

spilt / split

her fridge hums a lullaby to limp lettuce
pale mince dreaming on dark shelves

as the smoked glass jug slips through wet fingers
she has just enough time to think *oh*

then tiled floor and jug close in to kiss collide
crack open the ordinariness of the day

explode in a sucker-punch of sound bigger
than the room bigger than the afternoon

kitchen walls strain to hold it in
creak like an over inflated party balloon

and the milk in slow motion
throws up two fat white hands in surprise

hangs startled in mid-air she will stand there
long after the light fades eyes wide

bare feet chipped coral nail varnish marooned
as glass sharks circle in a white ocean