

[He'd said he loved the way her neck tasted of rain.]

She'd laughed, and said let me in, let me dry by the fire.

And the whole room had filled with the tangerine scent of her drying.]

One Sunday he woke and the wrong voice was saying what is it, what's wrong?

He said - did it rain in the night?

I don't think so.

She dragged herself up and lifted the hem of the curtain.

I can't really see.

Then shivering she crept back down under the blankets and held him.

What are you thinking, she said.

EX-ANGEL

[The roundabout squats in a phosphorous mist.]

It is a saucer landed on the outskirts of Reading.

Lights blazing, it sheds a frosty incandescence.

Puff-cloud halos stretch out below;

they shimmer into the distance that is no distance.

It is 2 am, and the silence is vast.

There are no stars;

dead-reckoning, you adjust your position one mile westward as each mile seeps away.

Droplets smother the mirror.

Fog-lamps veer in the close limit of eye-sight

Next morning, when he had put the receiver down, he went for a walk.

It had rained, and the grass looked so drab.

He walked all morning.

At one, the sky split open again.

He lay stretched in front of the oven to dry
and cried himself into a parched oblivion.]

[I pull you close and it's like there's nobody there.]

You're scary, she said, and I love you.

And he said I love you too because it seemed the simplest reply.

It didn't really matter.