

Capnomancy

Bulges and soft folds of smoke
open and open until
a continent of smog
casts its shadow on the town.

Temporary valleys
and mountain ranges are born
where the fumes cough and ascend;
grey fjords, upside down atolls,
amnesiac isthmuses
crowd the sky.

Tentative desire lines
aiming into the interior
are, seconds later,
re-imagined as dead-ends,
and ash-falls
intimate legend until
they, too, are gone.
There is no time for maps
and no one to ask.

And still the fire burns.
In black and white.
Blinding heat in the heart of a building.
In the memory that makes us.

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Poet: **Graham Clifford**

(Local Poet of Coppermill Poets)

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