

Sunday, Brick Lane

by Hazem Tagiuri

Held tight during the week,
clouds now cast off their burden,
flinging down a drag-net of sleet.

Shoppers flee, wailing and frantic.
Couples huddle beneath eaves,
plans abandoned to the gutter.

The market traders bring in rails,
draw sheets over tables like shrouds,
fasten wind-whipped canopies.

Under cover they wait, sullen,
purging rain from sodden sleeves.
Tired curses drift from their lips.

