

## NO ONE

He stands by the four-way  
With spread-eagled hands  
To fit saucer shaped coins  
That pay for all his dreams -  
A loaf of bread  
A gunny sack under his head  
A pack of chips  
Or the leftovers of another's meal  
He stares at the other children every day  
As they go to school  
Their seasons come air-conditioned  
Their nightmares dress as bedtime rules  
He wishes to be like them  
So he wishes to be someone else  
Whose hands could spare some money  
To a hand less fortunate than himself

## FRICTION

The road-  
Like a rocky ribbon  
Swirls a tyre  
On its head  
With claws that peck  
At the circumference  
Of every step  
In a waltz that changes  
Both their skin

## BREEZE

I lived inside  
The iris  
Of a keyhole  
Looking at the world  
Through a shaft of light  
As the passing wind  
Blew in  
To rustle my feathers

ASH

A cloud of anxiety floats  
Between the lungs  
Through a chimney  
That turns oxygen to soot  
But in a world  
That slow-roasts the spirit  
Into meat for the deli isle  
The flicker of a cigarette  
Ought to be the last on the list  
Of inflammables  
That kill

## CRESCENDO

What was it about music  
That made a people  
Partitioned by the geography  
Of their tongues  
Remember that they all  
Shared ears