## \*TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE \*

## a cleave of time and place\*

the sun sets – I think of you the dawn awakes – the same

a single muted lamp gives off some early light beside a glassy harbour while sharper lights bounce from a distant tower

by noon my world expands to wake again in deeper voice as muffled sounds reverb off bathroom walls a heavy humid sloth unrolls toward a sanguine afternoon rose-coloured

soon enough, long time waiting, here, there, every sound – cough, swallow, breath indrawn, a sigh – is caught on optic cord

only just begun, cut short, my fast-receding day moves back to black lit by a half-moon each side of the sea

## Christine Williams

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Christine Williams. 'a cleave of time and place'. *Transnational Literature* Vol. 6 no. 2, May 2014. http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html

to cleave has two meanings - to split apart and also to hold together