

Homewards

Grey façades blacken in the fading light
under the velvety blue curtain
that, upon descending, swallows
the dirt, the chaos, the noise.

Fresh air – cold, wet, unsullied – greets your face
exposed to empty streets only trodden
once in a while by silent passers-by.
A dog is barking, headlights gleam, a starry sky.

Below that peaceful orange dome
you hear but your steps,
your breath.
No one can take these silent nights from you.

Blunt

City, Centre and Consumption have
more in common than
their initial letter
C.

Frustration

A broad-brimmed hat. Shoulders. A furry collar. Shoulders. A glimpse of candlelight. A broad man's neck. Shoulders. Bratwurst. Shoulders. A knitted scarf. A waft of mulled wine. Shoulders. Someone else's foot on mine. Somebody's elbow in my back. Nose full of the smell of roasted almonds that I can't see. Inner-city Christmas market.

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Ingredients:

atrocitiy

divercity

ferocitiy

capacitiy

velocitiy

ethnicitiy

audacitiy

obecitiy

toxicitiy

felicitiy

ferocitiy

capacitiy

velocitiy

ethnicitiy

audacitiy

obecitiy

atrocitiy

divercity

ferocitiy

capacitiy

velocitiy

ethnicitiy

audacitiy

obecitiy

toxicitiy

felicitiy

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divercity

ferocitiy

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audacitiy

obecitiy