

waste

she found me sprawled on a city-centre street corner
stained, crumpled, senseless, numb
beneath a smiling placard of global choice
and tired, and aching
from pulling her wagon of neatly folded boxes
and carefully-organized bags and crates
as ordered as her kitchen and garden of herbs
her ankles swollen
and veins hardened from dragging her flattened soles
across cracked centuries of unreformed earth
and forgotten indigenous rights
she steadied her harvest of excesses against the curb
unharnessed herself
and stooping
her dark eyes questioning
gathered me to her trembling breasts
salty tears of ancient dances and broken rhythms
opening and rinsing my swollen eyes
to heave me into her slanting warehouse
between a legless chair and unstrung guitar
lost keys and discarded dictionaries
to accompany her night-walk
from the metropolis' restaurants to its periphery's hills
southwards, homewards
to be calmly read
and placed with care
at dawn
into a community of still collective dreams
to be transformed into another world

dan baron cohen
2005