**where he lay undiscovered** *by Deborah Harvey*

In the never-quite-dark

of those first summer nights

I heard police helicopters sweep overhead

seeking the heat of suspects in hiding

trespassers, burglars, car thieves, murderers,

cannabis farmers

It was blow flies that found me

After the buzzing, lascivious squirms

the memory of rotting plums forgotten in a fruit bowl,

then squadrons of beetles homing in

the family of foxes that fed on my lungs,

the bone of my shin

As for you lot driving past

after tiles for your bathroom, this week’s fashion

upgrades for last year’s mobile phone

who don’t notice me in elders and brambles

on your daily commute to your home,

there’s no need for guilt

You’ve not ignored insects crawling on windows

snowdrifted mail behind a glass door

and I like it here

Already a second year is turning,

I wait for dead leaves to tuck me in, ground frosts

soft as flannelette

 untongued, undone

I don’t call out