

## *Ties*

*This PC > DATA (D:) > gelle > Pictures > family > bob > pups first snow.JPG*

*i.*

They told me my brother didn't want to let him go.  
He sat, concave, in the backseat of the parked car  
holding onto a pile of fur and trying not to remember

*ii.*

In 2006 I tried to run away in my dressing gown and wellies.  
Full to the brim with the easiness of it, not once did I think of the dark  
or of him, still handful sized and ready to raise the roof for me  
until I was caught, crouched behind the kitchen counter  
blinking in the headlights of my defeat

*iii.*

I was in a café when they told me it would happen  
at 4:30. Even the sky seemed concave as I fell home  
down the hill, through the woods that hid my crumpled  
chin from strangers until I could pull myself taut again

*iv.*

This summer he swam in the sea with Dad.  
He couldn't see or hear the waves anymore,  
so how could he be scared of them?

*'will make you a playlist if you ask nicely'*

So what is it you're looking for?  
Just something new to open your eyes wider to,  
to bounce a little higher to?  
Or do you need something heavy,  
some more stones for your pockets  
to keep you anchored with just your nose breaking the surface?

I can make you months if you like,  
out of drum and bass and deep dawn cello.  
I can work in code so he never suspects  
that you are trying to map him out in drum beats  
like pins scattered with wool between them  
or fingers pressed to halting globes.

Do you need pushing or pulling?  
Will you learn the words like I do and let them  
tug it from your too-tight fists?  
Or will it just be a time capsule buried deep in your message history  
instead of your back garden?

I can pull the ache from you and stopper it.  
As long as you don't open it too often  
it will be there years from now and it will sound just the same.  
I can give you 'i guess not's and 'you know what's and 'it's not gone's,  
just tell me what you're listening for.

### *Ties*

Scuff marks on the wall from grimy socks  
and a girl spinning until she starts to feel sick.  
Down the stairs there are monsters in the hollow hall,  
but up here in the yellow her youth is encased by the banister.

Toffee apples and window ledges and books that end just past curfew;  
trampolines and fog breaths and blankets just thin enough to feel through:  
her stomach knots with it and she sits still now, feet dangling over the top step.  
If the batteries don't die she might still be here in the morning, tugging the ties tighter.