

D.J. Dowsett

FROM A KITCHEN CHAIR

On a black wood wharf beside a continent
lie the cargoes of turquoise and olives,
barrels of perfumed leaves in spirit
and fabric dyed by the dust of gemstones,
by the liquor of roots ground in spit.

The houses behind are of quarried bone
and twigs woven and splashed with salt white,
where pavements of trampled fruit contain
the sellers of manuscripts, peacocks or glass
who draw up accounts in the dirt.

Behind this wall the colour of milk lies
a courtyard which smells of stones.
It is here for luxurious seconds the hands
will gamble for leather and teeth,
and an apricot tree shades the flies which brawl
for these delicious and long-awaited tears.