she remembers dying

in the death of things
colours were so much more alive for her
where the gold of sunlight through branches
sliced her into a thousand slivers
she sat on the ledge twelve stories up wondering
whether to climb out
the window and down
in her game of hide seek and freak
when she thought of other versions of herself
the ones where all her sacrifices hung
swelling the air in the room with the concealment
of grief and some evil sort of free will
she drew herself into separate parts
in the hope she could forget how much armour
she needed
while she sailed outrage on a flood
of swearing at anyone in uniform
on the bus the train and the police
they looked upon her
as just another crazy foreigner
all the while she was trying to find the seventeen year old girl
who sat cross legged in the park with her best friend
laughing at the silliness of life
that lead right back to the start where it all happened
and then not remembering the place where it did
hers was the death that took all her life to happen
and for her to remember

Avenida de America

back where I set out this morning I ascend from line six
the circle line with the deepest tunnels and hear, perhaps
feel, vibrations of a saraband bowed on a viola trembling
through the pulsating galleries of Avenida de America and
soon come upon an old man sitting close by an old woman
while he plays as once he may have played for audiences
who sat silent in vaulted halls and clapped when he paused
not storming homebound at the knell of a toiled-away day
but his cup is lined with grey velvet and brims with Euros
more than I've witnessed with busker or beggar anywhere
an approbation perhaps of Bach's meditations on mortality
which pursue me as I rise up through subterranean arcades
fading to little more than distant sighs then dying before
I'm released into the Madrid night of crowds, clamour, cars,
sirens, whiffs of diesel, cigarette smoke, coffee, perfume
and I'm standing on a concrete island in Avenida de America
gazing at the veil of electric haze closing out the sky yet fired
with vain and eager hopes I might somehow see some stars

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