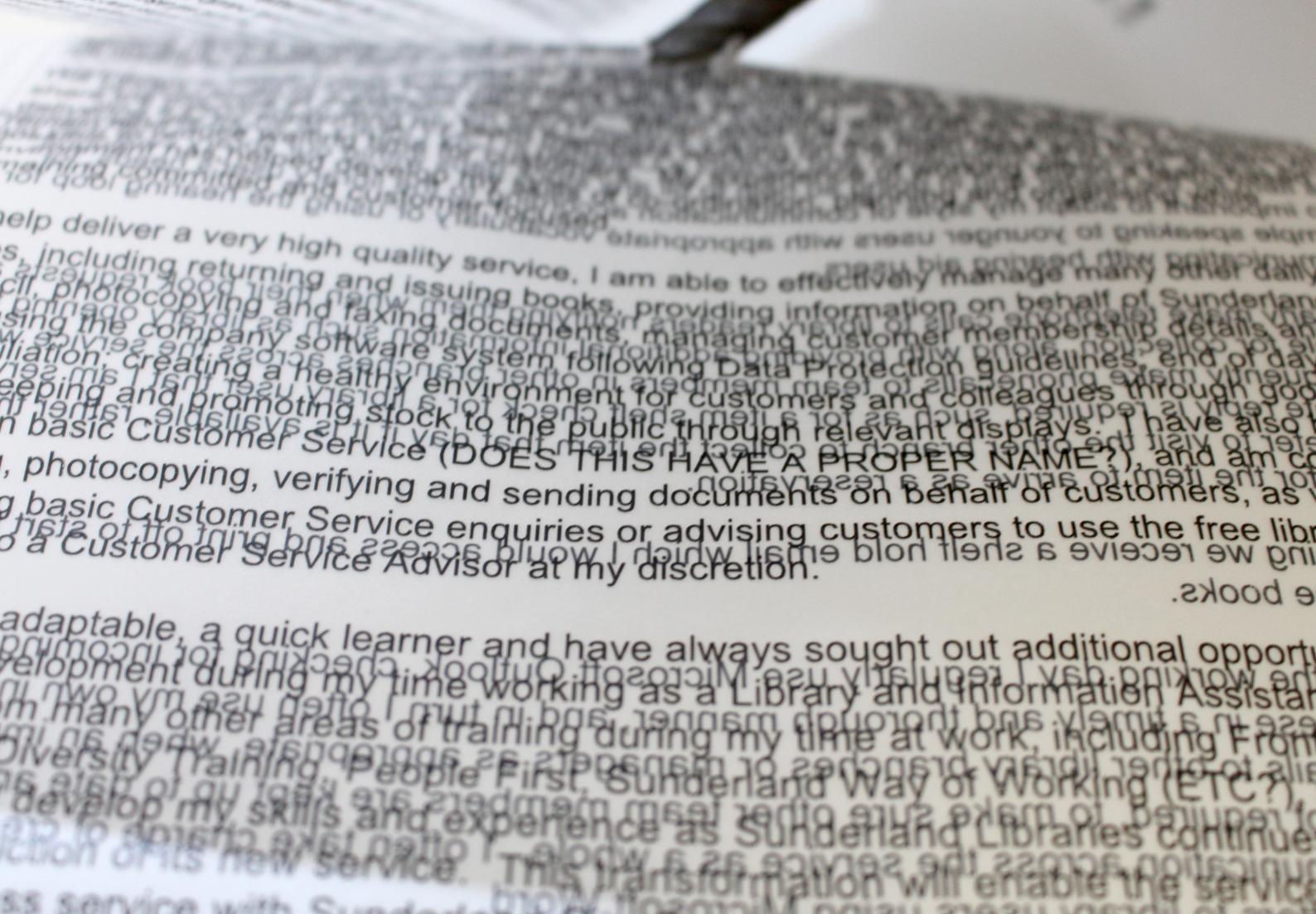
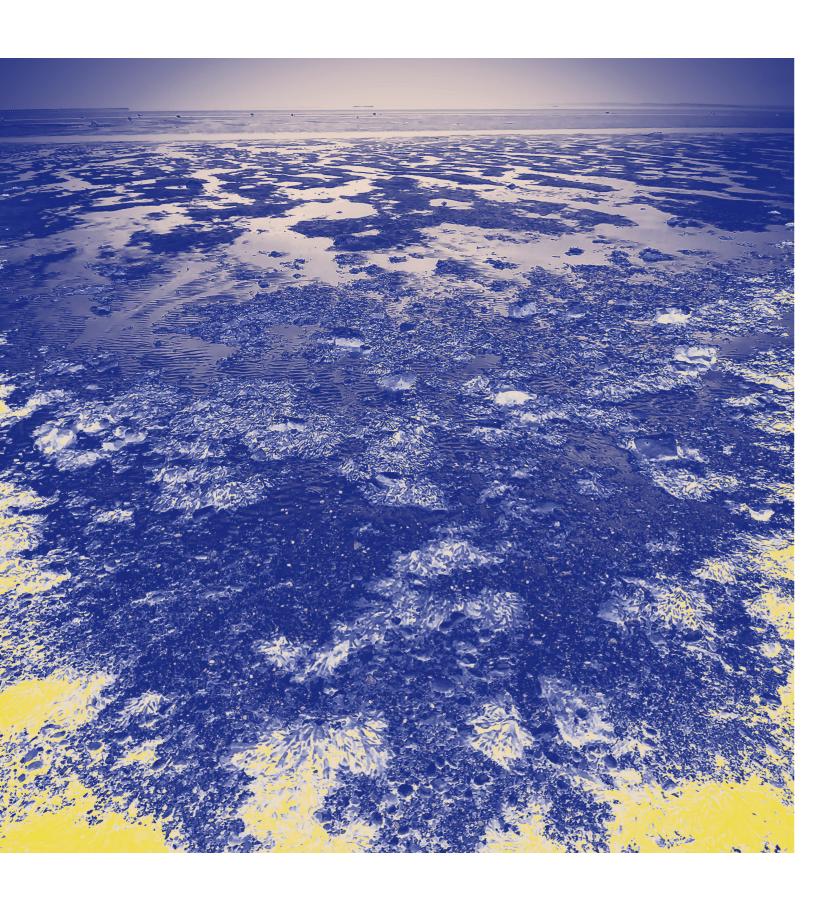


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I made a mistake and now another.

I look for my brother,

In the linings of discarded luggage found behind broadways; in alleyways.

Not to worry about wettened hands, they've always been that way,

Or so tightly encrusted with salt that they just won't move.

I rolled an orange on a tiled floor that unravelled 30 years of winding hair,

Tightly corded around each and every one of my fingers,

And it all fell to the ground: simple and suddenly harmless.

I don't believe he was there.

My mother and I sometimes wondered how

There are roads in London named after beaches, roads that will never find the soft air,

Yet on some road in a cold town, you can feel the sea is just over there

And every vein of your body strains towards it.

It has pulled me away from people and down to flat dull tinnitus of indigo nowhere,

We create what we cannot find.

I make my own bed on hard tarmac.

Black bins that cover every square metre of the shore,

Each one containing a strand of my hair.

You are afraid of the water, because he lives there.







