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GERALD SOLOMON

Home

Left doctor's for home. (That clock on the wall, pale-faced, self-centred as a galaxy – making, breaking, up to no good ...)

Our bus partners glittering Manhattan. I lean to see what can be seen – night, absence, unreliable secrets.

Two kids horse around, draw on steamy glass – eyes and noses, smilies, from all our breath. I count the numbered receding streets – hidden, more certain than uncatalogued stars.

I know you think: "life, keen as a knife ..." Well, keen for time, keen for itself – what time has only time for, little else.