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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>You are an airport, I am soap</th>
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<td><strong>Authors</strong></td>
<td>Hurley, UK</td>
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IV. Her Interest Shifts

Centripetal,
Her love swirls to generations’ far edge,
Names & faces blurred

Twilight blue-gray.
The hard monocular focus of sex—
How simple it was,

“his” smile (rather
his chipped front tooth), that lank lock of hair so supplicant, cocky,

the folds, the smells,
one dirty knucklesome finger able
to pick her tight locks—

give way to heat
for the sweet skin of children and children’s children. No fools,

they’re right to be
afraid of the dirty old woman. She’d eat them if she could.

You are an airport, I am soap
For LAX from LUX

Snow, sun, sky.
Reduced to elementals.
A cross, the moon, a tree,
intensify the pain.

Sometimes people are aided
into erasure.
Like the bluebells at Brockhole, hybridised out of existence. That blue, that rippling, coalescing indigo skin, never to be seen again.

*From the terrace the lake was dark and inviting.*

Staring at black tulips, chilled in yew shadows, conjuring the green-brown taffeta of old ball gowns.

Looking into the heart of the night, the silence, with stars on my toes.

In the predawn kitchen old embers flared once more. Possibilities whispered through plastic bags snared in the branches of the ash tree.

Cold grey cinders stirred, shifted, chuckled to themselves. The smell of burned out candles lay heavy on the air.

*How could we have known that the ash tree was already dead?*

Finality terrifies. In conclusion, that is all we have. All we ever were.

The soap will slowly wash away. The airport blinks on into fading night.