

Them. Most of love *is* shit. But this is the best

I will ever have been, I was thinking,
hanging there from the sky; and that second, I stopped being it
and started missing it, and the wind fell and rose again.

And later my son found me

And fell into the hammock with me,

the very cradle of his world.

I just want *you*, the boy said, as though I really *were* something.

I rocked with him a while,

and then we stepped down and walked back

Into the lengthening afternoon

of the rest of our days. And the morning after,

I woke and saw that the word had got out early and written itself all over
the place, especially in the east but also

on the leaves of the grasses, in colours

The holy spirit would have been proud of

back in the old days,

before she unstopped the world's bottle and seeped

like some profound and original sin

well into next week.

—Mark Tredinnick