

exile on and off the road

by strannikov

Van the Man's "Too Long in Exile" lost or loaned
I never thought of in London (only books)
and did not recall in Edinburgh (too cold)—
in Cardiff it waited in a cardboard box.
the CD was used, seven pounds and the tax,
must have been mid-week, maybe the day I found
the Indian restaurant that restored me.
had I gotten home without knowing it? well,
I might just learn if I manage to return:
not until the Carolina home was I
equipped to hear once more just where I had been.

