

Avoiding Japan

The tall boy, who hates flying, flies.
You have switched off your phone.
But your dreams wrap him with small limbs.
When you drive down alone

To your new room, the curtains flap
To Cardiff's unsought heat.
They dance a print of alphabet,
Black slashes, murderous, neat.

Your home town chirrup students.
Your flee it. On the way
Down mobiles in the London couch
Tokyo talks all day.

No. Pain is unavoidable.
Cut thumbs, the treacherous man
Who shivers at ten thousand feet.
O fly me to Japan.