

### **The nightporter's letter**

It is the night, my friend,  
that casts the cars in satin light  
outside my window.  
Their steel's a feral gleam  
the fur of hunters set alight.  
You hear the railway's screeches,  
they carry far across the river,  
which froze for being lazy.  
A fridge gives sound to silence.  
The air itself, translucent stone  
for stone, supports this house.  
I'm out of step with time.  
A simple turn my head,  
its bearings made of lead,  
will not allow.  
The moon goes out.  
See ghostly fish down in the oceans  
enduring pressures beyond belief.  
Upstairs, a guest puts on the box  
while someone's got a watch to keep  
over this entrance.  
I cannot sleep.