

Coherent

I'd like to be coherent
like the number one,
a single integer
with integrity.

Like a gannet,
with one thing in mind.
(one hundred),
afloat on her philosophy:
'It's all very interesting.
I'm so grateful for everything.'
The august one,
with a surplus of patrician leisure
and the gumption to live it.

But no, my brain
is a jumble sale,
a great-gapped colander
through whose plural holes
slips my life's purpose,
split into pleasures
and the long postponement,
as though the body
were itself immortal.

Gabriel Millar