

At night I watch
the city rise,
and light a candle
to make the fretwork
cast lace shadows.

Below, moths bicker
over the clothes
she hangs above fading lino.

We share the punctual rain
and rice and basil
she cooks in vine leaves.

We speak in discordant tongues
pitying each other
for our fear of absence,
while the aroma of our food
mingles with the cacophony
of the street.

ANDREW LANSDOWN

TROUSER-LEGS

After the circus, dozens
of diminutive clowns on stilts
got slightly tipsy and tore

the drain-pipe trouser-legs
from their pin-striped suits.
In defiance of council laws,

the thin, synthetic leggings
litter the public lawn
like plastic drinking straws.