

Ian C Smith

Day One

The streets' jostle sliding towards him
their artworks of advertising fizz
this extended view, rattles his heart.
He wants to put his fingerprints
on the panorama of busy late morning
around each of Earth's turned corners.
For hours he hasn't thought of what went wrong
that hole in time like an old photograph.
On the footpath he claims a seat
though his feet are anything but weary.
It is like being in a moving painting.

An emergency vehicle's siren rings.
Some residual jungle trace
readies him for fight or flight
obliterating his enjoyment.
He grips a plastic bag of pathetic things.

Recidivism is a word too hard
for him to have heard, and far too long.
He has the numbers of a parole officer
and a woman who works and waits
like a heroine in a C&W song.