Kate Copeland

Get ready

because yesterday
my hands unravelled the telephone wires
that anchor our terraced houses, the ones
in the middle of the street
the ones useful for my master plan.
And while familiar windows show
some outgoing smiles,
the amber evening lights, still
it is our night that blackens the room,
turns my tea bitter.
And while I play the records of the dead people
I wonder where my older nights have gone,
and your supernatural-vision-eyes eye me, soberly.
The thought hits my palms,
they cringe together like a family of birds, taking wings
after a long-lived summer that suddenly leaves me
more dead, unafraid
and beyond frozen shutters.
I am nearly sea
and will laugh, soon enough,
over beautiful grief, over the wind
falling out with my coat, over
your tears as pearls.
And while the water shows me
how to cry with arms wide open,
the sky, my eyes, the weapons I need, I see
the wires, your wishes heavier
than my existence.
Get ready
because today.

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