Nic Basiliadis

AFTER THOUGHT

in spoken hours
we wait
slumped in our favourite chairs like old men
preparing for flight from winter
reaching
sometimes
feeling everything
we resort to gestured rhymes of spoken hours
and casual truths eternal in the gab
while real hands crumple the water up ahead
by walls by walks
our ears and hearts burn
at that insidious whisper
which we
cannot
make out into words
for tomorrow
a new walk
is a new walk