

***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!"  
hectored 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 puddy-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](http://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