

# Chrysalid

written by  
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This day is made for breaking.

I lie awake in myopic fug. Outside  
my window, the agapanthus heads  
are inviting deconstruction.

There are only incidental details left.

I inhabit the shadows like silk-sheen,  
resting my fingertips on your objects.

Your pieces have grown into monuments.

There's no fix for this.  
No interventional gestalt. I feed each  
hour by hand to a paper tiger.

I do not recognise the shape a week makes.

This day is made for breaking.

When I imagine my return, it will be by  
increment. A thing of weight, measured out.

I'll pour a litre of milk down the sink,  
slide a curtain open  
and the sky will shatter.