Breckland

Everyone out here driving the coast
of a coldfront, noticing good places
to dispose of a body. In a hundred years
or less, this whole forest will be underwater,
a landscape set down like a tray, saltwater
convecting between the pines. Bad-weird.
Maybe legend never had it. Maybe a whale
will swim the length of a ruined cathedral.
On the dashboard a satellite guides us
home from Christmas, and the baby
twitches in her sleep. So count me in
for the rupture, for putting the animal
down. Love has always been a loss
of risklessness, like a new sky installed,
huge and ceramic, an orchestral silence
behind each door. I have a lot of apologies
to tender, a lot of perfectly adequate foliage
I've laid to waste for the coherence
of a pleasing foreground. I deserve
all the leaky batteries of the infosphere
as much as the next sorry song.
I could have done more but I didn’t.
Darling light, the horns are sounding.
Here comes a chorus. Happy New Year.