Displaced

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Man out for an evening walk
in the ghetto: the armour is the
fakery, wrinkled tin foil any
intro or retrospection could pierce.

Autumn's such a cruel season,
and '62 was a good year for
some wine, somewhere, despite
the reckless harvest in London:

city of the dead poet. O, that
Prometheus might be real and
suffer his punishment for what-
ever an eternity might be.

All the women stare at him,
big eyes taking the time away
and staring, staring, staring.
The black clothes are cold now.

And the strange woman with
the Tarot pack and the bloody
eye pushes him past her stone
bench, gelid apparition

reciting ancient poems of slavery.
He remembers that he was born in
the wrong time, to the wrong nation,
as he walks on past paradise.