

Falling Open

Peter Hammill

I see
What isn't there and what might be:
All the pages falling open.

Out of my grasp
The future floods my fingers:
The blood that binds the bone
For us a given, unforgiving known.
(All I've known unknowing)
Although I'm stumbling onward on the words
The script is always clasped
Within my hand, encrypted.
(Now I see)

A loosening grip,
A palm asweat from clenching...
The binding's ripped, leaves fluttering to the floor.

The book slips through my fingers,
All the pages falling open.