

LINDSAY TURNER

[today happens as an urgent letter]

Today a turning up the street in wind becomes
a turning-out: to mercy, listen, who
or what word can resolve

this morning which is sparse and full of things that rustle
with uneven, with obsession, with
some kind of overbearing care and to space:

if I want to clear the streets with sunlight, where
does the dust collect These leaves here

are so big now Whether the sun will come
today is tacit, unresolved The last statue

is now in shadow and the biggest leaves keep falling

Today is anybody's guess—

I guess: the end of some small season an end

settled down around us as if the handcuffs
could have been somehow expected, already

warmed just to the temperature
of our skins—oh dear mercy—shop doors

are open but those open into winter which gets bigger
as it comes until each word falls through and out of it
unregistered, communication in that season's censure
will become impossible

Each room we're in and out of grays

The walls absorb the words dear together,
do we need to disinfect the streets, these leaves are orange—no

brown—no, just asleep, already in a sleepy
winter, each crimped around a season

of their own, the stones a little greased and the people
strolling, that slow double walk, the foot
brushes the street then steps on it and each pace
touches all the ground it covers To together: in the end

we go home to make tea, we go home to be alone, we have

to guess which house might still be

Ours—space, together, rest—we
go home so that we don't forget which house it is