

## at the old place

amy is restless and so am i . so restless  
steve out of synch . like a silver banshee  
beards growing in constant anxiety  
alex to the students : “ let them eat feet ”

earlier . through the streets . were keebab poets  
dicking round . oiling pockets . charging up  
mendoza comes late . the boys come late  
allen is everywhere! allen is everywhere!  
workers at the foundry gates hover and bellow  
with the same old lager top . a mashed motion

down the dark stairs . along the glowing piss trail  
kenneth would love this . graffiti to die for  
“ I knew it would be good from the start ”  
but the best part is open . messy . half uttered  
a series of uncomfortable chairs . lifted by jeff  
sticking like ice . touching each of us

there are very few poems . but we love them  
we see so much of *her* in them . or *him*

later . a nervous shimmer from sophie or kruk  
the wain of my bladder . the interminable breaks  
a moment of comedy when a tourist laughs  
and sean needs a fag . something about a horse  
before the long ended drawl . a dimming flicker

so we get the duduks out . and i catch a train  
the others stay . will never see anything like it