Breaking the Lease

I pack everything into boxes.
Wrap my granny's dresses around sea urchins.
Put rubber bands over old love letters.
Throw out every pair of shoes that never fit properly
and am left with thongs and cowboy boots.
Around the house I find three forgotten cups of tea,
one slice of toast and a peach pip.
Photos torn into tiny fish scales make their own
private tornadoes in the corners.

My mattress is covered in slumps of sleep
and underneath there are scabs,
bits of love that will eventually fall off.
Dreams have turned into strange bodies,
like clothes filling up with wind on the washing line.
I weigh up the funds and decide to
drag the bed into the back alley and leave it there.

Late at night the seams of the sky look unpicked
like a great big black dress billowing.
I try to make out the shadows in the backyard,
but all I see are small plastic bags whipping round,
Safeway's kites set free.
Creeping in through the kitchen window,
a small piece of night
rubs her chin against my ankles.
The car is packed.
I pick up the cat and we go.