

The Lifter

Suzi Mezei

The scent of jasmine trickles
over parched pavements,
spills down Railway Parade
past open doors,
where Leaners,
short of places to go,
sit in skeleton flats,
pick morsels of air
from the bones
of the budget,
swallow despair
and cold jelly
from dented tins,
unleash dreams
that dash their heads
on stained walls,
I thank God,
my train
is merely passing through.