

Jackson

Ungainly

The building's ungainly.
Glassed-in balconies bulge
 from dirt-coloured walls.
Not tall, not squat,
it neither looms nor crouches.
It stands, seven levels,
 behind its frizzy hedge,
 its toothy gate. But I
don't have to judge it
as I go along the path.
 I live within, in the space
 behind the windows
where breezes swirl through
and sunlight tangoes in.