

That night

It was my three a.m.,
your afternoon, when your text
shocked me awake
to the word *malignant*
which spread its meaning
through my own lungs
as I left the hug of the duvet
and stood in my thin shift
against the window's cold.

I looked out at the small lights
fighting the dark and wished
my message to you through space:

Send the sun round the earth to me
and I'll ship you the crescent moon
to carry you in its curve
as I first held you
when you came to me
through the pains.

from **Driving in the Dark**