

Prologue (two poems, divided)

Slow strobe

Sun catches spinning chimney top
on other side of railway tracks
dot - dot - dot - dot - dot - dot - dot

In Morse, that is
E - E - E - E - E - E - E

There is one
obvious interpretation:
that
yes, we need a summer
and
yes, we rather need love

23/6/2016

Axiom

Axiom:
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF
FIRST AS TRAGEDY, THEN AS FARCE

But you propose:
BEHAVIOURS REPEAT THEMSELVES
FIRST AS PARODY, THEN IN EARNEST

With a diplomat friend, you have exchanged
casual emails of the most elaborated politesse
but you increasingly find reason to apply what you have learnt from him.

A few years ago you bought a BELGIUM-coloured football, a winking declaration
of fealty to the land that hosts you.
Now you are applying for nationality.

7/2016