

## Nocturne for Pinhole Camera

An upstairs window lit.  
A hollow in the night.

A five-watt sleeplessness.

An eye shut in its socket  
fizzling with its worn nerves,

after-burn of one un-  
remarked blink of the day,

and another, like bubbles

blown wobbling in above  
the garden fence, from nowhere.  
Falling, one singles you out  
to print the concrete at your feet:

a wincing quick  
wet kiss.

## Seeing

Seeing only seeing

is the hush that comes upon us  
in the camera obscura

round the battered  
shallow bowl of a world

with woods and wind and  
people seething in it.

Seeing them not seeing

we're the back row  
of the silent picture palace,

the usherette's torch,  
the zippo spark,

the cigarette tip glowing  
here in Plato's cave.



## Hoard

These faint discs like coins of the realm  
unearthed: rough chieftains with a face  
they looted from the Romans, emblem  
of a cursive horse, or in this case

the planted feet of pylons, meaning my  
hillside my power my kingdom—blurred  
at the edges, debatable, a find that might  
be treasure trove, scene of the crime,

a miser's cache, a forger's hoard,  
a trimmer's stash (cutting it fine  
was a hanging offence), a shaft bored  
into the rich seams of the world,  
the common weal, into the grave-  
vault. Mine, the robber cries, all mine.



