

GROUNDS

*'the life of this universe is a perpetual
cycle of production and destruction'*

— Giacomo Leopardi

A tablespoon of grounds, plus water
- calcified white by the local chalk pits -
appointed to the *Bialetti's* silver chambers.

Gas flame *on*, while,
somewhere on the equator,
a hand in the shadow of a mountain

passes through new seedlings, pale soil.
Three miles away, Enrique is still sleeping.
Freya is scrolling microplastics,

London protests, the Arctic polar vortex.
And my father, eleven hours in the past,
hearing the *KO-kee KO-kee*

of the island's frogs, rain on the black canal.
Muddy and furious, the two-tongued river
announces itself in steam.

This Japanese mug is the colour of terracotta;
this love for you still stands. Nitrogen-warm,
deeply alive, lively with magnesium.