

it's all there is. It comes and comes,
and then it's over. Silence for a full five minutes at midnight is the afterlife

6.

In pyjamas. Good Friday now. But what's the good
of dying to save
a crucified creation? The son of man lies in his grave;
roll the moon across the mouth
of heaven. He's not coming out any time soon. Not till Sunday,
anyway. *Where was I then?*

7.

You asked me again. Before. Looking at the photograph
of your mother by the bed.
With god, I told you. And where was god?
Your litany; our catechism. *God is before
and after and in between everything.* I said. Making it up all over again.

8.

He's the bit that never wasn't. The bit that always is.
And so were you. We read a book
then, and you went to sleep, wherever that is.
And now the night is cold. Cloud is a shroud
upon the body of the earth, and the windflowers stand weeping.

—Mark Tredinnick