Fingers scrabble idly at pocket seams,
forage between teeth,
sturdily grasp tepid cups,
patter a drumbeat on knees.
They tense and retract
paler, dimples on knees,
shuddily grasp tepid cups,
ghosts between teeth.
Pinions stretch, icy at pocket seams,
Radiating promises of home
provided of light,
as their owners glance at flickering digits
Thy tense and retrace.
Filthy wings flutter overhead, cutting through the stale air, seeking abandoned scraps, cutting through the sharp points. Eyes hungrily jerking to and fro, plodding around spikes, littered with shreds of feathers, ignorant of the sharp points. They come to rest, on rafters and parapets, on tables and珠三角s, eyes hungrily jerking to and fro, seeking abandoned scraps and havens of respite.

2011-02-18
Photographs, sketches and poems from observations in Victoria and Waterloo stations, London.
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