

## DRONE

“The forest is falling.

It hears itself.”

—Phyllis Webb

from the start where I live floor upon floor  
embodied a hive, stacking layers of cells  
rarely alike, gestating half-explored  
silences almost nothing dispelled

the buzzing inside my head incessant  
spatial tinnitus doors neither shut out  
nor let much else blow in, waking hours rent  
with smells sopped up by rugs or spoiling grout

until, as the years passed, whiffs of curry  
could feed me through a vent, neighbours walled in  
like me, haunted but sagely unhurried  
what calm we've let bloom finding dimension

the day-to-day windowed by books not mirrors  
open in my lap, breezed through unfettered

-John Barton