

Circle

It was a new morning that felt like yesterday that felt like before. Springtime poured through the sash windows and you let it lap you up. You knew you were not to stay here for long.

Memories from last night's dreams came and kissed at your temples:

a nautilus shell, pursed lips, half a pomegranate, a whole pomegranate, a daisy chain, a clenched fist, the ouroboros choked in an eternity of death and rebirth, a semibreve quivering on infinite tracks, hot glass blown into a fruit bowl, a sea urchin without its spikes, poached quail's eggs and fish eyes, the end of a toilet roll tube which is also a single binocular.

A light thunderstorm thrummed in the curve of your bloated belly, through the thighs and back, and rested in the womb. Here it was to stay. Like a sleeping cat, it purred softly and you couldn't bring yourself to disturb it.

It furled

and

nuzzled

and

rolled

endlessly

above the uterus and you wanted to scoop it up and embrace it, except it wasn't really real like the pain was. But it greeted you as if it were real, and as if it knew you, and it did. Of course. You had met in every lifetime.

Unearthing yourself from yesterday's bed, you notice something drip from your inner thighs. It trickles down your legs – a melange of syrupy carmines and maroons. With the whole house spectating, nectar begins to splatter the cream carpet like blossoming poppies. A regeneration. You watch with glee as it crescendos.

The house calls you to wander, but there is nowhere to find solace that won't be marked by the throbbing plasma between your legs. It hums and you know that it is alive with the certainty of the night sky. Standing to leave the room, you notice that the floorboards are made of sandpaper. One foot in front of the next, you approach the stairwell's descent, legs like jelly for fear of soiling something precious.

Precious somethings:

a sacred fossil or

a button from your first school blouse or

a peephole to the cosmos

The Sundial Arcade splutters as you meet her for refuge. Sprawled out, she holds your swelling belly with tenderness. Gazing up towards the crown of the house, creases waft through the silk curtain reminding you of your mother's crow's feet when she laughs.

The house is alive!

Maybe you are dead like yesterday.

You watch as you stain the floor with fresh cherries – cherries like on a linen picnic blanket in the south of France. The blanket that was peppered with sand and crumbs and whispers that lodged in your throat forever. But today is now and forever is gone. Those stains may come loose but your footprints will stay hollowed in the carpet.

Soon, springtime will sprinkle the garden fresh. That too will moulder. And all that is left is another morning with the promise of yesterday.