

## Poetry

*Sortie*

and then comes the morning when it finally dawns on you  
 that the sun is not going to rise any more than you will  
 above yourself, when in the midst of the mist  
 the blinkers have crept up the sides of your  
 cheeks far further than you thought  
 they could, when corridors have  
 narrowed like garbage tip walls,  
 doors have disappeared  
 like poltergeists and such  
 ghosts will never re-  
 appear to haunt  
 from the gutters  
 like steam,  
 white shadows  
 aglitter in  
 subconscious  
 rivers

you've awoken to the sight of the Minotaur's murder site  
 where eulogies are leaking from mouths on mute,  
 dead ends pile up like bodies en masse, without  
 warning, no exit signs, no wrong way turn back,  
 where gambler's luck is never looking up,  
 and if you're honest, no one's sure  
 what you mean, where self-  
 abandonment is out of vogue,  
 tunnel-vision is the new  
 black, clouds have  
 descended so low  
 that even the  
 supermarkets  
 are dark and  
 everyone is  
 looking for  
 some way out,  
 any way out,  
 not a  
 mirror,  
 anything  
 but  
 mirrors,  
 just a  
 clouded  
 window,  
 please,  
 opening  
 to let  
 the  
 rain  
 in

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