

Carbon Sink by Kathleen Jones

I wish we were down in the mire, warmed
by the burning peat. Grey sky about to rain.

I wish you had a fever about to break.

I wish my headache had just vanished,
its absence still miraculous. Summer
is a sloshing stomach, a body filled
with drink. It has ends: spring's achy exit,
and autumn's entrance like a tender person
blowing cool air on your forehead.

Peat fires can burn indefinitely, and I think
timelessness is spinal, or a spiral,
something built to hold you up.

The heat a steady background, full
of tricks to make you think it's mild.

Era of rot: the carbon settles in.

Era of smoke: the whisky tastes of earth
and you'll feel good, you'll feel really good again.