of
my mouth like butterflies,
like seeds, like birds.

Tight lips
clamp down on them,
throat swallows
them.

They are imprisoned
in my heart
and its beat
stumbles over the one code
that could set them free –

these few paltry things
that might be of use.

Paddy Webb