

Another Place, Another Time

Too hot to be anything but peaceful today,
the sun-baked street with its trawl of sleepy
afternoon bars and coffee-shops threatens
nothing worse than sunburn or a parking ticket.

Plate-glass storefronts glitter, concrete whites out, looking
anywhere beyond the cool meniscus
of your beer dizzies the mind. People wade
through shimmer as if it were the sea. But where are you?

Down on the corner crouched beside the bren,
spent cartridge cases pinging off the ground:
young philosopher, student of virtue,
applying theory to your life with hand grenades.

By Ken Head