

THE SIREN WAITS THROUGH THE DEAD AIR
 SIFTING THROUGH GREY BLOCKS
 LANDING IN A HEAP ON THE DIRTY PAVEMENT
 NO PURER THEN BEFORE
 IT MIXES WITH THE NIGHTS RAIN
 CREEPS TOWARDS THE GUTTER
 SOME SAY THATS WHERE IT BELONGS

A FOUNTAIN OF TANGLED LIMBS,
 TREMBLING IN THE THE BREEZE
 OLD ROOTS MURMURING
 NEW BRANCHES YEARNING TO LAY FRESH BARK
 UPON THE EARTH,
 HEARING TRAVELLERS PLEASANT SIGHS,
 AS THEIR EYES ARE PIERCED BY DAZZLING RAYS
 GROOVES RACE THROUGH IT'S TORSO,
 SPLITTING FREE OF DOWNY MOSS
 TRENCHES COURSING INTO THE TREE'S WOMB,
 WRENCHED APART,
 BARING RIBS FROM PAST BIRTHS

PEOPLE OF THIS CITY
 THOSE WHO GLARE AT THE GREY PAVEMENTS
 AND AVOID THE GREY SKIES, CONTAINING
 JUTTING CORNERS OF TOWERS
 WHICH HAVE SEEN MORE THAN WE
 THOSE WHO AVOID THE EYES OF THE ONES
 YOU CALL THE DOWN AND OUTS
 SOME ARE HIGHER THAN YOU WILL EVER REACH
 KNOW THERE IS MORE, IN THE NOOKS OF
 THIS CITY, IN THE CREASES OF THEIR EYES
 THEN YOU CAN EVER FATHOM
 BE CONTENT THAT YOU WILL NOT SUFFER
 IN PURSUIT OF ECSTASY
 YET KNOW
 KNOW THERE IS MORE



SCRIBBLES

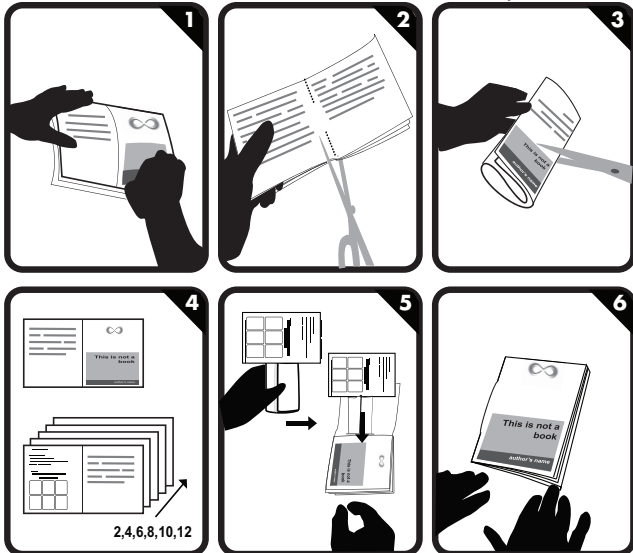
FEVERISHLY I SCRIBBLED
 MY PEN SCARRING THE PAGE
 INTENT ON NOT LETTING THE FLASH SLIP
 BUT AS THE WORDS FORMED
 I REALISED
 THE PAPER WAS NOT AS FORGIVING
 AS THAT OF MY MIND

Scribbles

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TORRENTIAL TRADE
 POUNDING THE GREY SLABS,
 CHOKING THE GUTTERS
 SEARING FACES OF COLD AND WEARY
 SADDLING THE WIND, AS IT BLAZES THROUGH
 LEAVES AND SURFS ROOFTOPS
 DIPPING AND RISING
 FRAGMENTS LEFT BEHIND,
 TO TORMENT FEEBLE FRAMES AND GLASS
 AND FROM WITHIN,
 EYES FOLLOW A BANSHEE WHOSE HOWL
 CANNOT CEASE

REFINERIES OF SPIRIT,
 SENTRIES PEERING DOWN AT THE ANGLES
 AND GREEN TEXTURES, SEEING WITH GLASS
 CORNEAS, MURMURING WITH STEEL LIPS,
 BRICK FRECKLES DOTTING THEIR FEATURES
 GRINDING TO AND FRO,
 AS I LOOK WITH EYES FROM THE OTHER SIDE