

at the white coast

the ferry stops
at the white
coast
ribbon cliffs
secure the island
mirrors on sticks
poked underneath
they decide
we have no drugs
this truck
given
passage
up the highway
we spin to
Gravel City
on the river

our
relations
got off
this place
a century
plus
when i call
the ancestors
peasants
speak for yourself
his mother snaps
but what else? was
Great-Grand
father of eight
pent
in a tied cottage
weeding
vegetables
for two old Ladies
on
the Rothschilds'
estates

The Embankment

they pace it as a backdrop
for characters in conflict
the river
slung
behind that great bauble
St Paul's Cathedral

dishevelled we drag our packs from the truck
our driver accelerates off
the girl he favours safe in his clasp
as burst apart
we spill
over The Embankment
into the crowds

bag end

the dormitories bunk eight to a room
day in day out electric light
internal windows blocked with paint
the beardie in the communal kitchen
staying longer than
anyone
talk to him
of anything
as you sizzle your fish
fingers
but all his roads
choke in Tolkien

so i'll get where i am

plot the transit
of an astronomical
theatre ticket
foreign currency
exchanged
for
an
all
star
cast
direct
from The Great White Way
across a spot-lit stage
leggy American Brown Sugar's bump
bowls her chorus boys
to buggery

dancers on their backs jump up
blazing smiles
Brits and tourists clapping ourselves
to delirium

and ah
to wake up in her arms

no forced labour here thanks
hemispheres bump
colonies grind

fugeddaboudit

light and power

this evening i went to look
at a room to let
the crowd on the street
trotted up
stares
behind the owner
as she quoted her price for the landing corner
screened off with particle board
having its own lockable door
and window? no: fully secure
triangular
light and power
all you require
by the meter
on his bed
the sitting tenant
about to go home somewhere better far off
told us living there was shit
and someone took it

box on

blue-jean Wendy-band rental agent
forty years of gold slung round her neck
on a choke chain
below her desk
a German shepherd
with a snap
she extracts an address from a fusillade of terrace houses
the landlady
no noise no men no visitors after ten
shows a room enshrines a wardrobe
wherein
any celebrated dictator she's embalmed
could feel at home