

Carlton Baths

Out of the hot sky, into
The opulent quiet of starry turquoise.
A constellation hushes upwards
Silver spheres turn at my breastbone
Pluck, piquant, at my neck.
Buoyed by brightness, toes wave
Through this new, silky air.
A pop, and back rush
Hot breeze spiced with ketchup
Asphalt flapping under thongs
Crusts waved in sunscreen-slippery fists.
Shrivelled by December heat,
Time trickles into the grass.
There is no year, no century, only
Cool lilts on my upper arms
The top-and-bottom discourse of water and sky.