

Meditation

I sit, wrapped in a duvet, by the window.
Outside, the streetlamp sends a yellow glow
across the blankness of the neighbour's wall.
What else? a pole, a clothesline made of cable.

A distant train horn sounds its two-note warning;
somewhere its headlamp slides towards a platform
where people hang about with bags and coffee,
ready for doors that open on urgent journeys.

Meanwhile, the sun is rising, the wall whitens.
Someone unlocks their door. A scooter guns
between the houses, joins the traffic sounds
that heave and flow about me. The pole is rusting,

the empty cable sways upon the breeze.
I sit among the beingness of things.

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