

Second Hand Jackets

Proud Simon

Stray cats masquerading in chiaroscuro paintings.

There's a hole so deep in the pavement, I wonder how many layers are beneath it. Suddenly demons of antiquity illuminate the construction machines.

They pierce my pockets for change. Relics still in fashion; our second hand jackets.

But the warehouses are abandoned under the towering expansion.

And as they grow so too shadows, a playground for the vagrants. Three kings are parading, and I for one am waiting.

For the ashes and straw that remain there.

I lost everything in your hypnotic stare.

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