

Yet at least I can recreate  
the smells of artrooms  
in which you're still billeted  
and with this pen (though more  
harshly and with more questioning  
than you) I can carve  
cardboard castles on a page.

*(Brother. This poem isn't about you:  
poetry is never about reality.  
This poem is only a collation  
of theories and paradigms  
that landed near your feet.  
You only abetted them in their desertion.)*

**Nicolas Sykes**

## **MORNING**

"Hey! Who turned the darkness off!?"  
No one answered,  
so I got out of bed  
and turned it on again.