

THE WEEK

In the morning, I step into the cold air;
outside the double-glass, the fog still hangs
in wide trees pulled back from the black road.

So it is until Saturday. I draw back the curtains:
the fields, heavy with rotting stalks,
sink down in the warm afternoon, and nearer,
a length of shredding fence, blistered
and grayed by a past sun, gathers its ground
behind an iron gate, rusted shut.