

John Blight

**IN BRUSSELLS SQUARE
– SEPTEMBER '85**

Unlike the journeyman, the soft
poet views the Square unmindful
of the Guilds which solemnly met
here teaching the craft of masons
who, at heart, were artists — never
set-square architects building a
tight square. The Square isn't square
though facade faces facade round
a cobbled place which footsteps smooth
and polish as a tide its floor.
Four centuries now the moon has
lit the Square over the scalloped
skyline's silhouette — here, unscared,
stray cats on slates midst chimney-pots.