

Dwell Time

there's *rent* as in regular money paid to a landlord
and *rent* as in pull to pieces, lacerate, wrench

how am I supposed to write when I can't find a place
to live there is a wound with world lodged in it

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of the house, I didn't *deserve* it anyway
of the body, it wasn't mine to hold
this is important, it matters
scarcity conjures a psychopathy of worth
should I have *done*
that instead
have you *been* hungover in an archive
now tell me about touch
its transference
will a bath cure my nausea
do I *deserve* to see a doctor
exhausting prehension to feel valued
resident without a home
having maxed out the hope-zone

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mouth wood sorrel-wet from moon-licking during
a heatwave. some days we're pilgrims

but mostly just workers greasing the wheels of commerce
trade the human for hazel, siskin and long dappled grass

moss occluding the metaphor
hammering nails into the calamity form

night after night I close the blinds
on war and late capitalism's depredations

and dream pastoral without a glimmer of agribusiness
how rent and wildfires are monthly wounds

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can you feel it

late summer in the anthropocene
two men sit with an ashtray
the size of a plate
and an ecological disaster between them
downloading aviaries
into their palms, into my
palms I vomit a hurricane
of pollen, sit in the same
seat, at the same time
every day on my commute
fixed as a data point
the conductor accosts my living

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should our relics be chicken bones and vapes
friends fossilised in debt, mouth marrowbone-wet

ask anyone, there are gradations of mourning
dimensions of woundedness, different scales of grief

most days I want to rot in bed but open the blinds
to disruption, begin to notice the aftermath of free will

on my body, fretting over the plangent corollaries
of each new moon and strings of tender phonemes

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my work-issued therapist links
nausea and vomiting to a traumatic
event a few mothers ago
what if I am allergic
not to the ego
but fiscal deviance
plastic haunting my digestive tract
everyone in the office
in the soil-quiet office
scared of cancellation
I mean have you *been*
hungover in an office
an aviary, psychopathy, and house
between the next desk
and your hurricane of summer
what remains of our period of isolation
now consider worth

value
its transference

Tom Branfoot is the writer-in-residence at Manchester Cathedral and a recipient of the New Poets Prize 2022. He organises the poetry reading series More Song in Bradford. Tom is the author of *This Is Not an Epiphany* (Smith|Doorstop) and *boar* (Broken Sleep Books), both published in 2023.

boar:

<https://www.brokensleepbooks.com/product-page/tom-branfoot-boar>

Epiphany:

<https://www.poetrybooks.co.uk/products/this-is-not-an-epiphany-by-tom-branfoot-pre-order>