

EMPTINESS CODA

traffic lights turn red but there is nothing to
stop

the steel birds of Nostradamus are nowhere to be seen
in a 1555 sky

the sun makes no noise
sluicing into the basin, a dry gold seepage

from the I-SOL-ATION-SHIP
cruisers disembark
in clingfilm

western lights turn purple (slow procession)

what capital is this?
latex hands swimming in the doorways

things empty out
office party balloons
skins and navels rationing the final oxygen

Niall McDevitt