

# London Calling

*by* Jerry Ratch

In London I could smell the breath  
of the literary lions all around me  
the Bloomsbury crowd, T.S. Eliot, etc.  
in Russell Square where the ghosts are thick  
but the benches empty

They don't cast long shadows though,  
because of all the rain which comes and goes  
on long thin strings that are pure and clear,  
like shadows of their former selves

