

Windy wallowing of the recently unemployed

This spring stirred gust of unsettled time

stood still at stone edge

desperately

fleeing mind

inertia grip tightened its vice on neck

iron on ankle, greed in hand -flesh on lips

The air violent

With incessant saxophone, strangled sirens, harping harlot seagulls lapping like foam

cutting the granite at my feet

frozen sweeps of gale shrouded the misleading sun. and me still.

on stone edge

water beneath -body hunched

cowered searching words

searching strangers to curse with undirected scowl. directionless feet soles bent folded floundering with loose steps not conquering coward at cobbled street

if you're at a loose end

your probably loose.

undignified, unenlightened

ribs broken by stuttering insignificance .

I awoke cold- eating from frowning vendor returning favour -cold

returning infant.

He was waged to answer

To numb infant. Amidst

air swept violent.

swept along endless alleyway, teeth rattling like litter.

desperate to show white to front to gesture

caught when it feigned

rhythmically battered by the curb till the elements ceased

shook still

inertias grip -vice on neck

iron on ankle greed in hand - flesh on lips..

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Leilah King Bristol