

# Flickers

*by* Hazem Tagiuri

Saturday at Portobello market.  
Wind whittles leaves from the trees;  
casts shop signs into windows,  
turning glass to shimmering fishscale.

We speak of the cold in our bones,  
of swaddled layers worn in vain.  
We watch the ever-moving crowd,  
punters wary of lingering too long.

Here, people must kindle hope,  
sparked by flickers of bright life.  
I stay with them, in the midst of it all,  
until the sun is snuffed out from the sky.

