

M I C H A E L     K E L L Y

*The Nomads Are Restful  
(Relativity Revisited)*

Left with photographs which become  
decreasingly true. Unconvincing. Left  
with memories which become decreasingly  
focused. Unenlightened.

The book of psalms I use is falling apart  
its pages faded and dried by sun an ageing  
rubberband holding it roughly together  
in a pleasing little bunch of old scented leaves of paper.

Rooting among the ancestors you find  
a foreign city familiar attracting  
loyalties enjoyments freshly discoverable.

Which exotic ghost inhabits this traveller's  
mind's eye, intimate in the heart, peeling a mango,  
a yam, the lips of a bright dark perfect sex.