

**Pippa Little**

**Night Vision**

*for MR at the computer*

There's you, leaning in to light:  
shoulders set against the shadows  
around, behind you,  
in the room where our life  
reduces to faint hint of supper onions,  
tongue and sole of walking boots  
and night airs trouble weak spots  
of window frame and chimney:

you stare into the cave mouth  
lit pale by its inner business -  
where are you? What do you find  
in there, deep in an addictive dream  
of uncountable footsteps?  
What fails you here, with me  
in this two-up/two-down  
dark box inside a darker 2 a.m.?

For you such luminous night-vision  
(glimpsed always from a distance)  
offers a stay from grief, a deceptive  
respite, promises you many *homes*  
to visit and slip out of, safe -  
for you leave no trace, come and go  
unrecognised.