



Now I See Them Everywhere (ongoing)

Hayley Haynes

<p>12:22pm Now I see them everywhere</p> <p>Thursday - It came out of my elbow to form a semi-circle. Not a perfect semicircle. a rugged semi circle A weary smile roughly formed Imperfect With little bumps and juts It rejoined my body Near my wrist. Like a growth Surfaceing for air I couldn't feel a thing But I'm glad I saw it Before it was gone. It was mine</p>	<p>8:15am She has no idea How distracted I was By that charmed snake Upon her back Facing my way I'm not sure who was more charmed Me or it</p> <p>It later relaxed At some point between "decolonisation" and "children"</p>	<p>9:33pm On top of the covers In a towel the colour of slate It revealed itself (Just a few centimetres) Stuck between calf and thigh</p> <p>A passing truck honked its horn</p>	<p>7:15pm Friday - There it was. Trapped in a journal. Between a future today and another tomorrow Sprouting up and diving back down between the pages Pressed amongst their emptiness A safe place to be Where anything remains possible half of a heart sideways the bottom lip and inner bosom meeting at the edge of the page Left there in privacy</p>
<p>8:40pm Saturday - Spiralling on my chest Rising and falling with each gentle breath But holding on Springy like An old fashioned telephone cord Each curl So oddly even As if wound Around An invisible tube</p>	<p>9:30am Sunday - Two circles overlapped like a venn diagram Clinging to her chest Tracing the curves Shimmering in the evening sun Golden honey threads When a gentle breeze puffed them out They bounced and flapped around from side to side While another lay limp on her thigh</p>	<p>11:24am Monday - Blonde On khaki A twisted figure of eight With an arm reaching out below One circle on fabric The other mainly invisible Raised to the sky Much smaller too Like the head of a child's snowman</p>	<p>9:57pm it crept down from the top of her chest to find her underarm. Or was it creeping up to find her chest?</p> <p>A small pile was gathering in her lap</p>
<p>10.06am Sunday - On the train On the plastic in between the two cushions In the shadow of my hand typing on my phone A black line on beige plastic I was unsure of its provenance It was a full circle The size of a mug But only 3/4 was really visible The final quater Camouflaged by that hideous Metro fabric It made me think of Yoko Who said This line is part of a large circle</p>			<p>Hayley Haynes is currently participating in the Kings Artist-Run Emerging Writers Program (EWP). The EWP aims to establish a platform for the development of experimental creative arts writing to sit alongside the monthly exhibition program at Kings.</p>

