

Winter Collection

Pricey boutiques, jewellers' shops, expensive
chauffeured cars a pavement's width away,
it's a glitzy street despite the weather,
the vista of filthy, gritted snow
already rutted with hieroglyphic
lines of tyre treads tracking out of focus.

At the end of the road, where perspective
becomes possibility and it's hard
to be confident about what you might
be witnessing, a line of trucks, people
climbing aboard, being guarded by men
with guns who look as if they know their trade.

How long do photographs have to wait
for morality to catch them up?

By Ken Head