

A STRANGER RETURNS AND OTHER POEMS

By Louis Kasatkin

"We meet again!"

The Stranger said,
the one I'd never met before,
sat alone at the pavement cafe
he asked me if I would
like to wallow in nostalgia with him;

I said I didn't reminisce
much these days though I
occasionally enjoyed a fond memory;

Ordering an espresso, he spoke
of his parents and the War,
I interjected with academic achievements
and holidays abroad;

He said he couldn't remember them,
though he was sure he'd seen me
once whilst in Amsterdam;

I said I'd never been and whoever
it was he saw it wasn't me;

Finishing his coffee the Stranger got up
and turning to me said,
there was only one other time he was sure
that he'd seen me,
curious,I asked him when?

In the bathroom mirror
that time I hesitated
with the cut-throat razor
and fear in my eyes..

DESERTED CITY

Mythic streets evaporate at dawn,
leaving only complacent memory
to recall imperfectly those scraps
and oddities of ephemera that
defy rational explanation;
a pristine franked letter posted
in Huddersfield 1841;several ornate
glass marbles that were a birthday
present to some Rhineland princeling;
the signature of Thomas Alva Edison
on a page awkwardly torn from a
Hotel register omitting its name,
the building itself demolished long ago;

a skeletal frame of a Penny Farthing
half buried amid the inconsequential
detritus of the communal refuse tip;
a yellowing poster of a once well known
brand of cough syrup, the discernible lines
of a now defunct city tram route;
And somewhere, the presence of an
inveterate aesthete and poet of civic
renown struggling to evoke a nostalgia
amongst those who had not read Borges
nor knew of his blindness.

WARRIORS

Darkening the forest deep
autumn its green,
swirling grey and brown
shadows flecked,
trees gaunt, erect;
trembling leaves
seized by fear,
feral eyes
darting and lurking;
salivary breath
stalking footsteps bound,

tramping heavily
on foliated ground,
breaking
staggering
into the run,
of hearts and minds
fleeing and pounding,
fevers fired
by diagonal shafts,
of sunlight and arrows
threading and piercing,
whispering their death,
clattering and cutting,
bone bared, sweat-browed
fighters fall amid the dense;
and all the summers that are to come,
no longer are theirs but the forest's

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!