

Sonnet Scroll

Neighbour **By Phil Powrie**

Silence. He knows he's boxed in but the walls stretch into black holes. They garble his breath. You don't need windows, and you rarely use the door. You prefer the permanent dusk.

He knows that he's not alone. His next-door neighbour has been listening to the same tv show. So nice to be near. But nice to be far in muffled intimacy.

He knows he's not alone; he can see his ghost in the tv screen's static snow. He lights a cigarette. He watches his ghost

disappear in smoke. He pictures the smoke as space curling in his lungs, sensing his organs as they swell and suck in the dark.