

## A Trail of Two Cities

trailing between two cities      not here  
nor there      not alone      nor unalone  
everything the same    everything changed  
no tongue      spent fleeting feelings  
a palimpsest    of present      over past  
    we pass  
    the sunset gilded on municipal windows  
hard as the gold of my ring  
    a ringroad by the Angel that never flies  
    car headlights  
tears stuck in eyes  
    engines howl and hoot home  
    our driver pauses then starts  
like an almost-dead heart  
    that's the pub where we talked about leaving  
when the kids on this bus were in prams  
    but only I went  
and on and on  
    the town between the cities  
    salons a bleary glitter  
    a stammering of stores  
that will last as long as love    look up and above  
you said      that's where the beauty is  
all the time you knew  
    the patchwork elephant outside the Indian restaurant  
    fields stretch out their hands  
that we would never last  
    twilight wordlessly edging in  
    a streetlamp showing an old man in neon  
    smoking at a stand      I stand      thank the driver  
    clamber down      back  
not where I came from  
    the place that is home  
again  
    for the first time    my son  
    waits      into my arms  
    to fly