

First Winter in Iceland

Some mornings we're woken by the sound
of our neighbour sneezing. I raise the blinds
and drink the night-dulled water. Half a pizza
is sleeping in an open box in the carpark,
topped with shimmering slices of rain.
The name sprayed on the wall of the bakery
is my dad's, but it seems so unlike him
to assemble his ashes back into a body
and be ready to start over. A map in the window
explains they are moving to a red circle
containing a bakery from the future.
The rim of this glass tastes of both our mouths.
In the shower I sing guitar solos, and sometimes
you come in to brush your teeth, and I feel
love. A woman is brushing her teeth and
is my wife, I think. Because sometimes it is hard
to say out loud the thing you absolutely feel.
Then two ambulances pass each other
heading opposite ways, and the morning is lost.