

**[Memento mori]**

LESLIE HARRISON

And this is the way it happens a moment  
 wakes in plain air and maybe a little rain  
 a moment stretches itself out over breakfast  
 something a little precious like crumpets with  
 exotic jam black tea the moment pulls up  
 a chair indolent and at ease the moment slides  
 a butter knife off your plate takes it up into  
 the gleaming the shine like fire flickering along  
 the blade the moment moves its chair closer  
 to yours and you have this unbearable desire  
 to let some other shoulder carry the weight

of your head of your sad head full of ticking  
 insects fates and strangers in their chains  
 and you do you lean down lean into the moment  
 rest there and the metal meets your heart  
 the blade sticky with fruit that hint of sweetness  
 the ribs are powerless in their small rising  
 in their falling they make a gate unhinged and  
 open and there inside the rain inside the day  
 the moment vanishes leaving only you leaving  
 only the blade



**[Imagine]**

LESLIE HARRISON

My goals today are modest

attend the sky for signs of falling

signs the buildings remain at ease

comfortable abutments guarding against

so much endless space

their blank faces intentionally broken open in windows

such casual such pretty risk

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The blind

wear sunglasses

darkness being one thing

exempt from multiplication

objects in mirrors are often

closer than they appear

what follows

does so in ways both intimate and dangerous

movie stars wear shades

windows without history

forgetting the arc lamp of the past forgetting

recognition

was never a matter for such tiny disguises

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The sky all day

the sky keeps showing off amusing itself

with the usual bag of tricks

the city stands below stands

