

18 Folgate Street

Time here assumes a granular form.

It drifts against skirting boards;
banks in unfrequented hollows;
snags in spiders' webs; leaves
a drab patina on each object
sequestered in this peculiar,
exempt from the clock's jurisdiction.

And the odour of trapped time
is the sharpness of arrested decay;
friction of intimate contact,
suspended; food half-cooled on
the table; and the bodily
secretions of inhabitants, always
glimpsed at the corner of our eye.