

the scaffold there above the skyline  
pointing its way wondering who'll  
see the empire turning around? It's through  
the tunnel we see things in this city  
of narrow horizons the steady growth  
is clear. It's pop art after all you see  
the resemblance monkeying men articulate it  
own it. The building is real of course  
its torso reaches out undeserving men  
its sinew.

## PAUL HETHERINGTON

### SEEDS

He sits in his car in a busy parking lot  
listening to a radio programme.

An ant crawls on the steering wheel,  
two more he squashes on his shoes.

It's hot and he sweats.

Birds settle on the bonnet.

After a while trees stretch over him,  
grass covers the car floor  
where wind blew seeds. His feet  
are bulbs, his ear lobes green with moss.

He laughs at a joke on the radio,  
bees hover near his eyes.