

### ***An Exhalation***

under your fingers you feel it  
that ache coming from the centre of something  
a vibration  
a wave  
a pond that shakes  
it glitters to look across these heavenlike wastes;  
oceans of car parts and  
breakers yards and graffiti'd hearts  
of cities that crumble under your feet.  
Brickyards and basins,  
The kind of place to get misplaced in.  
Tremble,  
this is an ancient temple  
beneath your feet.

drumming the running  
chest aches to breathe it in  
a vibration  
a wave  
to be crushed by  
your feet reshape this place like clay  
headphones in  
make your offerings to concrete gods.  
Small town worshippers:  
sing your songs.  
Dormant beast,  
rise in the east and  
until you fall apart completely  
let the sun touch your skin  
like a lover  
under your fingers.

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