

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.

