

Melting Point

Smoke blackly curls skyward.
Prowling officer gestures the roadblock
And gladly I turn into home.
No cameras but it is a film set
With five engines
their hoses spewing water-foam.

Legs really do buckle with the
Weight of disbelief circulating.
My front door gapes,
All privacy gone,
Like a labouring mother, waiting.

The house drips dark, foul acidity.
“Mind the carpets”, I beg a disappearing hero,
“All right Love” replies gentle.
He has seen much worse
As I will yet.

Many unbelonging people circulate,
Slit-eyed weasel ferret chasers
And feasters on bad luck.
An unrecognisable chipped mug is passed to me
Warm with some earth fluid.

While the air is hot and burnt
A breeze lifts the curtain fragment
And I am thumped by shock’s second wave
To see the idiot sun indifferently beat
through the missing roof.

Floors are littered with the mangled
trash of our life.
The cause of this strife skulks outside
And it is the sight of him
That flares my melting point.

My lungs are fuelled
To blast at five paces
Power enough to clear the decks and rooms
Suddenly the space is ours once more
But not to own.

Each day I pass the wrapped scaffold shell,
A skip is filled with sacks of stinking ruination.
Atop a solitary pink child’s shoe.
It takes a long year to rebuild.

And a few decades more to forget.
Yet there are times still
When I will hunt and feel
A fresh the pain
Like a missing limb.