

Thursday

When the dusk comes in as quiet as this
as low as this, as dense as this,
like your whole world has gone back to where it began
and you wonder how you got into this mess,
the kind of mess you cannot see an end to
as if it may already have ended very badly
and all you can hear is the sound of your own name
spoken deep inside your own head,
it is probably best to step back
from whatever kind of brink you imagine
you have reached
and think about something else,
something small and practical
like boiling an egg.

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