

Neighbour by David Sutcliffe

who is my neighbour?

I pick up the question like a blade and
crimson rivulets run down my palm

let it fall from my hand
clatter to the ground
and break in two

who is my neighbour
my neighbour
who is

my neighbour who is
my innocence my guilt
my sister my brother

my always
significant
other

my neighbour who is
myself sometimes glimpsed
in the eye's swivelling mirror