Migration

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Houses contract in the night,
and relax in the ivory morning.

The roots of plants travel
through the secret world of earth.

Brilliant parrots colonise the
foreign trees of winter.

Each Wednesday morning rubbish
is collected by the noise of trucks.

People walk or run past windows,
from one part of an hour to another.

Throughout the day, rooms are
occupied and then left, like memories.

A child’s goldfish migrates from
one piece of food to another.

The river at the end of the road,
and everything thrown into it,

makes its way to the coast, where
the sea unravels into rain clouds.
Rain flushes out suburban cats
and the sound of metal roofs.

At night, headlights measure walls,
and citizens fall into their sleep

as the moon moves across the sky,
or the sky moves across the moon.