

Radio

Through the window
the white kitchen bears small
evidences of her daily
pottering. Bits of birdseed
speckle the counter; globes of fruit
gleam as though polished
in a bowl by the tap. Foamy
dishes float in sinkwater,
steam rising from a cup
beside the kettle. A crossword's
ink dries against the photographs
on the fridge, as though
she's just upstairs, relipsticking
or gently recoiffing
her powdery, borrowed hair.

Room to room, overlapping
waves of BBC Four translate
prophecy to echo, just edging
out the creep of that pad-footed
loneliness. The man with ice-creams
jingles far away somewhere; a basket
of forgotten plush toys gaze blankly
at each other, unaware of the quiet mold
betraying the fruit from the inside out.

Wind through the window ripples
curtains. The stained porcelain mug,
translucent in the sunlight, wobbles
on the edge of the kitchen counter. With
no one to catch it, it teeters and falls.

Sonnet Phelps