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window in lisboa

*a broken shadow of a street lamp
sprinkles a spray of light
down to the cobblestones
papers litter the street
forming a carpet of news
in another world which seems so
far away but is here under my feet*

*four flights down the ill lit stairway
of fractured wooden steps leads to
the praca dos restauradores so full
of a distant way of life*

*a child cries in the distance
dark dismal cries as i scratch
down my thoughts for someone
i vaguely picture in my head
while i sit high above the
anthill of alfama souls*