

Patricia Prime

INFINITE SPACE

The sociology student in bed
with her books
eats bread and sugar sandwiches.
She pecks white grains
from the pages and pale scabs
from the moons of her nails.

She keeps a bottle
of wine in the fridge
and a photograph pinned
to the wall—
figure in India
with a stride
like open scissors.

Lengthways the bed
would not support his long figure,
insufficient room
for him to lie diagonally,
so he moved the mattress
to the floor.

He liked meals
they couldn't afford
at home. And pubs.

She thinks of his imperfections:
the unthinkable moves
that nevertheless
took place;
the inconvenient
black scratch of letters
and promise to return

the Taj Mahal
a hangover
in the distance.