

## Constancy

I stared out on the midnight streets  
of Canberra, so still they looked  
frozen in time. The nearby  
clock tower was stuck  
at a quarter to eight, early  
even by my blood and bones  
like a wish that we  
would never age,  
from this instant. Canberra:  
it's what Australians like  
to say about it – out of time  
and stuck in a world of no  
human's making. To be alive  
is to be moving  
away from where we are,  
even in sleep. And I thought  
of you, as I always do, the better  
part of me, far and yet near,  
in a three hours different space.

This one constancy, as still  
as a winter street telling me,  
in a way that catches my breath,  
that time is only a window  
I could climb through  
and touch you, in life, in death.