

---

LUCY ANDERTON

---

### *Not Something To Be Captured, Did You See the Signs?*

As if I know what  
I'm doing—he marries  
me. Did you hear that,  
yes, the line of dolls  
hung up on the bush  
is too obvious? Rather  
better: the spoon  
full of milk left alone  
in the broken palm—the ghost  
song skidding out  
the pane—in his arms I am  
still—but is *still* the best  
way to beat this heart in-  
to ticking? My ring  
finger aches—we know it  
is just winter knocking—and the swallows  
agree that this hour is  
a fine one for freezing,  
me? I've got glue to melt  
and reins to unbreak, mine  
are needles dancing at top  
speed under the skin quilt—  
pull it round you—I will  
shiver red and wakeful, but don't  
ask me what  
is going on. It's better  
if you keep your returned  
"I love you" to yourself—better

if I can let mine  
    out into the faint  
haze around you not  
    to be answered, better  
to wonder, emptying, so  
    much better to wait—