

Facets

I.

The blowfly
crushed to the tiles
looks like
a jewel
from a throne
iridescent
metallic green
an impossible
emerald.

II.

I like
to stretch out
in the steam room
prop myself up
against the walls
feel myself poach
while every so often
a lifeguard
laps the pool
raps on the glass
she checks
if I'm dead.

III.

A bright gold
balloon
in the shape
of a five
floats up
shuddering
tassels
into dusk.

IV.

Tariffs
wax and wane
with the moon.

V.

Last night
we locked the dog
in the boot
for an hour
we had wondered
where she'd gone.