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Backwards

A thrown-out mattress slumps
like a drunk against the wall.
Dust moving through a dumped

carpet's labyrinth of fibres
watches ants carry yellow foam
icebergs out of an exposed

wound in its side. A surgeon
of rain slips its scalpel inside,
ready to rust tightly wound

bone. It will be broken down
into particles, sifting amongst
earth, reborn as starlight.

The Music

Leashed clouds circle above London
and its vista of skyscrapers, apartment
blocks, churches, parks, supermarkets

and mosques. Flocks of sunlight dash
past my window when day slips
on a black dress. A full moon performs

a jazz number. Rain dips its paw
into a blur of pavement, shaking the scene.
My poems escape from the stanzas

of my bones, attracted by the music.
Stars move closer to keep watch.
My legs sigh under the blankets.

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Christian Ward is a 27 year old London based poet whose poetry is forthcoming in *The Kenyon Review*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, and *The Warwick Review*. His chapbook of experimental poetry, *Dark Matter Lullabies*, is due out this spring courtesy of *Why Vandalism?*