

## *Forecast*

Tomorrow your panicking hands as you watch  
your life's furniture float away  
through impossible summer rain.  
Your worldly possessions  
gathered together in an almost empty plastic bag.  
The changed wind's devastating wit.

But today you still busy putting your teeth in  
around five to eleven in the morning,  
and then leaning back in that chair  
as if your bowels are about  
to shout: "This is your Captain speaking!"

Underlings and enemies  
around water-coolers everywhere gathering  
to listen to the forecast  
and wait for more organised weather.

## *The Satirist*

Society may flash its knickers at him,  
but flowers or love songs, he will not bring them.  
Instead the audience ripples with nervous laughter  
as, from his jacket, he takes a scalpel.  
And, his mask slipping just a little,  
they see him briefly as he really is:  
coming with a warrant, all their names on it.

# *Hypothetical Tea*

Easy to forget as the waitress wipes  
away the curried chips that finally  
sent you off down the corridor  
in a long tin box, and your voice  
is suddenly wind gone out  
under a thousand toilet doors;  
the years

we spent trying to invent  
a universe where the things you said  
made some sort of sense; that being your pal  
was pleasurable as nettles  
and Vaseline, or living  
with Liza Minelli, how in the end  
you were less

a man, than a mildewed suit dreaming always  
of being fed to hawks, and that peace,  
in practice, meant never meeting you  
for that hypothetical tea, now  
that in death

you're not content  
to be a small groan from a far room,  
but instead insist on being this  
orchestra of car-alarms  
at four a.m.

# *Portrait of the Boss Shaking Hands with Himself*

So busy shaking hands with yourself  
you miss in children's laughter  
the universe warning you; never get it  
when side-kicks leave post-its saying:  
"Gone to live in North Korea",  
or suggest your strategy

for the next shareholders' meeting should be  
to do a little interpretive dance  
to "Fanny (Be Tender With My Love)"  
by the Bee Gees; nor spot  
all around you briefcases fondly

remembering poverty—Spanish whiskey  
on collapsing afternoons—and dreaming,  
as once more they wave you off on holiday,  
of a white mini-bus going off the motorway,  
a Hawaiian shirt finally quiet.

# *A New City*

To think of you, exiled there  
among the three-bar-fires  
and broken toilet-seats of Bohemia;  
not as we who imagined we'd finally

sent you to Alcatraz all had it:  
spiders and mice riddling  
your beard as, night after night,  
you clawed the door; but

on a long-suffering cushion  
your imagination hammering somehow;  
from old news and orange-peel,  
two decade's rubble and scrap;  
brick by brick: a new city.