

Peter Hammill, Falling Open

I see
what isn't there and what might be:
all the pages falling open.

Out of my grasp
the future floods my fingers:
the blood that binds the bone
for us a given, unforgiving known.
"(All I've known unknowing)"
Although I'm stumbling onward on the words
The script is always clasped
within my hand, encrypted.
"(Now I see)"

A loosening grip,
a palm asweat from clenching...
the binding's ripped, leaves fluttering to the floor.

The book slips through my fingers,
all the pages falling open.