

## Leek

Green leek rots ocre  
in fridge opposite chair from which  
I watch absences  
move before me.  
Cold holds no catharsis nor  
preservation, only  
colours at work  
like hands of clocks cutting sharp into flesh.  
Last time I checked  
time I couldn't  
find any. Online  
15 hours ago,  
the digital cherubs trombone  
as if worth proclamation,  
and all my cells slosh cataclysmic,  
torrents turning mind  
into fantasy-rotating turbine.

*he in bed, body-heating void or worse*

*he in kitchen, cooking artichoke hearts I carried there raw*

*he in shower, shampooing memory hair to foam*

*he in concert, vibrating without*

*he in bus, flirting with beautiful boys*

*he in train, of thought and else*

*he in destruction, of self or me whatever same thing*

*he in her, or her or - mustn't go there*

*he in oblivion*

Yellowing.

Leek going lighter

means heaviness accrued.

My whole system's run on pain energy, water and wind of  
spaces bereft and stuffed  
instead with obsession.

Love taxidermied looks just  
like every single one of those pets.

22 hours.  
Yellow crusting with beginnings of white.  
Flashbacks flesh back through my fingers,  
lost tastes returning a moment  
tease my tongue to torment.  
I feel the hours in their seconds,  
splitting air and room and nerves.

*must stop must stop must stop must stop*  
*cannot cannot cannot cannot*

Some absences can merely be measured against presence  
relinquished,  
by how wilful the wasting of whatever remains.  
At some point of the hour  
I signed the waiver  
with my full name.

28 hours.

The last sun in the fridge dies,  
cold darkens.  
Somewhere inside it  
I see the white shrivel  
to a glow.