

## Blue Light on the Floor

Mount Eerie

Instead of Roaring Rolling Round  
Going on about the world I Know  
In Which the Universe tears holes into our little lives  
and the far moon and the dark night  
are the distances shown huge and cold  
white, harsh and terrified  
now where I live the black night is built up  
and layers of arches like a mountain of blankets above me  
in a snow  
and I say "Hello Moon out the window,  
You are nothing to me but some blue light in my house."