

# An empty-field soul

An empty-soul field,  
beneath as are worlds beneath stars  
a wind of blue-grey childhood,  
rests in the orange of the firefly swingset lamppost.  
It is broken  
of night-wet grass in the shadow of the playground swings.

Older clothes wears the eighteenth lamb,  
white naan pants,  
and the feeling is distance,  
veils, swathes of farness,  
an ocean of aloneness.

The arm jerks with  
brief  
strong  
emotion,  
the eye is transfixed and held  
by a light attached to his youth,  
when he looks over his shoulder.

He stands on moulded metal,  
elusively eternal, hard—ultimately transient.