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Each Day

James Papworth

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James Papworth

EACH DAY

Each day this reactor
loses another clump of plutonium.
Brief traces of dust clutter
the edges of fingers
where cuticles curve the nail.
The geiger clicks around us
spattering the air with our news,
and the people we counted as friends
turn red nearby.
On days we can no longer sleep,
We wake up watching moths
beat each other for space
around the bulb.
The refrigerator hum
churns us to butter.
The yelling across town
comes into our homes.
On those days
we are the nasal smears
that are lost.