

DAILY ROUTINE AND OTHER POEM

By Louis Kasatkin

Every evening at 5.09
he leaves the office,
takes the streetcar
into town,
goes for a stroll
down to the park
by the canal;

there he sits
on the bench nearest
the ornate water fountain;

He dreams,
of a lost childhood
long summers ago
by the sea,
days filled with singing,
laughing and
crying;

Crying now,
the little girl
by the fountain
who has lost her way,
golden hair, eyes of grey,
reflected in his thick lenses;

As he watches her
he dreams,
of long summers ago,
a childhood by the sea
filled with laughing
and crying;

now in the park
he lies beneath a summer sky,
side by side with
the golden girl
and
she lies
very still.

DALI EXHIBITION : BRUGES 2008

" Quick !",
" The camera !"
aim,
picture;
before the buildings all
up skirts and run away;
tourists huddled in gloomy
noonday shadows of The Belfort.
Nearby they're exhibiting Dali,
though I can't quite determine
its precise geographic location,
the blind waffle-vendor tells me,
indirectly that Dali has been

relocated to a nearby aubergine;
" You'd scarcely believe it had sufficient
room to house all of Dali's effulgent textuality"
at that the midnite grinning tabby-cat
pronounced itself satisfied with its
idiomatic translation of the
sightless vendor's account;
" unlock the secret aubergine portal and
you'll never need to approach any lemon again,
citrusy traitors the lot of them!"
hectoring the petty feline demagogue
in the spirit of an alfresco symposium;
I antithetically posited that not all
lemons were conspiratorial and was,
" I tawt I taw a puddly-tat" aware
that Belfries emphasised a deep human
urge for freedom and democracy ?
disquieted in that Sylvestrine manner
that all Cats display he reiterated
that Dali extricated the snot
from his own nose, flicked it at
the world and the critics said,
that it was art, truth and beauty;
" yeah, but what about all those conspiratorial Lemons?"
we concurred, the Feline and I.

SURVEILLANCE

The lives of others
through the end of
a telephoto lens ;
A suburban cul-de-sac
with an unmarked delivery van
parked in the driveway
of the house opposite;
Ephemera of the lives of others
recorded in neat handwriting ,
daily routines timetabled in
line-ruled pocket notebooks ;
In the lives of others
a telephone rings ,
its receiver is lifted ,
there is a rush of silence ,
a menacing voicelessness ;
Their spools of tape engage
click , click ,
a haunting absence of noise ,
the receiver is replaced ,
click ;
In the soundproofed cellar
voices on playback
mimic the lives of others ,
they hear you listening to them
listening to you listening ;
observed , recorded ,
collated , analysed ,
click .

Bio

Louis is editorial administrator at www.DestinyPoets.co.uk and founder of Destiny Poets and in his spare time is a civic, community, political activist, blogger and general nuisance to the status quo!

EPISSTEME