

At the beginning

With this
 With that
 A child
 Who had just arrived here
 Understood the reasons
 It had been sent
 And covering itself
 With its own hand
 It thinks about the
 Is able to think
 Grows up
 Speaking like that
 With this
 With that
 It collapses
 Erstwhile
 Ersatz
 And if the
 And if the

Late car crash

Their house now lit
 At either side
 Two men enter
 Having time
 Engines gone
 Where they had missed the road
 Neither had neither slowed
 Two bodies apart,
 Working,
 A bloodied rug,
 Where headlights shrinking,
 Touch this, touch that.
 And the Bennets out.
 And turn - as if to speak
 He lies down, restless,
 Wet on the bathroom floor
 Without the noise
 (and this was sudden)
 Of the other
 In the hallway, dead

Economy

He

48 hours in Charles de Gaulle Airport

18 hours in Changi Airport

12 hours in the old Hong Kong airport

He

"Never see Hong Kong like that again."

Never see Hong Kong like that again

Reading. Around.

The radio was always on

Crossing out entire pages

Wasted paragraphs, too many characters

An airport novel

Condensed into

Now Carver. Now...

Life in day of raining

If the room had been this wet

And we had come along

Put down our things

As though in conversation

We had said

We had long intended

To say

It was up to our waist

In time - where we would all drown

One below the next

The others around us

Not smiled,

But for now, without time, impetus to look ahead.

We stood, silenced by the rising rim

There was nowhere for all this water

The room sealed, impenetrable

We found it easier to get along.

It would be horrible to drown in solitude

Economy 2

Before we, unmeasured,
A small number, two or three at most
his, he hadn't yet shown us
his responses. Intelligent, slow to
Begin with. If everything could
Sell, he would leave.
Hesitation in his voice,
Surprised us. And thought
If I sat down, he would also.
no means, no means

Unsettled and

Another time we entered the country
Had the effect of being.
We passed them again, drinking from a fountain
Across the southern border.
Had expected
The media had presented a heavy police presence.
That had dwindled
In the intervening weeks.
The years had the same
The effect of being cautioned.
In time, we grew accustomed
To the quiet and the generosity.
The walls were whitewashed
And we owned a cat.

They lived there, briefly

Concrete, and other bits
Of disused, rotten steel. Bracelets
On the water pipes.
Fabrics, or blankets fight in line
White and rusting through
To salt ribbed fans, or
To curve against the burnt azure
The sky,
And never resting smooth
Where we find the staircase
Hidden - a timber closet
Kept as pieces
Trim metal treads like books,
Stayed boxes
The tiles play its back
A skin wrestled in the hall
Like wind.
The walls reach, cold
And convene in arches
In heavy plaster
Buckled, will assume
The shelving, bookshelves
Moisture stains and spew
Translucent leather.
The rest are pages
Walked along
Just letters,
Nothing else will close
And the many others passed,
Left back there
To a simple roof with chair

A Second Child

Patience
The door frame
Swollen air
The size of people
A cluster lamp
And working child
And take your time
To find your papers
A telephone rings
And quietens down
Patience, (the door frame)
And now we see her arm
A trampled, a tempered glow
A dull remark
Mute from worthwhile pain
And quietens down
To dull remark

To begin

A shovel, one each
And, I was twelve, mid-July
And another boy: they dragged us both.
He flickered, moaned. His teeth, small fists
They gave us each a shovel,
Yelling to us.
To perform
Perform. I could smell their drinks. Women
Laughing, clutching our faces and
Arms, enormous cushioned
Hands, I wondered how strong my skin
Was, where the jaw met the neck, where the
One fell on the other boy
To get up, laughing. Scratching
She smelt of urine, her skirt over
They gave us each
I didn't know then, or this
Everything new. Everything
I felt the rage tighten, my grip,
And the fire, him and the women,
And. Perform. Perform.