

Bigger Shoe

"Why does that man want a bigger shoe mummy?"

The man hops from foot to foot,
wrapped in a December breeze
swirling
to the wintry strains of Rosetti's Noel,
a testament to communal neglect.

His coat with a whiff of the lingering staleness of a late-night tube station,
stiffened by charity, wash symbols still clinging in vain to the lining.

"Is man no more than this?" whispered Lear on the heath.
"Unaccommodated man is no more but a poor, forked animal as thou art"

Disdained, in detached neglect,
by millennium man in his carefully creased designer suit.
(Yet, stripped bare,
both are circumscribed by divine irony.)

Back in my living-room
The zoetropic flicking of a magazine's pages brings resonance
of his struggle-scarred manhood.

I recognise his ploughed features,
In a photograph on the back page
in the palm of my hand.

I think of them all,
framed by the doorways of commercial sanctuaries,
tagged by wistful-eyed dogs lying patiently on blankets.

Omnipresent in crowded streets – stations - everywhere.
Thank God, elsewhere ...

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