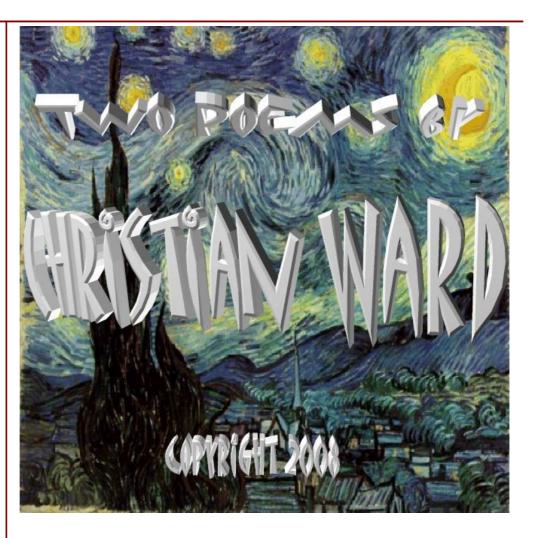
Home

Current Issue (Winter/Spring 2008) Autumn 2007 Summer 2007 Spring 2007 Winter 2007 Autumn 2006 Summer 2006 Spring 2006 Winter 2006 Fall 2005 Summer 2005 Editor's Note Guidelines **SNR's Writers** Contact



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?