

## **Environs**

Lying in bed upstairs at 5:30 AM,  
pacified by the hour and the effects of gravity,  
sleep barely wearing off;  
the intellect clear as pure alcohol  
and chilly sunlight in a crystal container,  
I can listen  
to the indistinctive monochrome sounds  
of an ordering of the world  
that is in progress around me;  
Anna moving about downstairs,  
taking her lunch boxes out of the fridge,  
slipping them into her bag,  
filling up the cat's bowl,  
cleaning out his litter tray,  
pouring some fresh cat litter,  
and finally opening & closing the front door,  
pushing it tight and locking it behind her,  
leaving the house a lonely two-storey safety container  
for me and the old cat,  
before she walks across the yard,  
entering the garage, pushing the start-up button,  
backing the 4WD out of there, turning it around  
as the radio starts blurting out the morning news  
about Israel's & Iran's various options,  
leaving the premises,  
with the crackling of the tires  
across the gravel  
suddenly turning silent  
as she passes 'round the corner  
and disappears down the alley,  
leaving but the constant rhythm of myself obvious,  
and the ageing cat's call for happiness  
down the stairs

The passive, automatic registering  
of the bumping, screeching, bouncing activity  
of preparations  
is quite a benign phenomenon

that doesn't ask anything of me  
and my assortment of senses,  
letting the impulses play  
across the surface tension of consciousness,  
time falling calmly like birch pollen;  
Nothing full of environs,  
Life a fully fledged here & now  
in passing

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