

## Elegy

I walk through empty streets and silent scenes,  
past traffic lights that wink neon green  
against the ink of a dawn sky,  
past lonely men who once were innocence,  
now curled in doorways, fallen leaves,  
with guttered gaze and muttered pleas,  
which, in truth are elegies  
to lost chances and conspiracies,  
past a hospital where children live  
long years behind glass,  
their faces sincere, their hearts in jars,  
**and later, down at the river,**  
I listen to Plath on an MP3,  
reading of lost children  
and the impossibility of life –  
poetry, the only certainty -  
as the water glistens in the bridge lights,  
the senseless time clock over me,  
the air fat with binary code  
of every word, spoken, unspoken,  
each thing true for the time it takes,  
then different, somehow gone again.

*Louisa Tomlinson Brighton*