

I am lying on my bed
Gazing out of the roof window
Clouds are blowing past
And there are specks of rain on the glass.

Downstairs the dishwasher is splashing
The washing machine is rotating
The hamsters are running
The seedlings are straining their necks.

Childrens bones, fingernails and hair are expanding,
Their brains are sifting through the madness of the day
The fridge is cheerfully cooling
The fruit and veg are mouldering.

The toilet is resting
The head lice are multiplying
The paint is fading
Our coats are going out of fashion.

Outside the compost is cooking
The spiders are spinning
The cat is meditating
The windowsills are patiently waiting for their
Congregation of dust.

Upstairs I watch a seagull and an aeroplane
I am lying on my bed.