James Norcliffe

in the food court

the power of love first falls
like a powdery condiment
all over the grilled tiger prawns
in black pepper sauce

its presence in the air
alerts somnambulant diners
and they pause in mid-fork
& look about with widening eyes
through love-filled shafts of sunlight

I see their pin-striped shirts
and button-down collars
slowly swell with the power of love

& while they wait the power of love
fills the whole room as if it were
a large bowl of fine blue china
& love sways there aromatic
spicy splashing this way and that

then with a dying burst of static
the music fades into shadows
and might never have been
were it not for the young woman

at the next table dabbing

a blood-red drip of tom yam
from the white shirt of her lover