## Night errors

## in darkness, read to me read to me in darkness the roof collapsed, they were transforming into a \_\_\_\_\_ as I lie in the power of the world neither the \_\_\_\_\_ nor \_\_\_\_ could save it. When they returned, as though my life is spread before me no \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_ could be extracted call it ill dreams then – of course – the floor caved in something wrong at night any relationship with the landlord is pretty much shot a serpent bearer first report a habitability issue, then deal with it rogue sidereal constellation since the foundation has been removed behind the veil of shelves, the loosened coils closing the \_\_\_\_\_ is meant to open some inward source their general mood has not improved greatly in the dream last night they gave birth to a house remembering the future the \_\_\_\_\_ breaks where it was fastened to the \_\_\_\_\_ it was so exciting to do a walk-through-womb to lose nightly what we have seen forgetting where the keys are they could be under the \_\_\_\_\_ or behind the \_\_\_\_\_ to quite comfortably deny it underneath ownership is control, the life clutch formulate a question, confect it signatures have the power to \_\_\_\_\_ doors read to me in darkness let's excavate, get right inside the dirt we forget for the moment at night their errors, flashing binary code from the other room call it survival, call it a sense of belonging then – of course – the floor caved in no \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_ could be extracted the thesis is so obvious it's true neighbours are staring through the window neither the \_\_\_\_\_ nor \_\_\_\_ could save it. When they returned, should they stop trying to keep up with the wind? the roof collapsed, they were transforming into a \_\_\_\_\_

Note: this poem was created using the Start to Finish constraint as the starting point. Some phrases have been taken from or inspired by Rosmarie and Keith Waldrop's Keeping / the window open (Wave Books, 2019), edited by Ben Lerner.