

RORY HARRIS

INDIAN SANDALMAKER, LEVUKA

the day's eventful  
as his customers

he sits hidden by the darkness  
the room is everything

work, bed & kitchen  
the order of this is important

oiled tools hang like trophies  
behind him the sea rolls against his walls

everything is repaired  
or in a state of

sharp edged instruments are played across oiled stone  
& emery paper, wiped off on soap

fingers feel the edge for truth  
for sharpness

fingers play across the strips of leather  
teasing them into place

the morning eases into the afternoon  
the scent of labour surrounds us

i pay him & leave  
our language, continents apart