

Crime Scene

Noel Duffy

I pull the curtain back, the day ending
to a dull turquoise above the rooftops
of the neighbours' houses on the square,
the lined sentinels of the bins by their gates
that seem to stand in watch recording us.
The streetlights flicker on, one by one,
the hoods of the cars in the driveways,
a shimmering metallic, the tail of yesterday's
storm ghosting in the branches above them.
Sometimes I dream there's a body
buried out there under the cedar tree,
beneath the camouflage of autumn leaves
and all our fallen memories. I let the curtain
fall back, passing like a shadow across the brain.
I watch you lying on the bed, half asleep,
no shining light to disturb the eye just
the bulk of things hiding in darkness.
Living in someone else's daydream,
I see the world through cold blue eyes.

*Noel Duffy was born in Dublin and holds an MA in Writing from NUI, Galway. He has taught creative writing (poetry) at NUIG and screenwriting at Dublin Business School. His debut poetry collection *In The Library of Lost Objects* was published by Ward Wood, London, in 2011 and was shortlisted for the Strong Award for Best First Collection by an Irish Poet. His second collection *On Light & Carbon* followed in autumn 2013. His third collection, *Street Light Amber*, will appear in 2016.*

© Noel Duffy. The copyright in the poems and artwork featured in *Studies in Arts and Humanities* is owned by the respective authors and artists, and may not be reproduced without their consent.