Sky Swallowed Smoke
—for Arad BenCanaan

I
London: destroyed
created and destroyed
by the breath of its own exhalations,
its subjects absorbing and diffusing
with translucence in their march
under condensed vapours,
their cadence.

II
The sun conceals a cloud
over those certain streets:
theatricality in costume
on Shaftesbury,
and mannequins in doll dress
on Sloane.

III
An occasional red passed,
and the occasion was not mine:
four wheels swirl exhausted smog
and swallow the bloated corpse,
a being among the dead,
that destitute whore
of coming and going
never arriving.
Its route is finite,
decomposition regulated by routine,
and this occasion is not mine.

While the pram moves on its own
until we fall and are born,
for the first time,
the sky swallows smoke.
Plummeting is the communal effluvium,
a genocide reduced to haze:
precipitation of congestion and density,
subterranean smog.
And I fall with those others,
a drop onto the city
a step onto this platform.
And I begin the journey
from this place to the next
and there to the other.
All are the same.
And I become ingested
devoured by my own self,
in this simulacrum corpse,
this functioning death.
And I have stumbled ...

While buried alive,
from now to then,
it never begins,
and it never ends:
this fall continuous.

I shall not swallow,
and I shall not breathe.

Kurt A. Lindsey