

Jill Jones

MEMO: FROM THE POET TO THE DIRECTOR

This street is like a mini series
especially at night:

All roads lead to old houses, old beds
the university of dust, the coffee shop of intrigue
yes, this corner with its hidden tears
and texts and turnings, of hitching
lifts to loneliness, taxis to other desires
music flickers behind doors, you can almost sing
the arguments, parties and deals
the cold bus stop by the stone wall
and the bitumen bright in the rain
black as guilt, the small green fears
under the lamplight
we don't even have to make up the dialogue
change the scenery, protect the innocent.

From one grave robber to another
I think it has possibilities