

## IGLOO

i.m. Robert Lax

Inside becomes outside; it is as grey  
as day can be and as light as night  
often is, depending on the season  
and how wide your eyes are open.

It is dark outside now Robert  
is no longer here. Words splinter  
until we learn to read them,  
islands of shadow on the page.

No escaping from or shelter in  
the cold igloo we call death:  
corridors of glass and snow,  
stone memories pegged in place.

Outside seeps inside; it is as light  
as it will ever be. You've slipped  
away and I will never visit.  
How wide-eyed alive you seem.

*Rupert M Loydell*