

Nick Laird
Terrain

Though we cannot detect them, infra-red rays from the system's security sensors are scanning the rooms, and our surnames are secret and neat in security ink on the back of the picture frames,

though readily fluorescent under ultra-violet light. In our own rainbow of visibility, you'd been watching a property show and had dozed and now the screen was frantic, driving home through snow, alone.

I read somewhere one-hundreth of that static is cosmic radiation interfering from the very edge of space and time, some ninety billion trillion miles away, from the word go, from the Big Bang.

Proponents of string theory posit twenty-six dimensions, though we have the ability to pick up only four, with these senses I can now detune – settled in beside your skin and warmth and sleep –

to some unnumbered octave, some unremembered reach, where all the other universes press like lovers up against us.